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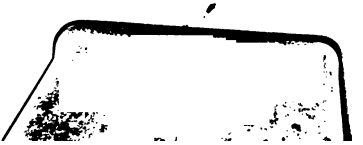

MARVELLOUS MERCY.

DEDICATION.

"TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST OVER WHICH THE HOLY GHOST HATH MADE HIM AN OVERSEER, WITH ALL THOSE, IN ALL PLACES, WHO HAVE DERIVED BENEFIT FROM HIS OTHER WRITINGS, ESPECIALLY THE POOR OF THE LORD'S PEOPLE, THE AUTHOR DEDICATES THIS ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH HIM. MAY THE BLESSING OF GOD REST UPON WRITER AND READER, FOR THE SAVIOUR'S SAKE."

Cheltenham, 1861.

James Smith.

MARVELLOUS MERCY,

AS

DISPLAYED IN THE LIFE

AND

EXPERIENCE OF THE AUTHOR,

JAMES SMITH,

CHELTENHAM;

AUTHOR OF "BREAD FROM HEAVEN," "FOOD FOR HUNGRY SOULS," ETC., ETC.,

HALIFAX:
MILNER AND SOWERBY.

1864.

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INTRODUCTION.

I AM well aware t[illegible] objections to a man writing a[illegible]t as I have always loved to rea[illegible]d men, so I have enjoyed thos[illegible] written by themselves. Some[illegible]t be impartial when writing of himself; but whenever do we find another man impartial when writing the biography of his friend? Indeed, the want of knowledge as to the experience of the soul: or the want of impartiality in making use of materials possessed, has spoiled many a memoir. However, I have well considered the subject, and have prayed over it, too; and being now near sixty years of age, and having written more than fifty small works, many of which have had a very large circulation, I doubt not but many of my readers would like to know something more of the author than they do. And, as it has for some time been laid upon my mind to do so, *at length* I venture.

I have always sympathised with the poor of the

Lord's flock, and have generally kept them in view in all that I have written for the press. Therefore my object has been to write in a very plain style, and to publish at a very cheap rate. Sometimes, the memoirs of plain men are written in a style the poor do not sympathise with, and are published at a price the poor cannot reach. I wish in my own instance to avoid both these evils. Whether any one would ever think it worth while to write a memoir of me, I know not, or what use may be made of the somewhat voluminous materials I shall leave behind me, is more than I can tell: nor is it, perhaps, of much importance. One thing weighs with me especially: my great object all through life, since converted myself, has been to win souls to Christ; and as I know that plain country people are fond of plain experimental memoirs, I hope that mine may be the means of bringing some to Jesus, when my head shall lie beneath the clods of the valley. If souls are saved by what I write, I shall be satisfied, let men say what they will.

I do not pretend to be above the opinions of my fellowmen, whether they censure or approve, but I never felt more desirous of commending myself to God, or less concerned respecting the opinions men may form of me or my productions, than I do at the present time. I expect to derive profit myself, in *going over* my past history: much shall I meet with *to humble me in the* dust; and, O how much! to *ad me to extol and* praise the free, sovereign, and

distinguishing grace of God. Others will also, I trust, be profited, and if I may judge from many letters received from different quarters, in reference to some things touched upon in my experience, they will be. However, I comfort myself with this consideration, no one need purchase my book unless he choose, and if he should not approve of it when he has, the loss will not be much. What may not please the parent may interest the child. What may not suit the mistress may edify the servant. What may not do for the mansion may suit the cottage. Though the learned may find nothing to gratify, the illiterate may be both pleased and profited. Those who want fine writing, need go no further than this introduction; but those who love to read of God's work, in simple strains, may proceed, and may not regret either the time spent, or the price paid.

Much of this work is copied from memorandums made at the time referred to, so that I have not had to trust to a treacherous memory. The experience is by no means intended to be set up as a standard for others, but only to show how the writer has been taught, exercised, and led. It may be used to encourage, to caution, and to stimulate, some of the Lord's family. O that God may bless it, and make it of use to many, many souls!

O Lord, I well know that every thing is, just what *thou art pleased to make* it; O make this *labour of love a blessing!* O thou that workest by

weak things, and base things, and things that are not, condescend to work by this, to the praise of the glory of thy grace! Let the prayers of thy servant be answered, let the souls of thy people be blessed, and let sinners be brought to Jesus by it. Thou knowest how I long to win souls to Jesus, and thou hast made me willing to be nothing, that souls may, through my instrumentality, be saved from eternal death. O how dreadful are the words, "ETERNAL DEATH!" May no reader of these pages ever experience what is contained in them! But, by what means Thou wilt, awaken, quicken, sanctify, and save every one that shall peruse this work. Convince the infidel of his folly, convert the gainsayer from his course, and melt every hardened sinner into contrition and holy love. Blessed Jesus, send the Holy Spirit, to accompany this book, that thy name may be highly exalted, and that great glory may redound to thee from this simple volume!

MARVELLOUS MERCY!

—oo—

Of my father, I know comparatively little, and of his family, literally nothing. When I was born my parents were living in a street called the Halfacre, at Old Brentford, in Middlesex. They were moral and industrious, regularly attending the parish church, and paying about as much attention to religion as their neighbours around them. Nov. 19th. 1802, was my birth-day, and while I was quite young my father died, leaving a widow and eight children behind him. My mother, whose business was dress-making, had now to provide for herself, and her numerous family, which through the blessing of God, and the kindness of friends, she was enabled to do. Very early I was sent to a dame's school, and was required regularly to attend the services of the church.

While *quite a child*, I experienced the *delivering mercy of* God in a remark-

able way. Near our residence was a very deep well, which supplied all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood with water. Going one day with my brother for water, while looking down into the well, my foot slipped, and I fell in head foremost. An alarm was raised, and a man who was working at a smith's shop close by, ran and in his fright let himself down by the chain, and caught me by the clothes, just as I was about to sink the last time. The well being narrow at the bottom, he sustained himself by placing one foot on each side, while two ladders were tied together, and he then brought me up out of my perilous condition. My escape appeared to be almost miraculous, as the bucket was down the well when I fell, and the wonder was that I did not strike my head against it in falling. But I was comparatively uninjured, to the surprise of all who were aware of the accident. Surely the eye of the Lord was upon me for good, and my life was spared to taste the sweetness of his grace, be useful to others, and glorify his great and holy name.

I have been informed, that there was always a singularity about my manners. Seldom did I take delight in the common amusements of childhood, or play with boys of my own age. I was religiously inclined from a very early period, and loved to be much alone, reading and talking with my-

self. My education was very limited, though a clergyman was willing to pay for my instruction; but as my mother found it a difficult task to support her family with her own hands, I was taken from school when about ten years of age, and sent to work at a soap manufactory. Being very quick at learning, I had made very considerable progress for my age, but then I gave up all attention to my studies, and so lost most that I had gained. In this situation I continued about three years, and was deeply corrupted by the example and instruction of my fellow-workmen, some of whom took pleasure in leading me into sin.

During part of this time, I was very religious, in my way, I read a good deal when I got a book which pleased me, set myself tasks to atone for my sins, and read a long prayer every night before going to bed. I kept a list of all the texts I heard preached from at church, with the preacher's name, if I knew it. At times my convictions of sin were very powerful, and then I would bind myself by vows and promises, to live more correctly for the future, and by a double task of duties make up for my defects. Of the way of salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, I knew little more than a heathen; for the gospel was not preached in the churches *where I attended*. A blind ministry *was leading* poor blind sinners, and *but for God's mercy*, we had all fallen into *the ditch*.

When quite young, I had a very awful dream which for a time affected me very much, and filled me with terror and distress of mind. I dreamed that the end of the world was come, and there was a fearful storm and tempest. Filled with alarm, arising from a consciousness of my unfitness to appear before God, I ran into my mother's bed room, crying out, "*What shall we do? What shall we do?*" I thought we kneeled down by the bed side to pray, while the house seemed to rock, and the elements were fearfully convulsed, and in great alarm and fear, I awoke. O how glad I felt, when I found that it was but a dream! This led me to double my diligence in the performance of religious duties, and I bound myself to read through the New Testament as quickly as possible, looking upon this as a very meritorious deed. I now began to tire of attending always at the same church, where there was nothing either to interest or profit a lad in my situation; and thought if I could but have my liberty to attend the different churches in the neighbourhood, how much more religious I should be. Vainly fancying that a change of place would do, what only a change of heart can effect. At another time a dreadful hail-storm, accompanied with terrific thunder and lightning *aroused my conscience*, and now I *determined that I would* not be confined, but *would have my liberty to* attend where I

chose. I wandered about from church to church, Sunday after Sunday, but it was all in vain; for I at length found that there could be no real religion without the grace of God.

I was remarkably fond of imitating the clergyman, and have often collected around me, my sisters and others; and dressing myself in some garment as a substitute for a surplice and gown, have read prayers and a sermon to them. At this early period I had a great longing to be a minister, and so far did I carry my imitations, that the neighbours often said, that they thought I should be a parson before I died. I had a profound reverence for the building we called a church, and its vestments, its priests, and services: I would kneel down as soon as I entered it to pray, believing that prayers offered there had a peculiar sanctity in them; and when under conviction in the week, would long for Sunday to come, that I might go to church to pray, persuaded that God would hear me there, rather than any where else.

During this period, I one day met with Dr. Watts's hymns, and opening the book at the 136th. Hymn, 1st. Book, founded on John iv. 24, I was much struck with it, and began to search and compare myself with it. The idea of a heart-searching God, requiring spiritual worship, had not struck me before, and I began to fear that with all my reading and saying of prayers, I had never in reality

prayed, and therefore all my religion was vain. I now began to try to pray in spirit and in truth, but the more I tried, the more my thoughts would wander, and I found that I might as well try to restrain the winds, or rule the waves of the sea, as keep my mind stayed and fixed while in prayer. This gave me considerable uneasiness. However, fancying that I could do at Church what I could do nowhere else, I longed for Sunday to come, persuaded that I could pray in spirit and in truth there. Accordingly, as soon as I entered the sacred place, I devoutly kneeled down to make the attempt, but if possible my mind wandered more than ever; I then thought I would wait until the minister came in and began the service, hoping for better success; but the more I tried, the farther I appeared to be off; the more I watched my heart, the more it appeared to wander. I now began to despair of ever praying as God required me to pray, and also to conclude that other people no more prayed with the heart than I did. Now Satan suggested, that it was best to give up, and trouble no more about it.

Some time before this, I had read a book in which it was suggested, that religion was only a scheme devised to keep the poor in order, for without it there could be no *governing* the masses, and that our government *acted very* wisely in sanctioning it. *This was now* brought very forcibly to my

mind, and I began to reason, "Well I dare say it really is so, and therefore it is folly for me to try to be religious." I now threw on one side all my forms, and began to indulge in sins, which no one ever knew, but God and myself. Temptations were presented to me, and I fell into them, and but for the forbearance and long-suffering of God, I had been ruined. All this time, I bore an excellent character with my employers and others, for I felt ashamed to sin openly as some did, though I felt a pleasure in doing so privately, and have sometimes gone alone for the purpose, even to indulge in profane swearing. My conscience would often storm at me, and at times make me tremble, but I hardened myself in my iniquity. At times I would promise to reform, and start afresh; but as I considered I was acting like a man when I sinned, because all my fellow-workmen did so, I was no sooner in their company, than all my vows and promises vanished from my thoughts. As my employers were Unitarians, I sometimes heard them argue against the inspiration of certain parts of God's word, speak against the divinity of Christ, and sneer at evangelical religion, which served to harden me more and more in my iniquity.

After this, I was again brought under some concern about *my soul*, and the thought of *eternity became very* dreadful. O if I *should be lost for ever!* If hell should be

my eternal portion, this was terrible to think of! I now began to talk with an old man employed on the premises, who was a very quiet man, and a stiff churchman, but our conversation generally turned on the different sects, and I soon found he was very much like myself. Poor blind creatures, we both hated the Methodists, were true churchmen, but knew nothing of faith in Christ, repentance toward God, or holiness of heart and life. For a considerable time I continued in this state, now sinning and then being sorry for it, now promising to repent, and then becoming more hardened than ever. At length, having a disagreement with my young master, I left my situation and my home, and went off into Kent to visit my brother. I did not stay long with him, but returned to my home, and to such employment as I could obtain.

About this time, some friends of the Baptist denomination, having introduced the preaching of the gospel, and erected a small chapel, an old woman who attended with them, came to invite my mother to accompany her, to hear a favourite preacher. My mother refused; when she invited me, I took this as a compliment, obtained leave and went. This was the first time I ever entered a dissenting place of worship, and I *think the first* time I ever heard a gospel *sermon. I was* somewhat pleased with the *simplicity and* earnestness of the service, I

was all attention while there, made up mind to go again, and henceforth attend regularly on the Lord's day evening. now felt an inclination to attend other place of worship besides the church, and went the Quakers meeting, and the Unitarian chapel, but carefully avoided the Methodists.

My mother was now married again to a profane man, and as I had no regular employment, he took me to work with him, but from his violent temper, and love of drink, I had to suffer much. The work was very hard, and as I was not strong, I met with bad usage, which led me to leave my work and my home, to which at length I was compelled to return. Just about this time, a Mr. Walker, a Wesleyan Methodist, an acquaintance of my father's, and who had been requested by him on his death-bed to keep an eye over me, heard how I was situated, and came and offered me employment, until he could find something better for me. He was a coal merchant, and I was to look after his horse, and accompany him in some of his journeys. He said he did not like to see boys unemployed, as they were sure to run into sin. Of all people I disliked the Methodists most, and my present employer was a Methodist. On the first Lord's day morning after I entered his service, as I was [redacted] the horse, before going to the early prayer-meeting, he came into the stable singing a hymn, and asked me if I could

sing. I said "No." He said, "It is a great pity that lads are not taught to sing the praises of their Maker." After his return from the prayer-meeting we sat down to breakfast, and he was longer than usual in asking the Lord's blessing. After breakfast he handed me the Bible to read a chapter, but between a natural shyness, of which I was the subject, and the deep-seated prejudice that I felt, I did not read. He then took the Bible, read a chapter, and offered up for me a most fervent prayer, which, though it displeased me at the time, the Lord afterwards most graciously answered. When I left the house, I determined to go no more on Sunday morning, and I never did.

After being employed by him for some time, he told me one day he had obtained a situation for me, with a fell-monger, and he thought it would suit me. To this place I went, and found the men more degraded and depraved than they were at the soap-house. Drinking, singing songs, swearing, and gambling, occupied much of their time. Being placed in such company, I threw off all show of religion, and gave way to swearing, lying, drinking, and other sins. So low I sank, that the Lord's day was profaned, Bible was neglected, prayer was given and I became hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. O, how wondrous the patience, the forbearance, and long-suffering

of my good and gracious God! Surely, if I felt properly in reference to the past, and the grace which God sovereignly exercised towards me, I should daily say with the Psalmist, "I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall continually be in my mouth. While I live will I praise the Lord, I will sing praises unto God, while I have any being."

One Lord's day morning, while I was in the midst of my sin and folly, the woman who first invited me to go to chapel, called and asked me if I should like to see the sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered. I said, I should very much. She said she would take me in the afternoon, as any person might go as a spectator. When the Church was assembled, the minister who presided, a venerable servant of God, commenced the service by giving out the hymn which commences,—

"And have I, Christ, no love for thee,
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?"

The words arrested my attention and occupied my thoughts, I mused on them, and said, "I have no love for him, not a spark, —I have no wish to see his face,"—and a kind of cold *conviction* seized me. He proceeded,—

"Such base ingratitude as this,
What heart but must detest;
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In every human breast."

Again I thought, "Have I any gratitude in my heart to Jesus? Not any. Can I make mention of his name without any sweet emotion? Yes, I can. Do I detest this ingratitude? I do not feel that I do. Then I must be a very wretch!" A deep impression was made on my mind, which continued for a considerable time. But I could not understand how some people felt as that hymn stated; nor could I account for it that I could not. Mixing up with my old companions ultimately erased these impressions, and I plunged into sin again as deep as ever. O wondrous mercy, that God did not plunge me into hell!

"But sovereign grace was underneath,
And love eternal, strong as death."

Shortly after this it was published at the chapel that Mr. U. of H——, would preach on Wednesday evening, and as I had never heard a sermon on a working day, I concluded to go. The text was Ps. xxxv. 3. "Say unto my soul I am thy salvation." I listened attentively to the discourse, and as the preacher went on, I could see very clearly, that at present the Lord was not my *salvation. This* made some impression *upon me, which* in a few days wore off, as

my former impressions had done. On the following Wednesday evening I went again, as the same minister was to preach. On this occasion he took as his text, Lam. iii. 24, "God is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him." This was to me a very convincing discourse, for while the minister was pointing out the happiness of the believer who had God for his portion, I felt a secret envy arise within me, because of the happiness which I conceived they must enjoy, but of which I knew nothing. I went from this service persuaded that God was not my portion, and that to all the joys of religion I was a stranger. I now became more hardened than ever, and went on in sin from bad to worse; and in this state I continued until the beginning of the year, 1819. At this time a large room was opened for a Sunday School in Old Brentford, near to where I then resided; and shortly after it was proposed to have the Gospel preached there as well. And now I draw near to the turning-point in my history, when God called me by his grace into the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ.

Curiosity led me to this place to hear the preaching, but the first time I went, I was offended, and determined that I would go there no more. But as God had a purpose of mercy toward me in connection with that place, my *mind* changed, for here it was *that*,

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God."

On the last Lord's day in February, an elderly man from town was the supply, in consequence of an eccentricity of manner, myself and another lad were laughing and amusing ourselves with the venerable servant of God. Full of levity, trifling with sacred things, and profaning the Lord's day, I left the place of meeting that morning. In the afternoon, having a desire to see how the school was conducted, I went to the door about the time of its commencement, and was invited to go in and take a class, as two of the teachers were going to endeavour to find another preacher for the evening. I had never been to a dissenting Sunday School before, I went to the Church School for a considerable time when young, but all we ever did there, was to read a Scripture lesson, repeat part of the Church Catechism, prepare to repeat the responses at Church, and then we were marched there for that purpose. Something about the teaching of this School took with me, and I continued to be a teacher for more than three years. At Hammersmith, that day, a plain country man, of the Independent denomination was staying with a friend unemployed, and was requested to come and preach at Brentford in the evening, to which he consented. It is rather remarkable that

he had never preached there before, nor did he ever preach there again. His name was Tennant. I think he came out of Wiltshire.

Well, in the evening I took my place in the chapel, as I had done for some weeks. As hard, as carnal, and as indifferent about divine things as I ever had been. The minister was a plain, unlettered man. His manner was solemn, but there was nothing attractive in his voice, eloquent in his words, or winning in his composition. He gave out as his text, Mark viii. 36, 37. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" His manner was remarkably solemn and earnest, my attention became rivetted, the word was accompanied with power and demonstration of the Spirit, divine life was imparted, which evinced itself in a deep-drawn sigh. I felt convinced that the world, if I could gain it, would be no compensation for the loss of my immortal soul. Now the arrows of the Almighty were within me, and I left that place in deep distress of mind. When I retired to bed, I could get no rest, but tossed and tumbled about until the dawning of the day. Ah, it is difficult for a person to sleep when he has a guilty conscience for his companion, and is awakened to a sense *of his dreadful* danger! At last, *weary nature, worn out* with terror, anxiety, *and alarm, fell asleep*, but it was not re-

freshing sleep. When I awoke in the morning the burden of guilt was lying heavy on my conscience, and the iniquity of my heels was compassing me about. My secret sins were set before me, and appeared to be placed in the light of God's countenance. The text was engraven on my memory, and like the writing on the wall of Belshazzar's palace, filled me with the most distressing fears. All my false confidence was gone, my forms of prayer would not meet my case, the way of salvation I knew not, and therefore could only sigh and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" For though I had now sat under the gospel for some time, I was altogether ignorant of God's way of salvation. The doctrines of the gospel I understood not, especially that most precious doctrine, of free salvation through the slaughtered Lamb.

When I went to my employment on the next morning, I was saluted with, "Here comes our hypocrite." This startled and astounded me. I put on as cheerful a manner as I could, and said, "What now?" The man replied, "You go sighing and groaning to chapel to make people think you are a saint, and then come down here cursing and swearing." As I was altogether unconscious that I did sigh I denied it. "O," he said, "*it is no use* denying it, for Mrs. R—— sat *by you and heard you*, and came home and *told us, and said* she thought there was

something good in you. We told her she should come down here and hear you, and she would soon see what good was in you." Her communication they turned into ridicule, and I was taunted and tormented with it from day to day. I was now in a sad case, a load of guilt on my conscience, the sentence of condemnation in my mind, and the wrath of God revealed from heaven against me. With a fallen countenance and a dread of hell; Satan tempting me, and my fellow-workmen laughing at me, ridiculing me, and casting my past sins in my teeth, I went mourning all the day long.

But now I was led to act differently from what I had formerly done, for instead of replying or rendering railing for railing, every time I could get alone I was crying to the Lord for mercy; and even when among them, and bearing their opposition in silence, my secret ejaculations were ascending to him who alone was able to save me. In these depths I was left to sink for some time, and my enemies perceiving that I was troubled in mind, and refused either to join them in sin, or reply to their taunts and jeers, grew worse and worse. At length in answer to my many heartfelt and fervent prayers, the Lord spoke peace to my heart, and set my soul at liberty. How long I lay in bondage under the law, suffering the terrors of the Almighty, or by what means I was led into the liberty of the gospel, I

cannot now remember. But I think, hope first sprang up in the mind, as I was enabled to rely on the Lord's word; faith then embraced Jesus and his finished work; this produced love to God and his people; then peace sweetly flowed in, and joy unspeakable was experienced. I looked upon the Lord's people as always privileged to enjoy what I then did, and concluded that they must be the happiest people in the world. Every time I could now get by myself I could pour out my heart unto the Lord, with freedom and holy pleasure, and prayer and praise produced a little heaven upon earth. I had sweet fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. Often have I looked back with longing eyes upon those blissful days, this antepast of heaven, this foretaste of divine enjoyment, those Christ-endearing pleasures. Then my soul seemed to melt in love and humility before the Lord, and persecution lost its edge, though it increased in its power. Satan appeared to be doubly enraged by the manifestations of the Lord's love to me, and endeavoured to heat the furnace seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated. Father-in-law, mother, and sisters were all opposed to me, and joined with my fellow-workmen to distress me.

My sister had not long before given me a *new Bible*, which I read whenever I had a *few moments* at command, and my poor

who looked upon the Bible as only for Sundays, was annoyed to see me at every meal, and was continually ɔut that I should spoil my new Bible by so often, and sitting over the fire with father-in-law would curse and swear, ɔak against the Lord's people; and ters would ridicule me, calling me a ist. Thus at my work I had no peace, home but little quiet. Very often I place for prayer, except when I could ɔ into one of the lofts unobserved; selected a spot under a large tree, in not far from the town, which we call- irst field of Boston. To this spot I ly resorted, and at dinner-time, in- f going home, I would take my din- h me, and an old Testament; and in nings, when the weather permitted, ɔre was no service at the chapel, here l sit and read, and pray, and enjoy d uninterrupted communion with To this spot I have made my way ı the snow at ten o'clock at night, ess of the keen and piercing cold; ve enjoyed the sweetness of a warm hen the body has been chilled with By five o'clock in the morning, when ıg lay heavy on my mind, have I ıy way to this, to me at that time, st hallowed *spot on* earth.

ɔme *time I went* on enjoying much *except when the* extreme lightness

of my natural disposition was not kep
in proper bounds. Whenever led
my constant remedy was earnest, f
prayer, in answer to which the Lord
send his word and heal me. Now,
feel with a witness, that it was an ev
bitter thing to sin against God, for m
science was very tender; so that I co
ally prayed against it, felt godly sor
account of it, and obtained pardon,
and experimental reconciliation t
Sometimes I was permitted to *slip* w
feet, to humble me, keep me sensible
dependence on God, and lay me low
throne; yet I was not allowed to *fal*
to disgrace my profession, or dishono
holy name by which I was called.
sweet it is to look back on all the way
the Lord has led us; and to see the d
we have escaped, and the difficult
have overcome, notwithstanding the
ness we have felt! Truly, the Lord l
me about and instructed me, he has k
as the apple of his eye. On every p
my past history I may well write, "
THE POWER OF GOD."

Now I come to the first spiritual
was called to pass through, since m
version to God. Hitherto, almost ev
dinance had been a blessing, and the
of God had been the gate of heaven.
now, gradually my comforts began
cline, my soul was covered with

deep gloom rested on my spirit. It
[think, on a Friday, that I more espe-
felt dullness creeping over my soul,
ve to the Saviour waxing cold, and
rvour in prayer abating; I now sunk
nisery and distress, but as the Lord's
ras at hand, I looked forward expecting
rt and consolation then. O how I
d for that day! I went up into a loft
ıy, but could not utter a word. I went
my old tree, but my soul was as dark
dnight, and my heart felt as hard as a
. I groaned and cried, but I could not
ee. At length the Lord's day arrived,
o my joy, one of my favourite preach-
as to preach. I listened to every word
tered, I "waited as for the rain, and
i my mouth wide as for the latter
but no blessing came. All appeared
lead and cold. No unction attended
rd. I became disconsolate, looked
i, and refused to walk along the street
ə Lord's people. When I saw them
and heard them speaking cheerful-
ə another, I was filled with jealousy,
r began to work within me. I said
; "Ah, you are happy enough, you
ord's people, you enjoy his love!
, I am miscrable, no one cares for
left to perish." Two Christians
walking alone called to me, but
o *hear, preferring* to muse on my
e. *I still* secretly hoped that I

should get a blessing in the evening, but alas! all was as dry and as barren as the mountains of Gilboa: there was neither rain nor dew. When the service was concluded the enmity of my heart began to work, and I was filled with rage, rebellion, and despondency. I became almost desperate. One of the friends came to speak with me, and said, "Smith, what is the matter with you why, you hang down your head like a bulrush?" I pettishly answered, "Nothing"—and pushed away as fast as I could, to indulge my grief. I was now not only stripped of my comfort, but my hope was gone, and my expectation was cut off. The summer I looked for was ended, the harvest I expected was past, but I was not delivered. Indeed my case was rather worse than better. Of the doctrines of grace I knew nothing. The mystery of living alone on Christ I did not understand. To look out of self alone to Jesus, I had not been taught. I was looking into myself, and was allowing my feelings to rule me. The consequence was, my cable was snapped asunder, and I was like a vessel in the storm without an anchor. O miserable state! O gloomy experience! I was like a wild bull in a net. I had no Christian friend in whom I had confidence or to whom I could open my mind. I wanted a comforter, but I found none. I now looked *forward to another* week's persecution, thinking *I could bear pretty* well, when I enjoyed the

presence of my Saviour, but what could I d
now he was away? I could heartily use th
words of the poet,

"Life without Thy love
No relish can afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord."

Satan now set in upon me, telling me I must
give all up and go back into the world
again. I sat down, and had almost made
up my mind to give all up for ever; when
the thought darted into my mind, that I
should like to speak with some experienced
Christian first. I at once went to the house
of one whom I judged to be an experienced
believer, but my natural shyness overcame
me, and I could not knock at the door. Sa-
tan also tried all he could to prevent me,
telling me that my case was singular, and
that no one was ever like me. I therefore
was ashamed and afraid to open my mouth
to any one. I paced the streets from eight
o'clock until eleven, that gloomy Lord's day
morning, stopping first at one Christian's
door, and then at another, but afraid to knock
either. At length I went home with a tired
mind, and a distressed soul, only to be ques-
tioned and scolded for being out so late. In
a state I went to bed, but could find no
rest; my pillow was hard, and everything
uncomfortable, for Jesus was away. I
mourned like a dove. I chattered like a

crane or a swallow. I was weary with my groaning. At length nature was exhausted, and I sunk in sleep. I awoke in the morning in the same wretched frame. I endeavoured to conceal it from all about me, but it was hard work. My soul was filled with desires after the Lord Jesus, though it was night; and with my spirit within me, did I seek him early. With my whole soul did I cry out with Ryland,—

> "Lover Eternal, come once more,
> Again thy presence I implore;
> Return to tarry in my soul,
> These lusts that grieved thee, Lord, control;
> Come, and re-kindling love's fierce fire,
> Give me thyself, my soul's desire."

However, I went on crying to God, and wrestling at the throne of grace; for the thought, "I can but be lost," seemed to fill me with determined energy and boldness, and I pleaded as one desperate. About the middle of the day the clouds began to disperse, and comfort was in a measure restored. The Saviour paid me another visit, which, though it was not attended with that great joy which I had experienced before, yet it eased my mind, lifted the burden from my soul, and gave me peace. O how jealous was I of myself now! What love I felt for my gracious and condescending Lord! How *I wondered that* he could ever look upon, *love, and visit a* little worm like me. How

true did I find the words of David when he says "His anger endureth but for a moment, in his favour is life, heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

About this time, I was sorely exercised in another way. I had heard the Lord's people speaking of how much they enjoyed reading the word of God, and how precious they found that word to their souls. I tried my utmost to find the same pleasure, but could not. For though I persevered and read the word, a portion of it every meal time, the only time I had; yet it was too often like performing a task, and reading just because I would read, and because I thought I ought to do so. I did formerly enjoy reading the word, but I did not now. I could see but little beauty, taste no sweetness, nor did I feel any power in the word. Satan made use of this to perplex and trouble me, but what wounded me most was, I thought that the four gospels were peculiarly sacred, as containing the narrative of our Lord's life on earth, yet I could scarce bring myself to read them at any rate. From reading and learning them as tasks at school, I seemed to know all about them, and therefore I had no relish for them. The book of Psalms, the prophecies of Isaiah, and the Epistles, I did sometimes read with a degree of understanding and comfort, but from the Gospels I could seem to get nothing. *This caused* me much distress of *soul, and often sent* me groaning to the throne

of grace, to cry for mercy, and to obtain grace to help me. My ignorance of divine things now appeared to me to be very great, for I seemed scarcely to know anything that I ought to know. Almost all my comfort sprung from the word as preached, from private prayer, and from the sweet visits my Redeemer paid to my soul. These were often very sweet and precious, so much so, that a degree of familiarity was indulged in by me, the propriety of which, to some would be very questionable. I used then to go to the Lord, just as a child would do to its parent, telling him all that troubled me, and asking of him all I needed or desired.

At these seasons I felt a very great love to immortal souls, and used to think, "O, if I could but be a minister of Christ! If I might only be employed to tell to others what a precious Saviour I had found him to be: and sometimes I have gone so far, as to tell the Lord, that he could make me one if he chose, for all things were possible with him. I was often indulged with uncommon liberty when pleading with the Lord about it, though I could not at that time see the least probability of my being so favoured. But in looking back I have often thought that the Holy Spirit gives the soul a secret desire for that, which he knows the Lord intends to bestow; opens the mouth to speak of it before *the Lord, who manifests* his paternal love *and fatherly kindness* in listening to his

[redacted], as the Lord pitieth them
[redacted] he knoweth our frame, and
[redacted] that we are dust." O how won-
[redacted] the kindness of my God appear
[redacted] he has indulged me to commune
[redacted], open my mind before him, cast
[redacted] upon him, find access to him, and
[redacted] constant supplies from him! All
to his most holy, gracious, and glori-
ous!

Somewhere about this time I heard a ser-
on Christian baptism, a subject which
ot engaged my attention before. With
was deeply interested, and solemnly
ssed. I saw at once that baptism was
ded for believers in Christ alone. I
so, that baptism was a burial with
, representing our oneness with him,
ur conformity to him. To me it ap-
d clear that the immersion of a believer
ter, in the name of the Holy Trinity
ew Testament baptism, and that alone.
onviction in my mind was so strong,
he evidence in the New Testament so
that I have never had a doubt upon
oint from that time to this. My soul
rought up into a state of holy fervour,
felt as if I could agree to endure any
, if I might but be permitted to be bap-
and join the Lord's people. I could
ely keep my seat while the text was re-
d, "*And now*, why tarriest thou, arise

and be baptized." I thought I could face an assembled world, and tell them what he had done for my soul. O with what feelings I sung,

> "In all my Lord's appointed ways,
> My journey I'll pursue;
> Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
> For I MUST go with you."

I was in a solemn ecstasy of joy. I felt as if I could contain myself no longer, I must speak out. Such zeal for my God, such a desire to obey him, such love to the saints, and such a desire to be numbered with them, I scarcely ever felt. My soul seemed all on flame, full of love and sweet desire, I was quite overcome, I sat down, laid my head on my arm, and wept. What mingled emotions inspired my breast, a desire to confess Jesus, and a fear that I was not properly qualified; burning love, and a sense of unworthiness; I could scarce bear up under it. As soon as the service was over, I ran to one of my old hiding places, and told all I thought, felt, desired, and enjoyed to my Saviour, begging him to prepare me for the privilege, and permit me to confess him, and be numbered with his people. I enjoyed sweet fellowship with him, and the thought that I could not be deprived of that *by any* one, cheered my mind, consoled my *spirit, and I* retired to rest that night, bless*ing the name* of the Lord, who had dealt *ountifully with* me.

Shortly after this I heard that the friends had decided to form themselves into a Church of Christ, and that a number of others were to be baptized and unite with them. The chapel at Hammersmith was borrowed for the occasion. I had a great desire to be present, and asked this favour of the Lord. When the day arrived, I asked leave of my employer to go, he hesitated, and almost denied me. I stood before him silently pleading with God for the favour. At length, in a taunting tone, he said, "Are you going to be baptized?" I replied, "No." He then gave me a long lecture on what a Christian ought to be, until my soul sunk within me. He then said, I might go. At home I met with another lecture, and was told that wasting my time in running after the Methodists would bring me to the workhouse. On the road, I was taken up by the friends, and placed inside a coach, where some of the most respectable of the friends were. This roused all my natural shyness, and I could not speak, of which Satan took advantage, and stirring up the corruptions of my heart, turned my eye inward, and asked, if I was fit company for such good and godly people. O no, said I, and did they but know what is passing in my heart, they would not sit by me; but they *are deceived* in me, they think *too well of me! If* they did but know me *they would despise* me! I then cried unto

Lord, beseeching him, if I was deceived, and was deceiving others, that he would graciously undeceive both them and me. We now arrived at the place of meeting, and the friends shewed me "no little kindness," at which I was surprised, as I was but a poor lad, and they respectable persons. I was even ready to cry out with Ruth, "Why have I found grace in your eyes, that ye should take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger."

A very impressive sermon was preached from Matt. xxviii. 19. The ordinance of baptism was administered in a very solemn and affecting manner. The friends were then formed into a Christian Church, giving each other the right hand of fellowship. After this a very pleasant and profitable tea meeting was held in the school-room, and a spirit of love and peace pervaded the whole. To me it was a profitable, instructive, and soul-searching day. Soon after this, a pastor was settled over the newly formed church, under whose ministry I could not profit, and over whose after career it is best to throw a veil. But the want of food in the ministry drew me more to my knees. In public my comfort declined, my zeal abated, and I became dry and barren. But when alone with the Lord, I found comfort; to the people, I felt the strongest and fondest attachment; yet, with the minister I had no union. Under his ministry I was invited

to join the Church, and at length consen
But coming to a decision, and openly putt
on Christ by baptism, produced a great stru
gle. I knew it would greatly increase t
persecution I was then suffering, I deep
felt my own unworthiness to share in su
an honour, and I was much harassed wit
the thought that I should surely fall awa
and dishonour the Lord. A friend took m
alone to talk with me, telling me that h
believed the Lord had begun to work in my
soul, and that he thought I ought to profess
Christ. I confessed that I saw the scriptu-
ral character and propriety of baptism, and
the value and importance of Church mem-
bership, but just then I did not feel myself
in a fit state to join the Church. He asked
me if I did not love the Lord's people, to
this I could most heartily say, "Yes." Did
I not think that the Lord's people should
follow the example of the Saviour? To this
replied, "Yes." But still, I did not think
would be well for me to do so at present.
had at that time a secret reason which I
as ashamed to acknowledge. Besides
hich, the thought of appearing before the
urch, to give an account of the Lord's
dings with me, filled me with fear. My
ural shyness was at this time a sore
ss to me, and led me into several eccen-
ities. After spending one evening in
versation with a friend, on the subject
iting with the church, I remember into

what distress of mind I fell, lest I should "rebel against the light." I went, late as it was to plead with God under the old tree, where he often met me, and held communion with me. But this evening I had no visit, I went home groaning in spirit, and most of the night was spent in prayer. I had given me until the next night to decide, as to what course I would take, and I did decide to follow the Lord, cost me what it may. I was proposed to the church, unanimously accepted for membership, and on Friday, March 31, 1820, was publicly baptized.

I expected to enjoy much comfort in attending to the ordinance, but I found none; for as my mind was fixed too much on enjoyment, and too little on Christ, it appeared necessary for the Lord to withhold it. Besides which, unknown to me, I was preparing for a public situation in the Church of God, in which I should be required to sympathize with others, under similar circumstances. Now the flames of persecution broke out with tenfold fury: at my work I was tormented day after day, in every possible way, and was even called after and taunted in the public streets. O how difficult I found it, to keep my mouth as it were with a bridle, but if I spoke, nothing was too bad to cast upon me in reply. Satan also set in *upon me with his* vile insinuations, and ter*rible accusations.* However, I was enabled

ıd now I seldom went
but I enjoyed liberty,
ıg. O how precious
ɔe to me at this time,
filled me with joy and
d truly say, that my
the Father, and with

Though forty years
ıce then, something of
enjoyed at that time,
to my mind. My fel-
watching me as with an
did but misplace a word,
ı at any of their drollery,
in my teeth; and if a
would be sure to taunt me
conduct, say I had been
ach the Church for receiv-
This often wounded me to
ıe Lord's people should be
me, for I esteemed them
ıt of the earth, in whom was

All this I carried to the
ıished me with matter for
these times sweet portions
uld flow into my soul, filling
d gladness. It was, at times
sweetly whispered in my soul,
l thee," "I have redeemed
mine." "Thou art all fair."
hat justifieth, who is he that
" I say not the very words,
words import. Often did I en-

s, and to be exposed
l efforts. And yet in these circum-
; are often safer, and enjoy more of th
wer of divine things, than we do whe
ore pleasantly situated. Then I was fre
uently enabled to carry out the scriptura
dmonition, "Be careful for nothing, bu
n everything by prayer and supplication
with thanksgiving, let your requests be mad
known unto God: and the peace of Go
which passeth all understanding, shall ke
your hearts and minds through Christ Jesu

On April 2, I was received into f
communion with the Church of Christ. I
my soul was much cast down, for my
ployer, who was possessed of a consider
degree of religious light, had been lec
upon what he considered a me
to be—*almost perfec*

a had in my mind several things
noted would be a great improve-
e prayers of some of the aged
and determined when invited to
self, to introduce them. On the
ng of the church after my recep-
he fellowship, I was called upon
stood up, gave utterance to a few
s filled with confusion, and could
d. What a terrible blow was this
e. I felt as if I could not look a
n the face again. I slipped out of
g the moment it closed without
any one, ran to my old oratory,
oured out my whole soul before the
how blessed to be alone with the
to be enabled to cast every bur-
im! In this way I generally got
found a balm for all my woes.
the pulpit, produced leanness
, and rendered public ordinances
le; but in private prayer I did
munion with God, and found
ious to my soul. When I could
from human society, and kneel
Lord, I was happy. Nor was
tired spot about the premises
s then employed, from which my

prayers and praises had not ascended to m
God and Saviour. Several times I wa
nearly detected in my devotions, and ha
to make the best excuse I could for bein
found in certain places—but none but Davi
and Jonathan knew the matter. But the ol
tree in the field was after all the favourit
place. This spot I have often visited earl
in the morning before my labour commen
ced, and late at night when it was finishe
In heat and cold, in rain and sunshine, i
frost and snow, have I gone there for com
munion with my beloved Saviour, and hav
been richly repaid. Such seasons were to
precious to be lost for trifles, or to be ex
changed for carnal pleasure. Reader, priz
private prayer. Have a place for praye
somewhere, and make time for prayer; s

) been almost distracted. Every time I
: to the throne of grace, or entered the
ie of prayer, but especially when sitting
ie Lord's table, I was assaulted with
horrid blasphemies, as I had never
d uttered by any one. These were some-
s directed against the person of the Lord
s, and at others against the Holy and
blessed Spirit. O how the temptation
ued me to curse the Holy Ghost, with
r horrid things which it is not lawful
ı man to utter, or to write! Sometimes,
.ve been tempted to think that I had
)n utterance to some of the horrid things
at this time filled my mind; then I
e been fearfully alarmed, but at other
)s I have felt so hardened, that I scarce-
eemed to care whether I had or no.
n the tempter would suggest, that this
equally as bad as doing it, and then
passage would flash into the mind,
e that speaketh a word against the Holy
)st, it shall never be forgiven him, nei-
: in this world, nor in that which is to
ıe." Sometimes so sudden and powerful
: the injection to curse the Holy Ghost,
: I have shook my head, cried to the
d to keep me from presumption, that so
ay "be innocent, and free from the great
ıgression." With this awful exercise I
ı tried, harassed, and perplexed for
nths; *which often* caused me the deepest
uish, as I was not aware at the time

that any of the Lord's people had been tried in the same way as I have since found that many have, and even to a greater extent than I have. When I found that this trial was not peculiar, Satan began to shift his quarters, though afterwards I was frequently tried, for a time, in the same way; especially after I became a minister of Christ, for at one time I seldom took the Bible to read and study it, but Satan would set in with such awful blasphemies, that I have at times shut up the book, left my study, and wandered in the fields crying to God, and scarcely knowing what to do. At length, I saw that this was in a measure giving place to the devil, who is to be resisted, and who when resisted in the faith of Jesus, will flee from us. The only way to overcome this foul spirit, is by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of the testimony. O reader, if ever Satan besets you in this way, oppose to him the blood of Jesus, stand your ground and refuse to give way. Plead the blood against Satan, and present to him the shield of faith, which will quench all his fiery darts. Hold fast the faithful word, and as Jesus did, answer him out of God's book. If you flee, he will pursue you, and cast you down; but if you resist him, he will flee from you, and leave you master of the field. But very often the conflict is dreadful, and *of long continuance.*

My thoughts continued to be exercised

th the subject of preaching the gospel, d the desire to be one day engaged in that ›rious work was almost constantly with ›: and though there was not the most ıtant prospect of my desire ever being anted, yet my soul was led out in earnest rvent prayer, that it might be so. At her times, when I have had a vivid sense my total unfitness for the work, I have ıgged and prayed of the Lord to take ray every thought of it from my mind, at I may not be constantly exercised with subject never likely to be realized. Yet ere was generally some reference to it in l my prayers.

As I could get nothing to profit me under e ministry, I was driven more to my ıees. Not only so, but I acquired the ıbit of praying in the streets and lanes; ıd sometimes I have forgotten myself and ıoken aloud, so that persons passing by ıve heard me, and concluded that I was ›t quite right in my mind. But I often und it very blessed to be so engaged. he meetings for prayer also I enjoyed uch, the Lord's people with whom I was ıited I tenderly loved, but as the ministry as barren, I began to wander in order to ɜt a little food. I could not bring my ind to this without considerable exercise, ıd it grieved me much to leave my birth lace *and attend* elsewhere. I remember *ce being in a small* place of worship, and

as I sat ruminating upon this subject, and asking myself, "Can my present course be right? Am I justified in leaving my home thus?" When suddenly the words were brought forcibly to my mind,

> "Weak in myself in him I'm strong,
> His Spirit's voice I hear;
> The way I take cannot be wrong,
> If Jesus be but there."

As I often enjoyed the presence of the Lord there, I felt encouraged, and my mind was set at rest. It is certainly wrong for church members to give way to a rambling turn of mind, but if, as in my case, there is no food for the soul, then I think they are justified. At length, after some unpleasantness, our pastor was removed from us, and an entirely different class of preachers were introduced among us. From the ministry of some of them, I derived considerable profit, but they preached a kind of *wild Calvinism*, dwelling almost exclusively on the doctrines of the gospel and the experience of the Christian. The precepts and exhortations of the word were not enforced on the believer, and the message of the gospel was not delivered to the sinner. Amidst the cry of, "The truth, The truth," only part of the truth was preached, and my mind became warped and misdirected, so that it took much severe *and painful* exercise to bring me back again *into the right* way.

As my attachment to the means of grace was always very strong, I never neglected an opportunity of attending them; and it was generally a subject of prayer with me nearly all the day, that I may be permitted to go in the evening. At this time I generally expected, and therefore looked for answers to prayer; for I not only looked on Jesus as my Saviour and Friend, but as my Father and Master also. Therefore before attempting to ask leave of my employers, I always asked leave of him, feeling assured that if he gave his consent, they must yield, for I realized the fact that all things are put under him. This encouraged me to carry all my concerns to him, cast all my cares on him, and make known all my desires in prayer at his throne. Very often did I obtain liberty to go, when, but for his interference, there did not appear the least probability. I will mention one instance At a time, when my mind was exercised, to know if the glorious righteousness of Jesus was imputed to me for my justification, I was exceedingly anxious to attend the weekly sermon. I besought the Lord to allow me the privilege: perhaps not less than fifty times had I asked this favour, and I made sure that I should prevail. But when the time arrived, I went to the foreman to obtain *leave, when* in a surly deter-
mined tone, he said, "*No,* you shall not go, *you are always going,* you shall stay at

well as the other boys." This was a sad disappointment, though I knew that there was much work that required to be done. But I had made up my mind that I should go, and the energy and fervour I had felt in prayer, confirmed me in the opinion. At the moment, the thought struck me, God is above the devil still; he can exert his power and change the old man's mind, I will at least go and ask him. I ran up into a loft, and kneeling down beside a pile of wool, I said, "Lord, thou hast the hearts of all men in thy hands, and thou canst turn them as thou pleasest; thou hast promised to answer the prayers of thy people and hast said, that whatsoever we ask in prayer believing we shall receive. Thou knowest that I have asked thee to let me go to thy house to-night, and I have believed in my heart that thou wouldst do so, I have asked the foreman, and he says, I shall not. Now, Lord, let thy power be seen, let thy faithfulness be made known, and let thy love to me be displayed, in turning his heart, that he may let me go. I plead the blood of Jesus, and on his merits alone I rest, Amen." I had scarcely risen from my knees, when I heard the foreman's voice calling to me, and looking out of the loft door, to hear what he had to say, he said "*You may go, I* suppose you want to go to *that meeting*; and I dare say you'll be no *good if you stop.*" At this, my very so

dissolve in thankfulness before
for his goodness, I blessed his holy
nd went off directly to his house.
this was not all, for another favour
o be shewn me that night, for in the
non the preacher observed, "Sometimes
e Lord's people are much exercised, to
know whether the righteousness of Christ is
imputed to them. Observe, the prophet
says, 'The work of righteousness is peace,'
now Christ by his life and death made
peace,—"the effect of righteousness, is
quietness and assurance for ever.' When-
ever then the righteousness of Christ is im-
puted by God, and has been received into
the heart by faith, there is quietness of
mind. There is a resting upon Christ—a
bottoming all our salvation upon him, and
from this springs an assurance of interest
in God's favour." This just met my case,
it was attended with light and power to
my soul, and satisfied me for the time being,
that I was really and truly interested in the
meritorious work of Jehovah Jesus. O how
I did bless the Lord's name, admire his
dealings, and feel gratitude working in my
heart towards him for his undeserved
favours! Thus my faith was tried, my pati-
ence was exercised my perseverance was
approved, my prayer was answered, the
blessing desired was given, and the Lord's
faithfulness to his word shone forth conspi-
cuously." *Bless the* Lord, O my soul, and
forget not all his benefits!!

On another occasion, I had a great desire to attend the sermon, and once or twice I had asked the Lord to let me go, but as I made sure of going, my prayers were neither fervent nor importunate. One of my employers now was a godly man, and I had no idea that he would deny me, especially as there were plenty to do the work. I had lost sight of the admonition, "Trust not in a friend." When therefore I went to ask leave I was surprised to hear him say, "No, you must stop, and help to do what there is to do." This I took very hard, especially as he had told me he was going himself. I now began to murmur and complain, but it was of no use, I was an apprentice, and was bound to obey. But now my desire to go was stronger than ever, yet I felt ashamed to go to the Lord as on the former occasion, because I knew that I had slighted him. Satan now set in upon me with extraordinary power, and as I was off my watch tower, he soon overcame me. He filled my heart with rebellion against God, and stirred up the most improper feelings toward my employer. The corruptions of my heart heaved and raged like the ocean in a storm, and I felt as if I cared for neither God nor man. Like Israel, I forgot his works, and waited not for his counsel; but lusted exceedingly, and tempted God. My proud heart said, "My master might have let me go, if he would, but he would not; and the

Lord could have turned his heart to favour me, in a moment, but he would not, although he knew how much I wanted to go to his house." Much more not fit to be recorded I felt, and muttered to myself. O I have often stood astonished at the wonderful forbearance of the Lord with me a guilty worm; for I was ready to say, the Lord cared not for me, nor would I care for the Lord! Thus I forgot God was my Saviour, who had done such great things for me. At length my heart became so hardened that I felt fit for any thing, nor was Jonah more peevish, fretful, and ill tempered than I was. Like him, I thought that I did well to be angry. My fellow workmen became very boisterous and noisy, and for a time I joined with them. My master returned and reproved me, but I only murmured at him in reply. Conscience began to lash me, but I resisted it. My fellow workmen were pleased, thinking I was becoming like one of them, and was going back, as they had often predicted that I should. When I went home that night, I did not attempt to pray, nor did I feel the least desire to do so, but lay down, and being very weary went off to sleep without any concern.

When I awoke the next morning, conscience began to accuse and lash me again, but I resisted it, *and went to* my employment *without ever saying,* "Where is God my Maker?" *I strove and struggled* with my con-

science, to stifle conviction and prevent remorse endeavouring to throw all the blame and the guilt on my employer, and my God. But conscience, like Nathan of old, cried aloud, "*Thou art the man!*" This I resisted, and managed to maintain the warfare until my dinner hour. As I was going home to dine, one of my fellow members, aware of what had occurred purposely met me, and in a gentle, loving, fatherly manner began to inquire into the matter, and his soft words broke the bone. His smiting me was a kindness, and his reproof was an excellent oil, which did not break my head, but it softened my heart. I told him frankly the whole that had occurred, with true brotherly kindness he reproved me, and I found Solomon's words to be true, "As an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear." He sympathized with me when he saw me affected, and spoke words in season to me, which were like golden apples in silver baskets. But now I had dreadful work within. When I went back to my work my soul was on the rack. In the evening I went home almost as miserable as I could be out of hell. I began now to call on the Lord in my trouble, but my guilt lay so heavy on my conscience, and my faith was so weakened *by my sin, that I* could not believe that he *would hear me.* But there was no alternative. *I must pray or perish.* I could eat no-

thing, for my appetite was gone. I went into my chamber, but I could find no rest either for my weary body or troubled mind. I now seemed to sink into the very "belly of hell." Most true did I find the testimony, that those who "observe lying vanities, forsake their own mercies." The foundations seemed to be removed, and what could I do? My soul seemed to sink, sink, sink, and I could find no bottom, nor aught like rest, for the Lord appeared to shut out my prayer. However after a time, mind and body became exhausted, and I fell asleep. In the morning, when I awoke, all my distress returned; and as I went to my work, I felt like the thief when he is detected, and was ashamed to look any one in the face. This was a most melancholy day to me. In the evening I retired again to my chamber, and sat down in the greatest distress of mind, having a very hell in my conscience. Truly I did find that it was an evil and bitter thing to sin against God. I continued to cry unto the Lord, but it appeared to be all in vain. At length, I took up my pen and wrote, as follows,

"*Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.*" 1 Cor. x. 12. O my soul, if thou hadst taken heed to this loving caution, thou wouldst not now have reason to complain as thou *hast!* *Thou* wouldst have been *singing from the heights* of Zion, or shouting *from the top of* the mountains. But the

crown is fallen from thy head, woe be unto thee that thou hast sinned. Sinned against light, love, and mercy. O my soul, if thou hadst been found in the study of God's word, the word of thy loving and adorable Saviour, thou wouldst have met with the loving admonition, directing thee to be "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and *watching* thereunto with all perseverance." Then thou wouldst have said, "I will get me upon my watch, and set me upon my Tower." But instead of that, lightness and vanity seized upon thee, and thou becamest their captive. Woe unto me, what shall I say, or how shall I answer the Lord! I must appear before his blessed face with shame and blushing, and confess with a broken heart, my vileness, depravity, and desperate wickedness. O thoughtless heart! Happy is the man that is kept by the Lord! What a high privilege! What an inestimable blessing! He shall be safe and secure in the time of trouble, while I, wretch that I am, must hang down my head like a convicted felon. O foolish heart! O vain mind! O depraved will! O guilty tongue, thus to dishonour him, who laid down his life to redeem thee from all iniquity! Wondrous love, and yet thou goest on in sin, and sometimes feelest *a secret love to it*, and a desire to be at *liberty to indulge* thy lusts. How justly *might I be cut* down as a cumberer of the

ground. How many kind promises, invitations, and cautions have been slighted by my guilty soul. O Lord, I deserve the lowest place in the lowest, hottest, hell! O enter not into judgment with me, O Lord, for in thy sight, considered in myself, I can never be justified!

I then retired to rest, worn out both in mind and body. All the next day, I was, if possible, worse, my time was spent in sighing, crying, and groaning before the Lord; though I concealed it as much as possible from all about me. I was now no company for any one, nor would I, if I could help it, be in any one's company. Thus I passed through another most miserable day. O if some knew what I endured, the distress of mind I passed through, they would not make so light of sin, or of slips in their daily walk as they do! In the evening, when I retired to my chamber, I was almost in despair, and sitting down I caught hold of the paper on which I had written the previous night, I took my pen, and added to it, and while writing the Lord broke in upon my soul, gave me a sweet sense of his pardoning love, and filled me with exquisite delight, as may be seen by what I wrote, as follows:—

O most gracious Lord, look thou upon Christ *my shield, and* behold me in the face *of thine anointed.* Thou knowest, O Lord, *that I am lying under* a threefold condem-

nation, thy law condemns me, my own conscience condemns me, and even the everlasting gospel condemns me. What can deliver me? Nothing but a fresh application of the peace-speaking blood of the covenant, by the power of the Holy Spirit. Oh, thou covenant God, the God of my soul enable me to take shame and confusion of face unto myself, and to put my mouth in the dust, so that there may be hope! Why should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sin? O cursed sin, that hath separated between me and God. O horrid iniquity, that hath hid the face of Jesus from me! The sweet whispers of his Spirit have ceased,—O restore unto me the joys of thy salvation, and uphold me evermore thou blessed free Spirit! O that my conscience may be made more tender, that I may flee from sin as from a deadly serpent, and hate it with a perfect hatred! For this my sin, my heart is faint, the eye of my faith is dim; turn thou me, O Lord, and so shall I be turned, renew my days as of old. O let me again walk in the sweet sunshine of my Saviour's presence, and bask in his glorious beams. I *will* call on the Lord out of the low dungeon of guilt and distress of mind. I *will* look again toward his holy temple. I *know* that the Lord doth not afflict willingly, *nor grieve* the children of men. Even *such a guilty* wretch as I am, can witness *o the truth* of that assertion. How many

ave I sinned and grieved the Holy
and yet thou hast been, and art, faith-
o thy promise, notwithstanding my
hlessness. Blessed be thy holy name,
unfaithfulness can never alter the thing
at is gone out of thy mouth. In righteous-
ss thou hast spoken, and wilt assuredly do
s thou hast said, every word of thine shall
e fulfilled. My strength, and my hope in
my own strength, is perished from the Lord;
and may it continue to perish, until I am
brought to stand in thy strength, knowing
myself to be perfect weakness. Blessed be
thy holy name, thou hast said, that if we
forsake thy law, and keep not thy command-
ments, thou wilt visit our transgressions with
a rod, and our iniquities with stripes, never-
theless, (O blessed nevertheless!) neverthe-
less, thy loving-kindness thou wilt not take
from him, nor suffer thy faithfulness to fail.
Thou hast said (and all glory be to thy
name for it,) "In a little wrath have I hid
my face from thee for a moment, but with
everlasting kindness will I have mercy on
thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." O pre-
cious promise, divinely sweet declaration,
how it cheers my heart! Thou hast said,
too, "I will cast all thy sins into the depths
of the sea." They shall be carried into a
land of everlasting forgetfulness. Yea,
and Thou hast said too, "Though the right-
teous fall seven times a day, yet shall they
arise." *He shall* not be utterly cast down.

because thou upholdest him with thy hand. And to confirm all thou hast added, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Is this, can this, be for a wretch like me? O wondrous mercy! Boundless sovereign, everlasting, unchangeable, love! "Wonders of grace to God belong!"

"Precious Jesus, I adore thee,
Thou hast conquered death and hell;
I with wonder fall before thee,
Thy salvation suits ME well."

Yes, it suits me, because it is all of grace, free grace, from first to last—without works, and without boasting. What shall I render unto the Lord, my covenant God, for his boundless mercy to such a guilty, hell-deserving, sinner as I am! O Lord, I can do nothing without thee, enable me to stand still, and see thy salvation. May I gaze, admire, and adore! O gird me about at all times with that mighty weapon called "All prayer," and may I lay passive in thine hands, knowing no will but thine.

"Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning,
Guide me in the way of peace."

Weaken the power of the Tempter, teach me to resist him in the strength of Jesus, *and* always to triumph in Christ. O for victory *over sin*, death, hell, and the grave! *Lord, fulfil thy* promise in my experience *that I may go* from strength to strength

until I appear perfect before thee, my God, in Zion. O Lord, I do feel something of my own weakness, make me feel more of it, and may I know that my strength stands in the knowledge of my weakness, and infirmities. I can scarce refrain even now from crying out, "How shall I come before the Lord, or bow myself before the most high God?" How *can* such a sinner as I am, stand before such a holy Lord God? I could not. I could not but for the fact that,

"Jesus stands between,
In garments dyed in blood;—and
'Tis he instead of me is seen,
When I approach to God.
What wondrous love, what mysteries,
In this appointment shine;
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine."

O how shall I sufficiently admire, bless, praise, and adore the grace "that buries all my faults:" and rejoice in that glorious righteousness in which I can stand perfect before a holy God! Instead of complaining I feel ready to cry out, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in God for he hath clothed *me*, (vile, polluted, hell-deserving *me!*) with the garments of salvation, he hath covered *me* with the robe of righteousness. Why is this, Lord! O why is this, *that I am made* to hear thy pardoning *voice, while thousands* are left to perish *in their sins, who* are better than I am? I

is even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight. O wondrous deep of sovereign grace, without either a shore or a bottom! Lord, lead me into it, and there let me bathe to all eternity. May I know the wondrous love of Christ, which passeth knowledge! I now feel as if I was lost in an endless subject, even the love of Christ. The sovereign, boundless, bottomless, free, and eternal love of Christ. O how wonderful that such a poor, vile, wretched, nothing creature, as I am should be interested in it! Surely none but Jesus could, and none but Jesus would, so love one like me; but he hath done it all, all praise to his blessed name.

What a difference the light of the Lord's countenance makes in a sinner's experience. I sat down to write with a very hell in my conscience, and I rose up with heaven in my heart. A look from the loving eye of Jesus broke my heart, and opened the sluices of godly sorrow; the application of the word by the Spirit, healed the wounded spirit, raised the soul in the exercise of precious faith, and afresh united it to Christ, in holy love. The oil of joy, softened and perfumed the hard heart; and the sun of righteousness with his warm reviving beams raised and fired the affections, while the whole soul was led captive afresh by the grace, mercy, and *love of God.* The hardest thing it has now *to do, is to forgive* itself. The devil appear*ed to be dreadfully* enraged, by this disple

pirit of our God. Nor do I believe
an would have been half so much
, if I had been left to lie under the
my sin for months, and been caused
for a long time, before I was cleansed
But the wrath of man and the ma-
itan were sanctified to my good; for
t often covered my face with con-
nd filled my heart with pain, when
ed before strangers, lest the cause
hould suffer; yet, it humbled me in
, checked my natural lightness, and
produced such meekness of spirit,
uld pity and pray for my revilers,
mourned over my own folly, and
he Saviour to keep me in future as
of his eye. and hide me under the

til my animal spirits have been exhausted, and I have been obliged to refrain, and only inwardly sigh out my desires unto the Lord, In more ways than one the Lord made my stumble of use to me, but I have written enough on that point.

I now went on peacefully for some time, but having read, and heard the Lord's people speak of having the promises applied, and brought home to the soul with power, I was not satisfied to take God's word and rest upon it, but I must needs have it applied. I therefore began to pray and cry unto the Lord for this privilege, but for a considerable time I obtained no reply, until I concluded to give up and pray for it no more. But as I was but a child, thinking as a child, and acting as a child, the Lord treated me as a child and at length to my unspeakable joy, one morning just as I awoke from sleep, the words came with such light, power, and sweetness, into my soul, as I cannot describe, "*They shall be mine.*" Malachi iii, 17. I knew not at the time where to find them in the Bible, but I knew they were the Lord's words, and I took them as spoken unto me. I went to my work feeding upon them, and as they rested on my mind, they diffused a sweet and pleasant savour over my spirit; *and as I had* near a mile to walk, I went *wrapt up in* holy meditation all the way, *and seemed to* hear the Lord whispering,

"*They shall be mine.*" O how blessed, thought I, these people must be. They have been the Lord's from everlasting, they are the Lord's now, they will be acknowledged as his at the day of judgment, and they will be his for ever! And am I among this blessed company? O what an incomparable favour! What an inestimable blessing! What an unspeakable benefit, more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold!

At another time I sunk into a gloomy state of mind, and yielded to despondency until I was truly wretched. I was then ready to cry out, "Will the Lord cast off for ever? Will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? Hath he forgotten to be gracious? Doth his promise fail for evermore?" In this state of mind I continued for some time, but as I was at work one day feeling most miserable, the words were darted into my soul, "*I will see you again.*" Gentle power attended them, and sweet and holy liberty was the result. Freedom of spirit was enjoyed, and I went forward rejoicing in this light for a season.

My employers were very particular about our keeping correct time, but as we went to work early, and sometimes worked very late, it was not easy to do so. I remember one morning *over-sleeping* myself, and falling *into a very bad temper* in consequence, so *that instead of blessing* and praising the

Lord for a refreshing night's rest, I bega murmuring and complaining, until I fe any thing but like a Christian. When al in a moment, as if a flash of lightning sho through my soul, came the words, "*In th favour is life.*" In a moment, the storn within was hushed into a calm, and I fel as if I should have fainted, at this rich dis play of the kindness of my God. I went t work blessing and praising the Saviour' name, and was ready to cry out, "Is thi the manner of men, O Lord God? and wha can I say more unto thee?" I now saw, tha life, its blessings, its comforts, and all tha is worth enjoying flowed freely from th divine favour; and that without an interes in that favour it mattered little what w possessed, for it was impossible to be truly happy. This greatly endeared the Saviou to my soul, and gave me an occasion to bless and praise his precious name, who only doeth wondrous things, he is God alone

Once or twice Satan managed to gain the ascendency over me, causing me to slide but when I cried, my foot slippeth, the mercy of God caught me, and held me up I found that sin always wounded my conscience, and caused me much trouble o soul, nor could I again obtain peace, o enjoy comfort, but as I looked afresh to the *blood of Jesus*, and felt its cleansing efficacy *within*. *I have* generally found that all *my slips began* at the closet; when I gre *cold or lukewarm* there, Satan was allow

to attack me, and he generally in some degree, gained the ascendency over me. Never could I, never can I, be glad that I have sinned; yet the grace of God, taking advantage of my weakness and folly, has wrought sweetly in my soul afterwards. And blessed, for ever blessed, be the name of my Lord and Saviour, he has sanctified my slips to me, for my real benefit. They have made me fly unto him afresh, as unto a strong Tower, in which the righteous are at all times safe. They have brought me to feel my own weakness, and to see the desperate wickedness of my heart, in a way and manner which otherwise I could not; and have discovered to me the fallacy and folly of trusting in my own heart at all. They have made me more cautious, kept me crying to him for strength against temptation, and given me an opportunity sweetly and powerfully to prove the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all pollution.

Nor can I be surprised at these things happening unto me, when I look back and consider the situation in which I was placed; the temptations with which I was surrounded, the weakness I felt, the wicked heart I carried about within me, and the opposition of Satan which I had to endure. I rather wonder, and find cause to bless the name of my God, who hath kept me as he *has, and desire to give* all the praise to his *most holy name. Not* unto me, O Lord, not

unto me, but to thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.

Upon one occasion, I was beset with the temptation, that the work in my soul, was not a genuine work of grace, because my convictions of sin were not attended with that horror, that some good men have experienced, nor had I sunk so deep as some whose experience I had read. This followed me for some time, and I prayed to the Lord to give me deeper convictions; yea, to drag me through hell, rather than let me be deceived, and miss of heaven at last. After

infernal reasoning he made use of, abusing the blessed doctrine of God's eternal election for the purpose. "If you are elected," said he, "you know you must be saved, for none of the elect can by any means be lost, and if you are not elected you cannot be saved; therefore to leap into the canal would soon decide the matter, and what if in a moment or two you should get out of such a state as you are now in and be safe landed in heaven—and if you are lost, you will not be lost long before the time, for you cannot live very long, and you would know the worst of it." These thoughts, and others of the same kind exercised my mind, and at times I felt just at the point of jumping in, for I scarcely knew what I was about. But at length the words came to my mind, "No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." And I thought though all the elect shall assuredly be saved, yet none of the elect shall be left to commit that rash act; therefore if I make away with myself, I destroy all hope, and am lost for ever. With this I wandered farther away from the water, but in a most wretched state of mind, which continued for two or three hours. I am very sure of one thing, that I shall never pray for deep convictions again; but I fancied I saw something *more of the* meaning of the *words of the Psalmist* after this, "By terrible *things in* righteousness, wilt thou an-

swer us, O God of our salvation, who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of all them that are afar off upon the sea.' My desire after this was, to be kept daily sensible of my state by nature and by practice, to see just enough of my own heart to keep me humble, and to render Jesus precious to my soul. Daily to feel my need of him, and to be enabled by grace to make use of him; to live to him and glorify him until called up on high to be for ever with him.

Since the above, when I have heard persons carping and cavilling at the doctrine of election, drawing false and unfounded inferences from it; and reasoning about it as Satan did with me in my distress, I fancy I can see very clearly, from whence these things come, and what they display. Human nature is a poor judge of the sovereign acts of an infinite God; grace leads us to receive what God says, and to acquiesce in what God does; but carnal reason is too proud to stoop so low, or to submit to what it cannot comprehend.

For some time myself, and a few Christian friends had been in the habit of meeting at the house of one of my fellow members on the evening of the Lord's day, and at other *times to read* the word, sing hymns, and engage *in prayer.* Here I first began to exercise *my gift of* prayer, and also to offer a few *remarks on the* Scriptures as I read the

As I had been made useful to the owner of the house, this part of the exercise generally devolved on me. Here I was enabled, in a measure, to surmount the fear of man, and most blessed seasons we enjoyed together; for the Lord would meet with us, and turn that cottage room into a little heaven. Here we opened our hearts to each other, and told of the Lord's dealings with us in providence and in grace. At times my friends would intimate to me, that they thought I had gifts for the gospel ministry, which would strengthen the old flame which was still secretly burning in my bosom, and which increased as my knowledge of divine things increased. But as my views on this subject were not very correct, and as I dreaded the idea of being a hireling, I determined to move no more in the matter, but leave it entirely in the hand of the Lord, desiring only to know his will, and being determined to follow that. Yet I frequently felt extraordinary liberty in praying on the subject, and laying the matter before the Lord; though I saw not the slightest probability of my ever being employed in the work.

Yet at times, the hope that I should be employed in this blessed work, would rise above every obstacle that lay in the way; but then the language of the Lord respecting the false prophets would come with *great force into my* mind. "I sent them *not, nor commended* them, therefore they

shall not profit this people at all, saith the Lord." O with what vehemence have I at such times pleaded with God, saying, "Lord, thou knowest, that I have no end in view in desiring to be engaged in the ministry of the gospel, but thy glory, the good of poor sinners, and the exaltation of my precious Saviour; if thou hast not designed me for it, or dost not intend to bless me in it, let the desire die away out of my mind, and erase the thought of it from the minds of my friends. But, if thou dost intend to make me a minister of Christ, let it be a constant matter of prayer both with me and them. O my God, forbid that I should take one step, without thy guidance and direction; prepare me for it, send me to it, and bless me in it, in thy own time and way; so that all the glory may be thine, and thy name be praised for ever." Instead of the former part of this prayer being answered, the latter part was most manifestly so.

I had soon after this time a very remarkable answer to prayer, which served to confirm my soul in a very important doctrine. I had been considerably harassed with doubts and temptations, on the subject of the divinity of Christ, though I never gave way to them to any extent. It so happened that one Saturday evening we had a large *quantity of* skins come in from London, and *the weather being* warm, if they were not *washed they* would be spoiled. I saw

very clearly, that we had a whole
rork. Just at this time, we had
iew hands set on, to whom the very
ice of religion was most offensive;
I was made the butt of their
and ridicule, and every thing, they
to oppose and ridicule me, they
y were full of joy at the prospect of
work, and I was mourning at
o work on the Lord's day. I knew
ard morning when they were ex-
h drink, and we were quite left to
s, they would be sure to fill my ears
gar songs, filthy jests, and profane
O how I longed to escape, and en-
uiet Sabbath! There was but one
ian, who, according to the rules of
, could take my place; to him I
d begged him as if I was asking the
favour, to do so. But he positively
"You will have but a poor life of it
," said he. "I shall go home and be
ble for once." I entreated him again,
o no purpose. My soul was bowed
thin me, and I knew not what to
the work I was obliged to go, and
eard the men planning to torment
y soon wetted me through to the
t my mind was made up to make no
on any thing they did, nor give any
any thing they said, if I could pos-
old it, that they may not be able to
on my words. But it was quite

impossible to carry this out, I therefore remonstrated with them, but all to no purpose. I lifted my heart to God, and prayed and worked on in a most uncomfortable manner till between ten and eleven o'clock. Instead of getting better they grew worse and worse, and all I could do was to cry unto God, and make the best of my miserable situation.

The young man who could have been my substitute was gone home, and so were our employers, and every door of hope was closed. I had prayed for deliverance, but could obtain no answer, and I tried to reconcile my mind to my lot. Just at that minute it was suddenly brought to my mind, that I had somewhere read in the life of a good man, who had been tried with doubts on the same subject, as I had recently been, something like this, "If my reader wants a proof of the divinity of Christ, go to him burdened, cast down, and distressed, and pray him as a proof of his divinity to remove your burden, and if he removes yours, as he did mine, you will have in your own soul a proof of his Deity, that all the Arians in the world cannot overturn." The thought struck me, I have now a favourable opportunity, for I felt sure that no one but God could deliver me. But as soon as I began to think of putting the matter to this test, a whole *host of objections* rushed into my mind; as, *it would be tempting* God—it would be *presumption, &c:* so that I had much reason-

ig in my mind on the point. At length, ie conduct of the men drove me almost to desperation; I made a trifling excuse, went out of the water, amidst a volley of abuse, and under a shed, behind a heap of sheep skins, addressing myself directly and personally to the Lord Jesus, I cried, "O Lord Jesus Christ, if thou art really and truly God, one with the Father, over all, and blessed for evermore—give me a proof of thy divinity to-night, by sending me deliverance. I am satisfied, that none but the eternal God can now set me free, and if thou art pleased to give me this proof of thy Deity, I shall be assured beyond a doubt, that thou Lord hast the hearts of all men at thy disposal. Send, O send me deliverance, I beseech thee." In this manner I continued to pray for some time, using very strong language, and the Holy Spirit helped my infirmities, with unutterable groanings, for my whole soul seemed to go forth with my words. I concluded, and returned to my work to watch the hand of the Lord, which way he would work. I had scarcely got into the water again, when I heard a voice call out to me, I looked up, and it was the young man, who had so positively refused to release me, and who appeared to be so glad to get away himself. I went out to him, asking what he wanted. He replied, that he was *come* to take my place, if I liked *to go home.* I was so struck that I could

scarcely believe my own ears. I said, "How came you to alter your mind?" He said, "I don't know, I was sitting at supper, and thinking about going to bed, and it came into my mind that I would come and take your place. I thought you would like to go home, and would want to go to chapel to-morrow, and it would make very little odds to me, as I should not go, and I thought if I worked, the money would be useful." I felt so overcome, that like the disciples, I believed not for joy, but thought that I had seen a vision. O how precious, how very precious was the Lord Jesus to my soul at this moment! I felt as certain that he was Divine, as though I had seen him, and been assured of the fact from his own mouth. I could not help praising him, and as I passed along the street to my lodgings, I ceased not to bless and praise his blessed name. The passers by heard me and looked round, but I could not refrain, for I felt that if I held my peace, the stones would immediately cry out. Thus the Lord fulfilled his word, "I will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry, when I shall hear, I will answer thee." I had also an illustration of that promise, "Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I I will hear." This must evidently have *been the case, by* the distance the young *man had to come*, the short time I was in *prayer, and the* brief time in which I received

The Lord must have been
is mind, while I was consider-
riety of putting him to the test;
well exclaim, "Who is a God
ee?"
r this I married, at which time
s was brisk, and our wages very
very soon after work was short,
low. Now we had an opportunity
to the Lord, and watching his
as my work failed, my wife found
nt, as evey one that becomes a
should. I was determined not to
ebt, and yet it was sometimes dif-
ake both ends meet. I remember
ing, my wife was saying, that
an article needed for domestic
e had not then the money to pur-
nd yet she could not tell how to
t it. I replied we must pray,
watch the hand of God, for I could
ould not, agree to go in debt for
d pray, and retired to rest, not
pped a hint to any one. As we
g at breakfast the next morning,
y, a fello of the church,
d near knew nothing
'I have such
I have been
eful to
to it,
t if I
s the

very thing we were wanting, and did not know how to get. "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even he shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." I mention this, and some other similar circumstances, to encourage the poor of the flock to look to the Lord for temporals as well as spirituals, and to wait upon God in prayer instead of using carnal contrivances, or running into debt.

In consequence of the persecution I endured, especially from one man; the natural lightness of my disposition, which often led me astray; and the low wages we now received, while my family was increasing; I often longed for a change, and made it a matter of prayer. At length a Spirit of prayer came so powerfully upon me, that I cried almost day and night unto the Lord; and often did I slip away from my workfellows, to pour out my soul unto the Lord. In addition to this, I felt such a vehement desire to be employed in the gospel ministry, and such a Spirit of prayer on that account, so that I have been nearly whole days in prayer. At times, when working by myself, as I now often was, I have prayed from morning until night, even until I have felt quite exhausted. Frequently for two or three hours together, I have had uninterrupted communion with my dear Redeemer on these subjects; and the fellowship has been most close, familiar, and en-

ng, so that Christ has been unspeak-
precious. Often since, would I have
a much to be indulged in this manner,
s indeed living on high.
length, I heard that my employers had
a another business at Chertsey, and I
expected as my chief persecutor was
ver man, and a favorite with the masters,
ould be sent to superintend it. I there-
looked forward to a little respite, and to
ive an answer to my prayers. But the
l's ways are not our ways, for one even-
in April, 1825, just as we were about to
the day with family prayer, one of my
loyers called, to say, that I must go off
hertsey in the morning, as the goods
spoiling for want of attention, and he
ided to send me and my wife there, to
in the house, and take care of the business,
that every thing should be made com-
ible for me. I objected and remonstra-
as I could not bear the thought of leav-
my native town, the Lord's people whom
much loved, and all my friends. But
as of no use, he said it would be so much
er for us, higher wages and a good house
free, and he must place a person there
whom he could depend. Accordingly
next morning I arose to walk to C., with
ry heavy heart, and was ready to mur-
at *almost every* step. Here all was
ge. I had not one Christian friend to
to, nor any means of grace that I could

enjoy, so that I found it hard work to be content. O how little do we know what bitter things we pray for, when we are most importunate with the Lord. We fancy that we are asking for what is sure to make us happy, but the reverse turns out to be the case. How different, I at first found my circumstances to be; before, I could go to the Lord's house at the close of the day, commune with the Lord's people, or enjoy my own homely fire side. Now I had to go into lodgings, dwell with carnal people, where the evenings were spent in playing cards, or other worldly amusements. When I refused to take any part in these things, I was looked upon as a foreigner, and was indeed a stranger in a strange place. I therefore spent my spare time in wandering in the fields, holding converse with God, between the hedges, and in the lovely walks around the town. Here I found my Saviour, and felt it truly precious to commune with him, when I had no one else to whom I could open my mind.

Just before I left B., my oldest sister died, and contrary to my own mind, I was persuaded to contract a debt of five pounds for mourning; which was not to be paid for at least six months. But no sooner had I left B., than the money was sent for. Here I was *in a strange place*, with little money, my *wife near her* confinement, and for the first *time in my life*, I was unjustly, in point o

required to pay a debt of £5. However, l friend heard of my trouble, directed astor to send for me, found the money, equired me to go and pay the debt, ut saying one word about it, nor was nitted to know where it came from; I could repay it, I was to do so, but o make myself at all uneasy, as I d never be asked for it. Now my s were raised, and I was soon able to the money, when I determined in the s strength, never to owe another £5 that ld not pay on demand, and I never have. ıen my wife was confined with irst child, she had a dreadful time, ı lasted three days, so that her suffer- were very severe, and her life was de- ed of. Nearly the whole of one Lord's [was required to be in the room with ınd it was one of the most miserable of my life. Satan harassed my mind the most horrid, atheistic, and blas- ous thoughts imaginable; working my up to a state of awful rebellion ıst God. There was my poor wife suf- ;, both of us praying, and the Lord ap- d to take no notice. "Look," said ı, "is it possible for the Lord to be the Bible declares him to be, a God of pity, compassion, and tenderness, and our *wife suffer thus*, when one word *effect her deliv*erance? Could you, *il creature, see* the greatest enemy

you have suffer thus, when a single word would heal, and refuse to speak that word? You know you could not—and if the Lord had the pity you are taught to believe he has, he could not." These and many other blasphemous thoughts too base to write, filled my mind, thus the enemy would have fain persuaded me, that if the Lord were not altogether such an one as myself, if he does not possess the same passions as I do, he cannot be God, nor can the Bible be true. O what a day of conflict was this, how often did I think of the Lord's people meeting for his worship, while I was prevented; how they were enjoying his love, while I was harassed by the most awful temptations; but at length the Lord answered prayer, sent deliverance, and we were enabled to set up our EBENEZER, saying "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." By this day's experience I gleaned where the infidels get their chief arguments; and saw that the infidel's heart is Satan's home, and the infidel's tongue is Satan's quiver, and the infidel's voice the echo of the prince of darkness.

From the time the Lord gave me the enjoyment of his love, I was very desirous to bring sinners to the Saviour; but my natural *shyness* was a very great hinderance to me. *I had lured one* young man to walk with *me in the fields* at B——, and had spoken to *him of Jesus.* We had kneeled together

under the old tree, and I had r ion to believe that he was saved in the rd. Just after I went to C——, I receiv d a letter from my oldest brother, informin me that a remark made to him in conve ation, had awakened serious thoughts in h nind, and led him to seek the Saviour. T s deepened and strengthened my desire t win more, which has increased from that y to this; and I now recor led conviction, that no bel d the salvation of souls, neans in a prayerful spirit t was more or less successf ld be less likely than myse lays of my religious experi —, natural temperament, and s ings in the creed I then held, were directly opposed to it, and yet the Lord gave souls to me then: and, blessed be his holy name, he has given me a troop since then!

In providence, the Lord now favoured me, and more so still in grace, for the Scriptures were opened up to my mind, and I began to feel pleasure in writing letters, and composing verses on religious subjects, which I did with considerable facility, for the instruction and comfort of my friends. On one occasion, when I found a piece of paper in the road, on which I read, "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins might live *unto righteousness*, by whose stripes

ye were healed—" the Lord so shone upon it, that my soul seemed to revel in delight, as I mused and meditated upon it. At another time, when the Lord had graciously appeared for me, the words of the prophet were like the fruits of the tree of life to me, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him." At one time, I felt a great desire to meditate on the Lord's word, as at this time, meditation was the principal means of feeding my soul. But I felt that I could not. I therefore cried unto the Lord, to send something to fix and engage my attention, when the words sweetly glided into my soul: "And be ye thankful." I was at once led to think of the reasons I had to be thankful. First, that the Lord should have called such a vile, base, insignificant creature, to know himself, and his blessed truth. That notwithstanding all my opposition to his will, and backsliding from his ways, he had by his almighty grace carried on his work in my soul; so that notwithstanding the desperate wickedness of my heart, and deeply imbedded corruptions of my nature, I do at this moment feel a love to my precious Saviour, and have an earnest desire to love him more. Second, I thought of God's eternal love to my soul, in *choosing me to* salvation, before the foundation of the world—of the love of Jesus, in *becoming my* Substitute and Surety—and

f the love of the Holy Spirit, in engaging
) call me by his grace, keep me by his
ower, and at length to bring me safe to
lory. Thirdly, I thought of the covenant
f grace, entered into by the ETERNAL THREE
N ONE, in which all my life's history was
lanned and arranged, and provided for;
nd all things therewith connected were so
ettled as to secure my good, and God's
ternal glory. Fourthly, I was enabled to
ook forward, to that eternal weight of
lory, which is reserved in heaven for me;
nd amidst all my selfishness and ingrati-
ude of heart, I thought I could never be
atisfied to receive so much from the Lord,
f there was not given with the same, an
ternity in which to praise, and bless, and
dore his holy name. I was led also, to
race all my mercies, which are not a few,
oth in providence and grace, as flowing to
ie through the channel of the doing and
ying, of my most precious Lord and Sa-
iour. I could also trace his kindness to
ıy soul, from his Suretyship engagements
ı eternity, to the full accomplishment of
he same in time. O that my thankfulness
ad been at all answerable to my obliga-
ion, or had kept pace with my thoughts,
or I found it truly blessed, thus to review
he causes I had for thankfulness, while
he unction *of the Holy* Spirit attending the
me softened my heart, and led me to de-
ate myself afresh to the Lord and his
y.

My pastor coming to visit me, and preach at C., took me out for a walk, and when alone, he asked me, if I ever had any thoughts about entering the ministry. Which gave me an opportunity of opening my mind to him on the subject, when he encouraged me to cherish the idea, and continue to make it a matter of prayer. He informed me, that it was the opinion of himself, the deacons of the church, and many of the members, that the Lord designed me for the ministry of the word. "Now," said he, "the Lord will clear the way for you, only act orderly, come and speak before the church first, for that is the scriptural plan," citing, Acts xiii. 2. "I should not like you," said he, "to act disorderly, your timidity will wear off after speaking a few times." With a little more advice on the subject he left me, saying that he should take an opportunity of mentioning it to the church. This he did, but as the church had never called any one to the ministry, the lawfulness of their doing so, and other matters were introduced at the meeting, and so the subject was postponed for a time. This stirred me up afresh, and I fell to self examination and prayer upon the subject: and now my ignorance, inability, and total unfitness for the work was discovered to me in a way which they *never had been* before. The work appeared *to be so great*, and the responsibility attached *to it so awful*, that I was completely

bowed down. Now my pastor wrote to me, advising to take the opportunity of giving a word of exhortation at our meetings, as we had no pastor there, but I never could feel at liberty to do so, even when we were disappointed of a minister, and the friends requested me so to do. I never could open my mouth, and at length I determined that I never would, until I saw the hand of the Lord conspicuously clearing the way, for I had a perfect dread of running unsent by the Lord.

As the ministry here continued to be unprofitable, so that I could seldom enjoy the preaching of the word; though the meetings for prayer I did enjoy much, as also reading the Bible and private devotion; I determined to be A BIBLE CHRISTIAN. I therefore read my Bible daily, and meditated on what I read continually, praying that I may ever live under its influence. I besought the Lord to give me a spirit of discernment, a sanctified memory, and a devoted heart, that so I may shew forth the praises of him, who had called me out of darkness into his marvellous light, and had given me an inheritance among all them that are sanctified, by faith in Christ Jesus.

About this time, the Lord gave me on one Lord's day morning, when praying alone in my workshop, one of the sweetest *seasons in fellowship* with himself, which I *had ever enjoyed.* It was like bringing

heaven down to earth. The Saviour seemed to open his heart, and show the wondrous depth of his tender love. But as I went out from the presence of the Lord, delighted and filled with joy through the manifestation, Satan prepared a trap for me, and before I was aware, I was taken in it. I lost my temper, gave way to passion, contracted guilt, and brought a dense dark cloud over my soul. O how dreadful this, after being so indulged! My very soul sunk within me, Satan began to accuse me, I was most miserable, and felt ashamed to be seen. Instead of going to the service, I went into the fields, sighing, groaning, crying to the Lord, and begging him a thousand times to pardon my guilty soul. As I was wandering about as wretched as I well could be, I saw a robin sitting on a style, "Ah, said I, you have no wicked heart, no unruly temper, no impure desires, you may chant your maker's praises, and enjoy the bounties of his providence. But, I, wretch that I am, if I am indulged with his presence one hour, I fall into sin the next. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" Thus I went on mourning, lamenting, and crying unto the Lord; at length I took my Bible out of my pocket, begging the Lord to direct me to some portion of his word, that *would meet my* case. I opened on. Job *xxxvii. 5; and* read, "Great things doeth he, *which we cannot* comprehend." Immedi-

ately on this, the words of our ord came home to my mind, "What I do, u know-est not now; but thou shalt w hereafter." The thought then stru me, that the Lord was teaching me by e differ-ent exercises, some things that ould be of use to me by and bye. This al viated my grief a little, but I had a mos miserable day. In the morning the bright sun broke forth, and all ghtful and pleasing; but I njoyed his warm and revivi the clouds gathered, the st ike a poor unprotected trav led in my progress, and my was dash-ed to the ground

About a month after this, the Holy Spirit brought home with sweetness and power to my soul, this passage, "Yea, he is altogether lovely." And the beauty, loveliness, excellency, and glory, which I saw in the Lord Jesus, I never can describe. For about two hours, I was as if I had been caught up into the third heavens. My heart was ravished with his beauties and excellencies, for he appeared to me as the sum and substance, the centre and circumference, of all that is desirable. All my desires met in him, my soul flowed out to him, and I could, and did, say with Luther, "I had rather be in hell with Christ, than in heaven without him." It was too much *for my* poor body, which *soon felt the effects* of such a ravishing

manifestation. I felt constrained to exclaim, "O what a condescending Lord, what boundless love he displays to an unworthy worm!" Heartily could I say with Berridge,

> "If I loved my Lord, before,
> I would love him ten times more;
> Drop into his sea outright,
> Lose myself in Jesus quite."

Shortly after this, I passed through some severe exercises on the subject of the ministry. The question to be decided was, "Has the Lord designed me for it, and will he allow me to be engaged in it?" O how I cried, "Search me, O God, and try me, and see if there be any wrong motives in my heart, and purge them from me." I could from my heart say, "I want simply to rely on my blessed Jesus, my fast and faithful friend; and the Lord knows that to glorify himself, to exalt his beloved Son, and to do good to immortal souls, is my ruling desire." And my prayer almost daily was, "O Lord, forbid that I should ever move one step, but as led by thee. Go thou before me, and prepare my way, by thy preventing mercy; be with me, if ever I go forth, giving me a *door of utterance*, and a heart warmed with *a Saviour's love*; inflame my soul with zeal *for thy glory*, and bring up the rereward by *blessing my* poor labours, and make me

instrument of doing much good to
s."
ne Lord's day morning, in the next
ıth, as soon as I awoke, the words of the
lmist were brought home to my heart
e shall not be afraid of evil tidings, his
:t is fixed, trusting in the Lord." I
sure that this was to prepare me for
ething, by the effect it produced on my
d, though I knew not what. While I
pondering over it, another passage
ed in, "Trust in the Lord and do good,
halt thou dwell in the land, and verily
ı shalt be fed." I went to the early
ver meeting, and found liberty in plead-
and wrestling with God, and had
e enjoyment of his presence: but before
service was concluded, I was called out,
e informed that my employers had fail-
and that a man was come to fetch the
ness books. Now I saw the design of
portions of the word that had so season-
occupied my thoughts, and also the
lness of the ever-blessed Spirit, in direct-
my attention to them. I went off at
ı to B., to know what was to be done,
on the road my mind was taken up,
my thoughts were sweetly engaged
ı the apostle's representation of the
ity of our heavenly Father, "Able to do
eeding *abundantly*, above all that we
or think." *I could* not but observe, how
graciously the Lord dealt with me, in

sending his holy word to prepare and fortify my mind, for the trouble that was coming upon me; and giving me such a sweet view of himself, to solace and support me afterwards.

A new scene of trials now opened up before me, for a man was put in possession to take charge of the property, who was a drunkard, a thief, and a great enemy to religion. Satan acted upon my carnal nature, and I found it hard at times, to make a stand against his dishonest practices, which always brought down a shower of abuse upon me. At this time too, I sunk into a dull, lifeless, and prayerless frame; and felt that I was really nothing, yea, worse than nothing. All I could do was to sigh and groan, sin and rebel, murmur and complain, pine and fret, as though the Lord was dealing hardly with me. At one time, I was helped with a little help from the words, "The righteous is an everlasting foundation." And at another, from that, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." This dull and lifeless frame continued, except for brief intervals, for a considerable time, so that I felt the truth of the saying, "No man can keep alive his own soul." In respect to providence, I was now brought into *a path, in which* I could not see an inch be*fore me; so that* I was obliged to cast my*self on the* Lord, and endeavour to leave

rself and family in his hands. The word command now seemed to be, "Stand still, d see the salvation of the Lord."

Having been for some time tried with nptation, and severe exercises of soul, I s favoured with the renewings of the ly Spirit, and the blood of atonement ain gave me peace and comfort. Now r faith was strengthened to rest upon the omises, and be satisfied with the sovereign pointments of my God and Saviour, view- g him as influenced by holiness, justice, d love, in all he designed or did; I could forward rejoicing in hope of the glory at is to be revealed. Satan now stirred up e enmity of the man in possession, and he l all that he possibly could to make us serable. But the Lord directed my mind portions of his holy word, and stirred up spirit of grace and supplication within e, enabling me to watch as well as pray, assuredly I should have been taken in me of the traps which were laid for me. r soul escaped like a bird out of the snare the fowler, the snare was broken, and I s delivered. This was succeeded by a oop of doubts and fears, and distrustful rebodings, in reference to temporal things, hich made me sad and gloomy. O what a eak and faithless creature I was proved be!

On the last day of this year, I wrote in *diary as follows*, "Through the richest

mercy, I am now brought to the close of another year, let me therefore ask thee, O my soul, what are thy improvements this year? Is Christ more precious? Do his work, righteousness, and blood, appear inestimable? Dost thou see more of his suitability, and feel a stronger attachment to him? Is his glory dearer to thee, and his honour more precious in thy sight? Dost thou feel more devoted to him, and find greater pleasure in his service? Dost thou lie lower at the foot of the cross, and is Jesus more lovely in thine eyes? Art thou more humbled before God under a sight and sense of thy sinfulness? Is thy temper, disposition, and will, more subdued by grace? Does grace reign, and sway its sceptre over all thy powers? Is sin more hateful, death less fearful, and heaven more desirable? Is the Bible more prized, and art thou better acquainted with its contents, living under the influence of its holy precepts? Is holinesss and entire devotedness to God more sought after? Art thou seeking to live nearer to Jesus, to trust more unreservedly to him, and to leave all thy concerns in his hands? Art thou more earnest in thy desires to be made useful to his flock and family? Art thou become more prayerful, more given to meditation, *and is it thy one* grand desire and aim, to *crown Jesus Lord* of all? Speak, my soul, *what answer canst* thou give to these very

important questions? Speak as i sight
of God, as though thou wert pla efore
the tribunal of the Most High. t the
Holy Spirit, who searcheth all gs be
thy witness, that thou speakest truth,
and nothing but the truth.

Truly, I have much cause to b shamed,
that it is not more the case, y rom the
depths of my sou desire,
wish, long, and pr ngs; and
the cry of my hea ent is,—
Lord Jesus, let r more
manifestly in me, rly evi-
denced in my dail rch, the
family, and the wo

Now another storm arose, which lasted for some time, the man in possession did every thing he could to annoy me, because I would not sanction his pilfering; and for a season the Lord seemed to leave me, to try me, that I might see what was in my heart. I could get no food from the pulpit, a dull, lifeless, and insipid frame came over me, earthly cares perplexed me, and misery seemed to be appointed as a companion for me. I was shut up, and could not come forth. My situation seemed to be the lion's den, and the mountains of the leopards, from which the Saviour called his spouse. Song. iv. 8. Sometimes my spirits failed me, and I felt as if I must give up all; then something would come to cheer me, and *then another storm* would burst over me,

and seem to sweep away all before it; until I have cried out, "Lord, lead me to the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker thou art!" My road was very rough, I seemed to lose all my comfort, and felt completely wretched. I was at length obliged to cry out, "Arise, O Lord, let not man prevail, let not the enemy triumph over me." The more I have to do with the world, the more I hate its spirit, and its ways: blessed be God, that I am not of it. Often now did I cry out,—

> "Half a wreck by tempests driven,
> Yet my feeble bark survives;
> Dashed against the rocks and riven,
> In the midst of death it lives:
> See it pressed on every side,
> See it still the storm outride."

My next entry is as follows. "O what a wretched life has mine been of late. My foe changed his manner, and came fawning upon me, and my carnal heart was pleased with the smooth words, and kind speeches of carnal people. Surely I must be very carnal to feel so. O how have I been tossed to and fro, and could get no comfort, I have been crying out, "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest: I would hasten my escape from the *windy* storm and tempest." What a dis*tressing time* I have had, in the midst of *hurry and bustle*, what an enemy to vital *godliness, is this* confusion. I feel too low

either to mourn over my state, or pray for a revival; my heart seems gone, and I know what the Psalmist meant when he said, "He brought down their heart with labour." The most I can do, is inwardly to sigh and look up. How unsettled, and unfixed have I been lately, doubting, and trusting; believing, and fearing; hoping, and foreboding! O how little devoted to my God. When shall I come and appear before God, clad in gospel zeal, enjoying holy liberty, rejoicing in my heavenly Father's love, in my Saviour's presence, and enjoying the sweet anointing of the Holy Spirit! What passes before me at times, would, if sanctified, lead me to praise my God for making a difference between me and those about me; and set me earnestly to seek that grace which will dethrone sin, vanquish Satan, comfort and restore the soul. But alas! I too often feel heart-bound, tongue-tied, unfit for society, and yet wretched if I am alone. O Jesus, give me faith to say with thine apostle, "He loved me, and gave himself for me."

"'Tis Christ alone can heal my wounded soul,
Can succour and relieve, and make me whole;
Can bid the shadows flee, and day arise,
And with his glories, feast my longing eyes.
The hour will soon arrive, the day draw near,
When *he, my God, and Saviour*, will appear;
Will raise me up, and liberty impart,
Speak peace and pardon to my longing heart."

I have of late felt renewed in the spirit of my mind, and enjoyed a little reviving in my bondage. The spirit of prayer is again realized, and I always look upon this as a good sign. This is like life from the dead. I want now to live wholly out of self, and wholly on Christ, who is the bread of eternal life. I want daily to see what I am in Jesus, and what I am, consequently, in the eyes of the Father, who never beholds me but in him, nor deals with me but as in him. If I could do this, I should be more stable, more settled, and enjoy more satisfaction. How sensibly do I feel the need of divine help, and the privilege of being always welcome at the throne of grace. O to go thither often, that I may obtain mercy, and find grace to help me, in time of need! My mind is again powerfully directed to the ministry, by reading a piece, entitled, "The sovereignty of God displayed, in the calling and qualifying of such men, as are true ministers of the gospel." By this piece I tried myself, reading it with deep searchings of heart, especially the following remarks. "A call by God, is most certainly to have those gifts and qualifications imparted, that tend to profit, confirm, establish, and comfort others. An internal spring of life, feeling, and enjoyment, is insufficient *to form a public* character. But there must *be an ability given*, whereby thoughts, feelings, *and conceptions*, can be brought out

in words before others, for their edification: also a heart richly constrained with love to the dear Redeemer, his truth, and people. This may be known by the following things, having a secret impression of the importance of the work—a fear of running before being sent—a great concern for Zion's welfare—a burning within the heart to be in it—a thousand fears of not being called of God—much secret prayer respecting it—a trying to give it up, and yet cannot—together with light and the enjoyment of texts before undiscovered—and also an application of many portions of the word, suitable to such a situation. A soul thus exercised will find, that though Satan oppose him, and men revile him, and fears oppress him, yet in God's time he will call him forth, to fill the station allotted him. A man's opinion of himself is not a criterion in this matter, for whoever the Lord fills, he is sure to empty. Again, a man called of God, will find that Satan, men, and his own heart will often question his being properly gifted and qualified, and he will find his own inability and unprofitableness stare him in the face every day." After reading this with prayer and heart searching, I could say, the Holy Ghost being my witness, that all the infernal signs mentioned in this author, I *have found* in my own experience. *If I am deceived* the Lord in his mercy *undeceive me, and give* me to be satisfied, to en-

joy the presence of my Saviour in priv
life.

Shortly after I wrote thus. "I can s
that my soul is truly alive to God and g
liness, the language of the psalmist, is
language of my soul, "Thou which hast she
ed me great and sore troubles, shalt quick
me again; and shalt bring me up again fr
the depths of the earth." My very s
seems to be crumbled in the dust bef
my God, for I have been deeply affected
reading the lives of some of the excellent
the earth. O what a poor, empty, barr
nothing creature do I appear! How slo
ful! How cold! How careless! Holy Spi
quicken me, and lead me into the gr
mystery of godliness—into the height, a
depth, and length, and breadth, of the l

"His meanest on earth are as dear
To him, as the greatest in heaven."

oon after this, Satan began to distress me
h fears of death and judgment, represent-
the salvation of the soul as so great a fa-
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uld ring through my soul, "*If you should
wrong at last! If you should be cast into
l!*" But blessed be God, the Holy Spirit
bled me to trace out his work in my soul,
l comparing my experience with the
rd of God, and following up the streams
the source whence they flowed, I obtain-
the victory. I saw and felt assured, that
ry good gift, such as I had received; and
ry perfect gift, such as I had enjoyed;
s from above, and came down from the
ther of lights, with whom is no variable-
s, nor shadow of turning. Then I felt
if I could sing,—

"Here's my glory, here alone,
Jesus has for sinners died;
His salvation is complete,
Law and justice satisfied:
O my soul, exalt thy lays,
Shout, 'Redemption's work is done!
May the triumphs that I raise,
Through eternal ages run."

About this time, looking into my Bible a soon as I awoke, my eyes rested on th words, "Can two walk together, except the be agreed." Amos iii. 3. I immediatel fell into this train of thought. Bless th Lord, through free and sovereign grace, th Lord Jesus and my soul *are agreed*. He agreeable to save me by grace, and to hav all the glory; and I am heartily willing t be saved by him, and therefore desire t bless his holy name. He agreed to take o himself all my sin, curse, and condemnatio enduring the consequences of the same; an I am quite agreeable to take his righteou ness, blessing, and salvation, which he freel presents to me. He wishes me to come t heaven where he is, and to be for ever wit him; and I have a great desire to go ther and dwell with him for ever. He leads m to understand, that he will not be satisfie without me; and I am sure, that I sha never be happy without him. He desire me to be one with him; and the ruling desir of my soul is to be united to him, and t live and walk in the closest possible com munion with him. Blessed be his hol name, he has pledged his word, and he i faithfulness itself, that he will never leav me, nor forsake me; and when doubts an fears arise within me, he says, "I will se *you again, and* your heart shall rejoice: *and this is always* the case, for his presenc *makes my heaven*. Nor do I believe th

ver leaves me for a moment, but when
n away from him, look cool upon him,
ase to prize his company. Glory be to
the time is coming, when I shall be
ys blest with his presence, and shall
is lovely face for ever! Blessed be God,
now, as if I could give up all for Christ
is so precious and so lovely, and his
nce is so sweet, Now I hear a whisper,
you may deceive yourself, these feel-
are all very fine, but you must be put
e test." Avaunt, Satan, Jesus has ever-
ig strength, and as "he is the strength
e poor, and the strength of the needy
e distress," so he will be my strength;
ie will never call me to endure that,
h he will not enable me to go through,
e honour of his holy name. He is mine,
am his; and he will get glory in me,
by me, for he dwells in me, and will
ithhold any good thing from me. Satan,
art a liar, and wast so from the begin-
but Jesus is "the truth," and never
nd never will, never can, deceive one
soul that puts its trust in him. Did
ıy heavenly Father so love me, that
ared not his own Son, but freely de-
ed him up for me; and will he not with
also, freely give me all things? Yea,
ie not blessed me "with all spiritual
ings *in heavenly* places in Christ Jesus,
the foundation of the world;" which
mmunicated to me by the Holy Com-

forter, just as I have need of them? God is on my side, and I need not fear what man, or devils, can do to me. They are all where I am, only in a different sense, in my heavenly Father's hand, they are there for restraint, and to be used for my benefit; I am there, as an inestimable blessing and favour, and for everlasting security. What hath God wrought for me! What hath God conferred upon me! And all "according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." He hath strengthened me with might by his Spirit in the inner man, and now Christ dwelleth in my heart by faith.

About this time, I was favoured with a sweet meditation on Israel's coming out of Egypt, and passing through the Red Sea; as emblematic of the saints coming out of the spiritual Egypt, and passing through that sea, which returning to its place, for ever forbids their return to their original condition, however unpleasant and trying the wilderness may appear. Blessed be God for security in Jesus! My path in providence remained for a time hedged up with thorns, so that I could not tell what the Lord intended to do with me. Still I did not complain, nor could I murmur, for I dwelt much on the thought, that Jesus is light, and in him is no darkness at all, and he hath said, "*If any man follow* me, he shall not walk in *darkness, but shall* have the light of life." *Many severe* exercises I had to pass through,

every day brought something to try
h, or awaken my fears; the ordin-
ere barren, and Satan tried in every
perplex and cast me down. My
f myself were very humbling, and I
nes thought, that if Satan had as
view of me, as I had of myself, he
ıot be at such pains to distress and
me. But I believe that he saw, that
l get the victory over him, through
ıd of the Lamb, and was therefore
ned to inflict as much misery on me
ıould, to "worry if he could not
" Frequently after my most severe
ı, have I found Christ to be more
ı than before, and I have longed and
for a sweeter enjoyment of his love,
ıe blessed with more tenderness of
ıce, more spirituality of mind, and
votedness to him in my daily walk.
panted for more decision of charac-
to be in the highest, in every sense,
l's!
ıan in possession, meanwhile grew
ıd worse, and we set apart special
to pray for his removal, but the
ı prayed, the more violent he be-
This led me to think, that the Lord
ut to answer me, according to the
ge, "When the bricks are doubled,
nes *Moses*;" and so it proved, for
after an order came from London,
as to give up all into my possession

and leave. O how precious did this answer to prayer appear, and what encouragement did it give us always to pray, and not to faint! The ciii. Psalm, was now peculiarly precious, and I could say with David, "The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment, for all that are oppressed." About this time, I wrote—

I have lately felt guilt on my conscience and have been enabled to apply at once to the blood of Jesus, which cleanseth from all sin, and have felt its efficacy in the removal of the guilt. O what a mercy to have an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous! I feel my own weakness in a peculiar manner, so that from my heart I can say,

> "Weaker than a bruised reed,
> Help I every moment need."

What virtue there is in the blood of Jesus, what peace it imparts, when sprinkled on the soul, and how sweetly it speaks of reconciliation with God. O to feel it daily! My crying sins, cause me to need it hourly. What a thought, that a poor, sinful, rebellious worm, should be sprinkled with the blood of the Son of God! Yet, it was shed for this very purpose, that having made peace, it should speak peace. O the amazing love of God! What ground is there for doubting? When this subject is clearly seen, there can be none, though there is

plenty for self-loathing, and self-abhorrence. Surely of all sinners, I have most reason to crown Jesus, "Lord of all," and to admire and adore the riches of free mercy, and discriminating kindness, for fixing on such a poor worthless creature as I am, who can *do* nothing really good, nor *will* any thing truly holy, but as the Holy Spirit works in me. Surely, if I ever live to the Lord's glory, I must have a daily supply of special grace, for this express purpose, or it cannot be done. Thus I must run farther and farther into debt to God's unparalleled goodness, and it is utterly fallacious to think of ever getting out, seeing every thing short of hell, serves but to increase the same. Oh to be bound by the strongest ties of gratitude, and to be kept from ever uttering one murmuring or discontented word, against so good, so gracious, so merciful a God! And yet at this very moment, while I am writing, and have these things before me, I feel a something within, objecting to the whole, and I perceive something very like ingratitude, that would call the whole in question, thus in me, as in the Shulamite, there is "the company of two armies." But,—

> "I'll bear the unequal strife,
> And wage the war within;
> *Since death which* puts an end to life,
> *Will put an end* to sin."

I was now much pained, by the conduct of some professors, towards one of the Lord's ministers: and wrote,—May the Lord prepare me to endure hardness, and may I not expect to escape such treatment. But my principal cause of complaint, is this body of sin and death. The old man has not lost a limb in the battle, but appears to be as strong, as vigorous, and as likely to live as ever; while the new man appears to be weak and feeble, may it be renewed in knowledge, after the image of him who created it. The warfare rages, and sometimes nature, at others grace, prevails. What contests do I experience within, the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these two are contrary the one to the other, so that I, who have both within me, cannot do the things that I would. The old nature cannot sin as it would, for the Spirit prevents it; nor can the new nature serve God as it would, for the flesh hinders it. What strange opposites I am the subject of, I feel love, joy, and peace within me; but I feel also pride, rebellion, and unbelief, working. The enemy of souls assaults me, but the Spirit directs me to look to Jesus, and when I can do so, all is well. Weakness and ignorance are the most prominent features of my character. I feel my instability, mourn over the sin that dwelleth in me, and pine for full deliverance; yet I rebel, murmur, and

complain at the discomforts of my present situation. I look forward with a languishing hope and feel the workings of spiritual jealousy, which only makes the matter worse. O when will grace sway her sceptre over every power of my mind! Another entry runs thus,—

What a light, trifling frame has taken possession of me, prayer is a task and a burden; now I feel overwhelmed with the solemn thoughts of eternity, and then I am carried away with the merest trifles. What guilt this brings on my conscience! It will not bear reflection! Can it be true that I do indeed love my Saviour, and feel a disposition to give way to sin and Satan as I do? Can it be possible that I love him above all things, and yet spend my time in the foolish way I do? What confusion it brings into my soul. What darkness into my mind. I do hate it, and yet I foolishly give way to it. O that I could crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts! O how discreditable is my conduct to a king's son? How dishonourable to that holy name by which I am called? Where is my self-denial? How does grace reign in me, subduing my corruptions! O how this trifling spirit destroys my comfort, and closes my mouth, so that I cannot, I feel as if I dared not, speak of *Jesus as I* should. I wish to *speak of the glorious* honour of his majesty, *and talk of his power*, but my folly shuts

my mouth. I feel exceedingly low, downcast, and burdened. O how many bitter pains, how many heart aches, has my light and trifling disposition caused me. I groan under this load being burdened, but none but the Lord can remove it. O to be free from sin, for as one says, "This leprosy defiles our houses, the very walls and floors, our meat and drink, and all we touch. We are polluted when alone, and polluted in society; our meetings and conversations, being for the greatest part, but a commerce of, and interchange of, sin and vanity."

I seem almost to despair of ever being made useful, or called into the ministry. Not the most distant prospect of it appears. Still, I cannot rid my mind of it, nor cease from pleading with God about it. Surely the Lord would not continue to favour me with a spirit of prayer for that, which he never intended to bestow upon me. Whenever, before, I have found the Spirit assisting me to pray for any thing, the Lord has always bestowed it upon me, or given me something better. But I have comforted myself by thinking, that the Lord appoints his own messengers, and uses his own means to prepare them for their work. He fixes the place in which they are to labour, and the degree of usefulness that is to crown their *efforts. O may* I be kept from dictating to *the Lord, but* instead of repining that he *does not call* me out publicly to labour for

r make me more useful, may I think
greatness of the mercy, that he will
y me at all; remembering that when
ord uses any one to do any thing for
s his servant, it is something worth
, and not like the trifling concerns of
nd sense. O what a miracle of grace,
uch a sinner should be saved at all!
cause have I to wonder and adore,
e ashamed of all my evil ways, now
ord is pacified towards me.
ter Monday. This has been a blessed
my soul. I had thought that Jesus
not have been more precious to me,
e has wonderfully endeared himself to
ul to-day. It is a sweet thought, that
ghout eternity, Jesus will be growing-
cious to his redeemed ones. His love-
will be constantly opening more and
to the mind, and his charms will be
ling through endless ages; while the
of his children will be constantly
ng and expanding to take in deeper,
er, and more glorious views of him.
essed, blessed state, of overflowing
! This love-visit, led me into very
and familiar communion with the
on the subject of the ministry, and
wait an answer. My Saviour appears
ther lovely, and I feel persuaded that
ll do right. I want to know him, love
live upon him, and glorify him. Christ
ious, and now hope revives, faith is

in full exercise, love works in my bosom, and the cause of God lies near to my heart. "The King is held in the galleries." I can say, if ever I knew what love was, if ever I loved any one, or any thing, I now love Jesus. O for more of his presence, and the smiles of his sweet face! Very soon after, I wrote,—

A day of severe conflict, both internal and external. But as I am in an enemy's land, and travelling through his dominions to my Father's house, wearing a different garment, speaking a different language, and seeing things in a different light, I must expect no other. The citizens of this country are not my friends, but my avowed enemies; they hated and murdered my Lord, and are hostile to all that belong to his kingdom, and who favour his righteous cause. O to go forth to him, without the camp, bearing his reproach; being assured, that as they called the master of the house Beelzebub, they will so call them of the household also. But it is the enemies within, that are the worst, and give me the greatest pain.

"O that all my pains were past,
Never, never to return;
Might I but escape at last,
Cease at once to live and mourn:
Grasp through death the immortal prize,
Meet my God in paradise."

The scene changes. What blessed liberty I *have enjoyed* at the throne of grace to-day.

ord seemed to say, "Open thy mouth and I will fill it." Or, "What wilt hat I shall do unto thee?" The Sun hteousness shone on my soul most ly, and I could say, "truly the light is , and a pleasant thing it is to behold in." How it fills my soul with life, and peace. My heart aspireth, and nly things are my delight. Earthly s at present have a tendency to bear wn, but I desire to remember, that "he elieveth shall not make haste:" and hat hasteth with his feet sinneth." My nly Father is bringing his poor blind in a way that he knoweth not, and is g him in paths that he has not known. remarkably indulged at the throne of ; in private, at the family altar, and public; and Jesus is very dear and us to my soul. I cannot but think, his indulgence is to prepare me for change, perhaps for some great trial: so very happy, though all things in lence, appear to be so very dark. O re faith and patience! Every time I I seem to get a blessing, and have avishing views of Jesus, that I feel. persuaded a change will soon come.

ice now arrived that I was to leave C., hile going to B—, to prepare for our al, I was *indulged* with a sweet medi- *on Deut. xxxii. 4.* "He is the rock, *k is perfect; all* his ways are judg-

ment, a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." My thoughts were particularly led to notice the judgment displayed in the Lord's ways; yet with all, I was ready to say with Paul, "*within are fears.*" Hope appeared to be weak, my mind agitated, and my spirits were depressed. Arriving at B—, I could find no house that would suit me, and so we put up at my brother's for the present. Here we set up our "EBENEZER," exclaiming with grateful hearts, "Hitherto, the Lord hath helped us." I had long prayed for employment, but when I arrived in B—, all was dark, and I went to bed that night entirely ignorant of what would be my lot, or whither I should be driven. But the Lord answered prayer, for before I was up in the morning, I was sent for to work on the old premises, though for a different master. O how wisely the Lord ordered all things for me, he kept me at C—, until I was wanted at B—, and brought me back the very evening before my services were required! In this situation I remained, until called out into the ministry of the word.

But now came a variety of fresh trials and troubles, all needed to teach me that I am nothing, and to lead me to depend simply on the Lord. How much it takes to bring *me to this!* I want to be something, but to *feel myself* nothing, yea, worse than nothing *I must be* brought. My heart was beating

high for Jesus, and my restless mind was longing for the light of his countenance. My desires were ascending, hope was expecting, faith was looking forward, and my love was flowing forth to my dear Redeemer. How prone I am to murmur at the Lord's inscrutable ways, to call in question his wisdom, and to arraign his love at the bar of my reason! This is the height of folly, arrogance, and weakness, and yet I am guilty of it.

Again, my soul has been indulged with a sweet sense of my Saviour's presence. How precious the Lord Jesus was. I felt that I loved him with all my renewed heart, mind, soul, and strength, and yet I wanted to love him more, and to cherish the thought, that he is always near to me, and that I am always dear to him. I found that I could not describe his loveliness, for it beggared all the powers of description. All I wanted, all I could wish, I saw was in Jesus, and in Jesus for me. But I want thus to see him more frequently, and to hold more constant fellowship with him. O to be enabled to speak of his worth, value, and excellency; his dignity, work, and glory; his perfections, condescension, and precious blood! O for a heart, a tongue, and opportunities, to show forth his most worthy praise!

My brother was now removing from B—, and I *had for some* time been asking the *Lord to give me* my old habitation, but the

sentence of death appeared to be now passed upon all my hopes of obtaining it. Yet, I the more confidently expected it, because the greater the unlikelihood, the more I was stirred up to pray for it. I knew that the Lord had the hearts of all men in his hand, and that he had said, "Whatsoever ye ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive." I did believe, and cried unto the Lord, to help my unbelief. In less than a month's time, I was settled in it. Almost to the last, there was not the least appearance of my having it, but all at once the occupier came to tell me that he was leaving, and to ask me to take it. This was another witness to the Lord's faithfulness, and a proof that in due season we shall reap if we faint not. I had been greatly exercised about it, for I asked the Lord for it, and expected it; then I met with a repulse, and there appeared to be no hope of it; I cried more earnestly, yet took another house, the weather was so wet that the paint would not dry, and before I could remove, the one I so much desired was offered me.

During this time, my soul was passing through very severe exercises, and had to cry with the church, "They made me keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept." My frames were very *changeable*, up and down, high and low, *comfortable* and depressed; now singing *the praises of* the Lord, and then sighing and

crying like a prisoner under sentence of death. One morning, I arose very dull and dejected, and was not well in health; but just as I opened the door to go to my labour, the sun shining full upon me, the following words came home with great sweetness and power.

"Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create."

At once my soul felt, as if caught up into the third heaven, and I rejoiced in the Lord, "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." In the exercise of holy, heartfelt, prayer and praise, I went to work, and while my body was employed in business, my mind was even more busily employed with my Saviour. I saw that there was enough in Jesus, and in the happiness which I shall eternally enjoy, to comfort the most dejected saint, to soothe the sorrows of the most tried soul, to strengthen the weak, and to stimulate the feeble to press onward in the path of tribulation. I was as happy as I could be. Jesus appeared as an ocean of delights, as a sea of pleasure, a fountain of bliss. O for more spirituality of soul, more conformity to his lovely likeness, more unreserved dedication to his service! I could then heartily *say*, "Begone all things opposed *to him!* Welcome all that will en-

dear him! All that will bring me into clo
communion with him. Depart from me
that Jesus hates! Welcome to my soul,
that Jesus loves! Bind me, O my Savio
by ten thousand fetters to thyself, and ha
en, O hasten, the time, when I shall
thee as thou art, and praise thee as I oug
Then, O then, shall I love, worship, a
adore thee for ever!"

About this time, we were visited with
heavy thunder storm, but, O how hap
was my soul, while the lightnings w
flashing before me, and the thunders w
rolling over head! I thought, when shal
meet my ransomed brethren, in that bli
ful clime, where storms are never know
nor thunders ever heard. O if this were
prelude to the coming of Jesus, could I n
see him descend in the clouds of heaven
could heartily say, "Come, Lord Jes
come quickly." My eyes, my ears, my he
seemed quickened by the thought of
holding Jesus in his glory. I felt willin
heartily willing that it should be so,
now I could give up all. Yet patience see
ed to say, wait; and grace within led me
acquiesce. But my heart was warm wi
gratitude, for all the favours conferred up
me, which appeared as the gifts of my h
venly Father, the purchase of my Savio
and the communications of the ever bless
Comforter. This view of them, made th
appear as ten-fold more precious to my

Spiritual conversation was at this time peculiarly sweet, and I could talk of eternal realities, with a feeling sense of my interest in them. Worldly pleasures are pains, compared with such joys.

My soul is looking out after Jesus, and desiring to walk with him. Faith opens the window, desire flies out with a message for God, hope goes out to meet it returning, and expectation looks and waits for the blessing desired. Faith says, "It shall come, for God hath promised." Unbelief says, "You do not seek aright, or the Lord may not have designed the blessing for you now." But hope, with her sister patience, is willing quietly to wait, knowing from the word, and from past experience, that the Lord cannot deny his word, nor will he send the hungry soul empty away. He hath said, "Ask and receive, that your joy may be full." A calm, settled frame of mind followed this, and I trust I was found living upon Jesus for some time. But soon after, I fell into a sad state of despondency in reference to the ministry of the word; for my mind was incessantly exercised about it, yet no opening appeared, nor on *this* subject was any answer to my prayers given. I looked at the qualifications required, at the responsibility connected with it, and its solemn importance, until *my* soul was cast down *within me. At times* I felt glad that I was *not engaged in it*, and even at times secret-

ly hoped that I never should be. Thus my mind was tossed to and fro like the locust, and at times I was truly wretched. O what a subtle enemy is Satan, in what various ways he works, and what means he uses to distress the soul, and bring it into bondage. But Jesus, precious thought, Jesus is greater than Satan, and all that can oppose or attempt to hinder us: no one shall ever pluck us out of his hands, nor finally overcome one that is in his keeping.

My path of late had been mazy, at length "I reached Forgetful green, longed for liberty, and in a few moments forgot all about it. This is an uncomfortable spot. I hope I shall not be quartered here long, for it is a dull lifeless place. At length I reached the apostle's centre point, and had a little sweet meditation upon it. I mean, Col. iii. 11. "Christ is all, and in all." He is all in the purposes of Jehovah, that is to say, all the purposes of God have reference to Christ, and centre in Christ, hence we read of "his eternal purpose, which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord." And he is in all the purposes of Jehovah. How sweet, to view Jesus, as the god-man, my brother, Saviour, and friend; and to see that all God's purposes aim at his honour, happiness, and exaltation. His glory is God's chief end and *object in all things*, both in nature, *providence, grace,* and glory. O for an enlarged *heart, to take* in deeper, and sweeter views

of this sublime subject. I find sweet to sip of the stream, what must it to drink full draughts at the fountain-he bove. It is a subject calculated to comfort engthen, and establish the soul; and to k p it from being moved away from the l e of the gospel. May the glory of Jesus constantly in my view, as it is in the iew of his Father, who hat above the heavens. How njoy these breezes of the m es from the everlasting hills e I often am, in the lo he genial warmth of the Su is seldom felt, and the gal ldom blow. But amidst all, ... nigh or in the valley, my treasure is in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. I am bound for heaven, and am steering in that direction, though often impeded by contrary winds, and conflicting storms. Sometimes, I am all life and enjoyment, and at others so dull and lifeless, that I even forget the throne of grace, neglect prayer, and so bring down the rod upon my shoulders, and heavy distress into my soul."

A dull, lifeless, powerless state of soul, characterized me now for some time, but a sermon by Dr. Hawker, from, Isai. lx. 19, "Thy God, thy glory:" aroused me from my lethargy, and fired my soul afresh. I could now cry out, "My soul thirsteth for

God, for the living God." I was now a
alive again to the best things. I wa
directed to the view my heavenly Fath
takes of me, in Jesus. How he loves m
and is everlastingly well pleased with m
in him. O to be well pleased with all th
he appoints for me in this vale of tears
Soon after Satan set on me afresh, in a mo
formidable way and manner, which cast m
down for a season, and filled my soul wit
trembling. O how I cried to Jesus for an
ther look, for I ever found his looks to b
healing, cheering, reviving, and tranquili
ing. They always enabled me to overcom
the foe, as they imparted courage, strengt
and boldness to my soul. O what a merc
at such time to have an advocate with th
Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous, wh
is the propitiation for our sins! This ena
bles me to keep my face set toward the plac
of which my heavenly Father hath said, "
will surely give it thee, for an inheritanc
for ever." Through this it is, that I figh
the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eter
nal life. The sweet savour of his precio
name, and atoning sacrifice, animates an
raises me above the gloom, which at time
gathers over my mind, and I go on my wa
crying, "Lead me to the rock, that i
higher than I." Yea, higher than my sin
my grief, my troubles, and my foes, an
proves a blessed refuge from them all.
Passing through the market to my w

loyment, and seeing so many persons full
f life and activity at so early an hour, I felt
pproved, and besought the Lord to let me
e as busy at the market of free grace, that
may buy and eat, without money and
ithout price; that receiving nourishment,
efreshment, and strength thereby, I may
lorify my God, and be prepared to join
ith my glorified brethren in singing, "Unto
im that hath loved me, and washed me
om my sins in his blood, to him be glory
r ever. Amen." I often try thus to praise
is name, but am hindered by this clog of
lay, by an evil heart of unbelief, and by
atan presenting something to the mind to
larm, and draw me aside. But, by and by,
ody, soul, and spirit; understanding, mind,
ill, and affections, will all be sweetly en-
aged and employed in ascribing, "Blessing
nd honour, thanksgiving and power, to him
at sitteth upon the throne, and to the
amb for ever." My heart leaps within me
t the thought of thus giving perfect and
erpetual praise, to my beloved Lord. I
all one day realize what I now believe,
nd be satisfied to the full. Then shall I
ok back upon all the way in which the
ord hath led me, both in providence and
race, and perceive that every circumstance
have passed through was necessary, like
many links in a chain, not one could be
ne without, if the end was to be reached.
*en the most pain*ful, I shall see was ab-

solutely necessary. This will lead me t bless and praise the name of my God an Saviour with greater fervour, for studyin my good, before my comfort. O that m uneasy, unsettled, and dissatisfied tempe was crucified, that my soul may be led t seek all her happiness in my precious Savi our! Holy Spirit, it is thy work to brin the soul to this; bring me to it, and s glorify my dear Redeemer. O carry on th work within me, despite all opposition until I can from my heart habitually say "Father, not my will, but thine be done. Let me not be drawn on one side by th smiles of the world, for some worldlings ap pear just now to be pleased with me. preserve me, for I can better withstand thei frowns than their smiles! I fear I am to much like them, or they would not love me

Awoke this morning in a very swee frame of mind, for I had been dreaming that I was engaged with the Lord in ver earnest fervent prayer, and had this vers on my mind when I awoke,

> "Saints, from the garden to the cross,
> Your suffering Lord pursue;
> Who dearly to redeem your loss,
> Groaned, bled, and died for you."

A sweet and sacred calm reigned in m *soul, I looked* up and besought the Hol *Spirit to lead* me into fellowship with Chris *in his sufferings*, and to produce in me

insatiable "desire to be filled with the knowledge of his will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding." The words of an old writer also were sweet to me, having often experienced their truth. "Prayer is the harbinger of mercy:" and, "When troubles send us to prayer, deliverance shall send us to praise." I was led to muse on my Saviour, as set forth by John, "as he which is, and was, and is to come, the Almighty." And I found it very profitable to view Jesus, as *Jehovah*, the everlasting, self existent, and independent God, without beginning of days or end of years. I also heard a sermon read, and some important remarks made on ministerial qualifications, which led me to sit in judgment on myself, and after the strictest scrutiny, I could not but conclude, that I had some evidences, that the Lord had called me to that blessed work, of preaching among the Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ. But I desire more than ever to leave it with Jesus, desiring to be resigned to his will, to call me when, where, and how he pleases. This was followed with a sweet spirit of wrestling prayer, so that I felt "like a bottle that wanted vent"—and now sitting, standing, or walking, my soul was ascending to the Lord. O how often I was with the Lord now, to know whether I was intended for *the ministry or no.* I did want to know *is blessed mind* upon the subject, and I

was led to entreat this favour of the Lord in a very solemn manner. Upon which Satan set in to harass and worry my mind, until I scarce knew where I was, or what I was. I do believe that Satan had an especial hatred to my pleading with the Lord upon this subject, as he so often tried to deter me. But I was now enabled to plead with God, Father, Son, and Spirit, personally and distinctly; pleading the blood-shedding, merit, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, for an answer, for which I waited in hope. My dissatisfaction with myself increased, and I went on my knees again and again, beseeching the Lord if there was any false or hypocritical motive in my heart in thus approaching him, on this solemn subject, that he would root it out, nonplus Satan, and endear the Saviour to me yet more and more. And that if he had appointed me for the ministry, that he would give me to wrestle with him more earnestly, and more constantly, on the subject; but if not, that he would remove the thought of it from me, that I may not be tried and harassed with it day by day as I now was. I cried unto the Lord and said, "O Lord, thou knowest that I feel a constraint laid upon my heart, and is it not thy work, does not Satan oppose me in prayer upon the subject, and is *not my soul* desiring thee to search me, and *root out every* false way? Can it be a delu*sion? O my Father*, let me not be deceived!

If I am at present, remove the blindness fro
my mind, make me truly honest, since
conscientious, and upright—give me th
inward witness of thy Holy Spirit in m
conscience if I am right—or let me feel hi
powerful convictions if I am wrong. Leave
me not to fall into the snares of the infernal
fowler, and guide me by thy counsel, that
my heart deceive me not."

I have been very earnest with God again,
that I may be led into the knowledge of
Christ, and the power of his resurrection,
that I may be made conformable unto his
death. O what blessed moments have I en-
joyed at the throne of grace, in fellowship
with him, and in the enjoyment of his love?
Yet, I am still in a state of warfare. O
Jesus, as thou hast conquered for me, deign
to conquer in me by thy grace and give me
abiding peace. As the sun arose this morn-
ing, I could not but pray, that as the natur-
al sun shone on me dazzling my eyes, so the
Sun of Righteousness, may shine upon the
eye of my faith, that I may be dazzled with
is glory, and gain spiritual strength there-
y. The rising of the sun brought the
ords to my mind, "The sun was risen up-
the earth, when Lot entered into Zoar."
nd I was led to meditate on the rising of
spiritual sun on a sinner's soul, when he
ters into gospel rest. O how little every
ng earthly then appears in his eyes, com-
d with Jesus; also on the rising of this

blessed sun, when the ransomed soul en
into its glorious eternal rest. My Savi
has indulged me with many sweet visit
late, and so endeared himself to me in
unusual degree; but I find the world
the things of the world, are great hindrar
to me in my spiritual pilgrimage. The
following lines, have been brought hom
my soul with peculiar power, they are
of Jesus.

I sing how he left his own mansion's light
The robes made of glory that decked him abo
[illegible] with the journey and swift in his fli
[illegible] on the pinions of covenant love.

[illegible] to the place of our distant abode
[illegible] to raise us on high
[illegible] the great throne of God,—
[illegible]

[illegible] my mind
[illegible] with the s
[illegible] and is constantly fo
[illegible] prayers. Under
[illegible] and seemed
[illegible] by the blood of Jes
[illegible] as to adorn
[illegible] So [illegible] all thin
[illegible] a snare for me,
[illegible] but
[illegible] preserved me; s
strengthened me with a strength in
soul. Jesus was now my object, sub

all in all, and the words of the hymn were very sweet.

"On all beside the Son of God,
On all beside his precious blood, —
I trample boldly and disclaim
All other Saviours but the Lamb."

On one occasion about this time, as my Pastor was going to Petersham to preach, he requested me to go over and accompany him home, which I did. As we were returning, he asked me if I had given up all thought of the ministry. I told him I had tried to do so many times, and prayed the Lord to remove it from my mind, but I could not rid myself of it. He said, "No, nor do I believe you ever will, until the Lord brings you into it, for I believe you are designed for it." He then asked me, what was my present mind upon the subject. I told him my mind was fully made up, not to move or take any step, until I saw the hand of the Lord directing me in it. He then asked me, what I should call the hand of the Lord. I replied, that I could not tell until I saw it. He said, "Suppose a small church was destitute of a pastor, and was to hear of you, and was to send to you, requesting you to go and attempt to preach them two plain sermons, would that be the hand of the *Lord?*" I replied, "I did not *know, certainly in* such a case, my her *would not be in* it." He said, "No, s

this is the case. A church at Alton Hampshire is destitute of a minister, a finds it difficult to provide supplies, broth Lindley has been down there, and has t them of you, and they requested him to g you to go down; and I told him I wou speak to you about it. Now what say you I replied, "I did not know what to say must lay it before the Lord, and leave with him. I was afraid my mouth wou be closed before the people, and the thoug of going so many miles to be confound was dreadful." He then gave me some go advice, told me several encouraging ane dotes, and added, "Well, think about i This conversation stirred up my mind mo than ever, and my exercises were deep a painful. I felt now that I had no abilit whatever for such a work, I had no knov ledge, no education, not one thing necessa to qualify me for so great a work. I cri unto the Lord in prayer and entreated h direction, passed nearly a sleepless nigh and arose in the morning with my mi like the troubled sea; nor could I free n mind from the subject one hour, for a co siderable time. Now I felt inclined to ca myself on the Lord and go, and then t thought of having my mouth closed befo the people was terrible, and I feared to con to a determination. I was now almost co stantly before the Lord on the subject, w how deeply did I feel my own weakn

l insufficiency! Never had I such a se of weakness before, but I knew that us was strong, and at the bottom there i still a desire to be found in the work, t through me the Saviour may be glori-, and sinners saved.

very hour now witnessed my crying to Lord, to guide, direct, and teach me. w often I exclaimed,

> "Only thou my Leader be,
> And I still will *follow* thee."

y prayer was, "O that the Holy Spirit ld settle the matter in my conscience, he satisfaction of my doubting, agitated l! O it is hard work to ascertain whe-r I am called of God to the work or no!" length my mind became a little more m, and I felt as if I could leave the mat-with the Lord, watching his hand to see e opened the way for me, and if he did t I would attempt to walk therein. Yet ffered much from the harassing temp-ions of Satan, and the working of my n unbelieving heart. One line gave me ne comfort.

> "But Christ is above men, devils, and sin."

At times, I very sensibly felt the Holy rit helping my infirmities, and giving *sweet access to* God. My mouth was *d with arguments*, and my soul with

fervour; and I pleaded Jesus, his person, his name, his sufferings, his death, his resurrection, his intercession, his prayers and promises, and my wrestlings were really violent. At such times, I felt Jesus to be precious, and realized the workings of true repentance, and felt deep heart sorrow on account of my sin and sinfulness. I could say, "I wait on the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope, until that he have mercy upon me." The xxvii.th Psalm was very precious to me. O what love and mercy appeared to shine through that portion of God's blessed word! How seasonable I found it. How suitable to my case. I could also say, of Jesus,

"This I do find, that we two are so joined,
That he'll not live in glory and leave me behind."

Shortly after this, one Lord's day, on my way home from the evening service, brother Lindley overtook me, and said, "You are to preach at Alton on the third Lord's day in November." Taken by surprise, I said, "I preach, I have never agreed to preach." "No matter," he said, "I have received a letter from the church there, and have written back to say, that you will go and preach to them on that day, as I wish to go with you, and can only go on that day." I could not *but think it* was exceedingly kind of him, *and that the* hand of the Lord was in it, as *it began*, went forward, and the very day

ettled, without my knowledge of the
r. But as soon as I left him, I began
erience very severe exercises of mind
. I felt overwhelmed, and the deep-
stress seized me. I felt afraid to go
rd, lest I should run without being
and I was afraid to keep back, lest I
d fight against God. What a mixture
r and dread, ardent desiring and eat-
onging, I now experienced, if I did
now the Lord's mind, then I thought
d go any where, or attempt any thing.
re must walk by faith. I recollected
that the third Lord's day in November
l be my birth-day, when I should be
y four years of age, and this rather
l to my depression, as I fancied it
l be rendered memorable by my con-
n. Whenever I could, I stole away
ome secret place to cry unto the Lord;
nt every opportunity I wandered up
own the fields and lanes, crying out,
ord, let me know thy mind! O let me
y hand! Do, O do, say unto my soul,
r I have sent thee! O how unsearch-
re thy judgments, and thy ways past
g out!" Never did I feel so barren of
so empty in myself, so totally unfit
ch an office as that of the ministry of
ord. I seemed to have no knowledge,
ts, no *ability of* any kind, for the work
ich I was about to engage; and the
once did possess, appeared now to be

quite dried up, and withered, so that I fancied it impossible to be more unfit than I was. Under this exercise, I cried out with Jeremiah, "I cannot go, for I am a child." O the pangs, the grief of mind I felt, no mortal tongue can tell. Night nor day, could I enjoy any settled rest, or quiet in my soul. Often I almost decided to banish the subject from my mind, and give up all thoughts of it for ever. But it would not leave me, nor could I free myself from it; it had too firm a hold of my heart to be easily rooted up. At times, I thought that the Lord alone had given it such a hold, and he alone could set my trembling spirit free. No rest, no peace, no comfort could I find, but at a throne of grace; no, not for half an hour together, could I stay away from the mercy seat. This spirit of prayer, occasionally yielded me a little encouragement; and yet I often cried out in agony of soul, "O thou Ransomer of my soul, my dear Lord Jesus, look, look upon me, a poor worthless worm, a sinful polluted wretch, and send me deliverance. Never let me go to Alton, nor my feet ascend a pulpit, except thou has deposited a blessing in me for the people." The history of Israel gave me a little comfort for a season, whose tasks were doubled, and their souls made to groan, *just before* their deliverance came. Hence *the Lord said*, "I have heard the groanings *of my people*, and am come down to deliver

them. Now, as my burden was increased, and my soul went groaning all the day long, may I not soon hope for deliverance. However it may be with some, I found it hard work to make my call to the ministry sure, as hard as it was to make my calling and election sure.

At this time every gleam of comfort made me more prayerful, and in prayer I was enabled in a measure to cast my burden on the Lord. I now felt a more than ordinary desire to read and meditate on God's most holy word, and often found it sweet in the midst of trouble. Many blessed seasons I enjoyed under the old tree, and my daily cry was, "If thy blessing go not with me, carry me not hence." Whenever I felt my soul sinking, I fled to the Lord, thought of his past mercies, of the many answers to prayer I had received, and then asked will the Lord deny me now? Now, when I most need his presence. O no, that be far from the Lord to deal thus with a poor sinner, that is hanging upon him, trusting in him, and believing on his dear name. Once while pleading with God, these lines sweetly cheered me.

Can Jesus have taught me to trust in his name,
To take me to Alton to put me to shame?

O, thought I, he cannot, he will not do it! I *do indeed trust in him* in some measure. *O to trust in him* more! Just now we had

much work on hand, and it did not appear at all probable that I could be spared to take the journey proposed, I therefore at times comforted myself with the thought, that the work would prevent my going. One morning when walking in the fields as Isaac did, and holding communion with God, for the confirmation and comfort of my soul, I found it most sweet; and I afterwards enjoyed a glorious season at the prayer meeting especially while singing,

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
'Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And *shall be till I die.*"

But, while hearing Bro. Cox, then of Reading, preach, I had such a discovery of my own ignorance, unworthiness, and inability for the work of the ministry, as I think I never had before. I could scarcely sustain it, and went home truly miserable, with the thought that perhaps on the next Lord's day, I may have to engage in that noble work, for which none could be more unfit. This brought me again into a state of very painful suspense, and led me to offer up strong cries and tears unto him that was able to save. But that night I found no deliverance, fears

ran high, doubts beset me, and I was sorely exercised with unbelief, which now appeared to make sad head against me. O with what a weight did the thought of the ministry lay on my mind! I groaned, cried, prayed, and entreated the Lord, to prevent my going to A—, or at least to give me submission to his holy will. The word of Jesus gave me some relief, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you."

At the prayer meeting on the Monday evening, I enjoyed a blessed time. In prayer, I had freedom, feeling, and sweet enjoyment. I rejoiced in Jesus, and two lines in one of the hymns powerfully impressed my mind.

> "Bid guilty fears farewell,
> And sing, 'tis all for you."

O yes, I thought, all for me. All the love of God—all the grace, mercy, and merit of Jesus—and all that the Holy Spirit has to bestow. All that the intercession of Jesus can procure, all the blessings of time, and all the blessings of eternity, all mine, and mine for ever. O how pleasant, how delightful, how reviving were these thoughts, they made my very heart dance for joy, being attended with a soothing softening power. My meditation was sweet. Now the way for *my going to Alton* was cleared, I obtained *leave of my* employer to go; although

...ght I was before there was a ...last possibility of it. Now again ...al anxiety and perplexity, my spirits ...but there was no alternative, to Alton ...go, and in company with my brother ...I arrived there in safety.

I learned that my pastor had been ...during the week, had preached twic... ...had published that I should preach ...times on the Lord's day. The people ...not but that I was a regular preache... ...I was bound not to tell them, until af... ...services were over. O what a nigh... ...the first I spent in that place! I p... ...with God as one desperate, crying ou... ...Lord, thou knowest that I have not ...myself out into the ministry, but thou ...led me here. In thy mercy therefo... ...with me, and in thy faithfulness answe... ...It was long before I could get to slee... ...by three o'clock, I was awake again, ...great distress of mind, I arose for p... ...the night was wet, cold, and dark; a... ...I could not lie in bed. I heard the ra... ...almost in torrents, and in the deepest ...I sat and wished for the day. At leng... ...light began to dawn, and I have s... ...found myself in a worse plight, than ...on that Lord's day morning. All thin... ...peared to be against me, if my Past... ***not been*** there, if the people had bee... ***without*** the ministry for some time, o... ***had not been*** published to preach...

times, it would not have been so bad. "O," said I, "that I had never ventured, had never come! I might now have been enjoying myself with my family, and been looking forward with pleasure to meeting with the Lord's people, in our own beloved sanctuary. Now I am in a strange place, among a strange people, in a dreadful state of mind, and yet must attempt to preach God's word. O how could I be so foolish! Lord forgive me! Saviour pardon me! Forgive me this once, and keep me from ever stepping out of my proper place again." My heart seemed ready to burst, and my eyes refused a tear, never did I feel so keenly as now. At length I sunk into a kind of reverie, from which I was aroused by a call to breakfast, for which I had not the least appetite.

Having led the devotions of the family, I immediately retired to my room again, where I remained until summoned to go to the chapel. Now if I could, I would have fled; but every way of escape was cut off. The chapel was small, but full. There sat my friend L—, who received me with a smile, but the very sight of him seemed to sink me lower, for I felt sure that I should be shut up, and as he had brought me there, it would be almost as bad for him as for me. At length I felt, it would not do to give way to fears, and *crying* to the Lord for help, *I entered the pulpit.* After reading the *Scriptures, and prayer,* I took as a text, Ps.

ix. 18. "The needy shall not always be forgotten: the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." In speaking the Lord assisted me, and the time fled faster than I was aware of, and thus the Lord proved himself in my experience, "THE FAITHFUL GOD." And I found the apostle's words to be true, "Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself." In the afternoon I spoke from, Zech. ix. 10. "He shall speak peace to the heathen." The place was crowded, I lost my self possession, forgot all I had prepared, and was obliged to speak as it seemed to me at random. Yet that afternoon, many testified that the word was with power, and their souls were refreshed. They obtained a blessing and found it good to be there. Before the time for the evening service my spirits sunk very low, but I spoke from, Zech. xiii. 1. "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin, and for uncleanness." In speaking the Lord gave me liberty, I spoke with freedom. and enjoyed the exercise. The people appeared to hear with profit, and many said, that they had found it to be a good day. Thus ended one of the most trying, and one of the most important days of my life. At its close, I rashly said, *that I never* would attempt to speak again, *and that no* man should induce me to do so, *but what* man cannot effect, God can accom-

plish with ease; and the way of man is not in himself, for it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.

My mind now became as much exercised as ever on the subject of the ministry, and I became low spirited and depressed. I was tempted to wish that I had never spoken in the Lord's name, and hoped I should never be asked to do so again. O how weak, how ignorant, and unfit for such a solemn work did I now appear to myself to be. Two portions of the divine word seemed to grind me as between the upper and nether mill-stone. The one was, "I sent them not neither commanded them, therefore they shall not profit this people at all." The other was "Therefore gird up thy loins like a man, and speak unto them all that I command thee, be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them." In this state of mind I went on, until one evening, speaking with my pastor on the subject of preaching, he said, I have only one passage to give you, and it is a ministerial text, "He that putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God." He added there is another like unto it, "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." "Now," said he, "You *have* put your hand to the plough, and look back if you dare." A few *days after, he told* me that I must preach *for him at Petersham*, and that he should

come and hear me, I told him I could not. He said, I must. He added, "As to my coming, it shall be as you please, but if I come I will pray for you: I have a wish to hear you, and I promise you, if I see any reason to find fault, I will do so to no one but yourself. *But go you must.*" "Then," said I, "you had better come, for the fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much." "Very well," said he, "then I will come." Now I was as much troubled in mind as ever, but I cried unto the Lord, and the prayer of my soul was, "O that the Lord whom I seek, would control my fears, influence my zeal, and increase in me a more ardent desire for his glory. I wish to do just what the Lord would have me do, to go just where he pleases to send me, and where he will attend me with his blessing."

My temptations and severe exercises continued, for I found it no easy work to make my calling to the ministry clear, and I could not rest without. I was afraid I should do wrong if I refused to speak, and yet I was afraid to venture. This drove me to a throne of grace at every opportunity I had. If the lanes, fields, and hedges around Brentford could speak, they would witness to the sighs, groans, and tears, that I presented to the Lord among them, that I might know *his will, be* guided by his Spirit, and consecrate *all* my powers to his service. One *day, when* employed alone, I was most

etly indulged with nearness to the Lord, joyed a little heaven upon earth in the es of my God and Father. Then I felt ing to go forth and preach Jesus, let the culties be what they may. I thought I d now face a host, and speak of Jesus, for Jesus, before them all. Fresh ideas ed sweetly into my mind, and I longed our them out; the savour of them melt- own my spirit, giving me joy and peace: ny fears about Petersham vanished, and precious Christ was all in all. But soon r, all my fears returned upon me, and had so much work, that it did not ap- at all likely that I could go. So I beg- of the Lord, if it was not his will that I ıld go, that he would keep the way bar- up; if otherwise that he would clear my ı. Quite unexpectedly every difficulty ished, and I went and preached to a full e, from Ps. ix. 10. with some freedom power. My pastor published that I ıld preach there alternately with him- and from that time I left myself in his ds to make all my preaching engage- ts for me. Here my first diary closes. now preached at Ewell, Sunbury, and r places. At length the church called ı me to preach before it, that I might forth with its sanction and blessing. ı was a *great trial*, but on the evening *n. 22, 1827, I* preached before it for the *ime, on 1. Cor.* ii. 2. I was then call-

ed upon to do so again in a fortnight, which I did from Ps. iv. 3. In delivering this sermon I felt the power and unction of the Holy Ghost, and some of my fellow members had a blessing. The two following weeks I preached before the church and congregation, instead of my pastor, who was from home, from, Phil. iii. 8: and John, x. 9. The church appointed a special prayer meeting for me, and at length decided unanimously, that they believed the Lord had called me to the ministry of the word, and I was accordingly set apart for the work. My pastor gave me a very affectionate and faithful address, and a letter was drawn up, signed by himself and the deacons, commending me to God, and recommending me to the churches, who may need help.

For some time I preached twice in the month at Milbend, Herts, and the Lord blessed the word, so that an empty chapel became crowded, and the Lord converted sinners by his grace. It was here that the first person known to be called under my ministry, was presented to me, and, O the love I felt for that soul, and the gratitude I felt to God for so great an honour! Here the church would have invited me to the pas*torate,* but for several reasons, I told them *that I could* not accept an invitation. Two *Lord's days in* the month, I preached at a *small place in* London, so that my time was

pretty well employed. I was now invited to go down to Devizes, in Wilts, to preach for two Lord's days; after which I agreed to go again for four Lord's days, if my way was made plain. Before my second visit to Devizes, my pastor called me into his house one evening, and asked me if I should have any objection to undertake another long journey into the country, when I had fulfilled my engagement there. I replied, that I was not sure that I could go, as that would depend on the state of trade, but if the Lord made way for me, I should have no objection. He said, "The reason why I ask is, there will be an opening at Cheltenham, Mr. C—, of London, is going down, and wishes me to follow him, but having been from home so much lately I cannot, I therefore spoke to him of you, and he requested me to get you to go down for two Sabbaths; and I am to send to him in the morning and let him know, and it must be yes, or no." I replied, "I will make the same engagement as I always do, that I will not engage to go any where else, and if the Lord opens the way, as he has in every other instance hitherto, I will go." He said, "Very well, then I will write a note to say that you will preach at C—, the two first Sabbaths in May." I replied, "Very well," *and* heard no more of it for *some time.*

On my way to Devizes I preached at

Marlborough, and during my stay at D—, in most of the towns and villages around. I preached three times on the Lord's day, and generally five evenings in the week. Here my ministry was greatly blessed and many were converted to God, the chapel became crowded, and believers were added to the Lord. These were my joy then, and will be my crown of rejoicing when my Master appears. When my time at D— was nearly filled up, I was requested to spend a Lord's day at Marlborough, and wrote home to know if I could be spared from my employment. My pastor wrote me to say that business was very slack, and my employer said, "I might stay a month if I would." He advised me to stay longer with the friends at D— if they wished me, and then added, "But you will say, What about Cheltenham? You will not be wanted there so soon as was talked of, but you will go there just at the time the Lord appointed that you should go, and do just that work there which he has appointed there by you to be done." I therefore engaged to stay three more Sabbaths with the friends at D—. At Marlborough I had a very severe conflict, and passed one sleepless, miserable night, and was sorely tempted to run away from the *work*. I can never forget the night of April, *27, 1828.* The next evening at Avebury, I *had a glorious* time, and one poor woman *who had long* been in bondage, was brought

into the liberty of the gospel, and was made to sing for joy. The next morning at five o'clock, the house where I was staying was filled with people, who came together to ask me to pray with them, before they went to their labour. On my way back to D—, the Lord condescended to manifest himself sweetly to my soul, which produced a sacred familiarity between me and my God, so that I could not refrain from singing his praises aloud, as I crossed the spacious plain. Such a manifestation, without the previous distress, would very probably have filled me with spiritual pride, but now I walked softly before the Lord.

Before the time promised to Devizes was spent, I received a letter from Cheltenham, enquiring the reason why I had not been there, and requesting me to go there as soon as possible. All I knew of the matter was, that I was told I was not wanted at the time, and all I could do was to promise to visit C— for one month when my present engagement had expired. The church at Devizes gave me a unanimous invitation for two months, which I accepted, to commence on my returning from C—. My first visit to C— was on the evening of May, 15. 1828; on the following morning I received a letter respecting some persons connected with the cause, which almost decided me to *leave the place* without preaching at all. *Only the fear of* offending God prevented

me. My first sermon here was from, 1 Cor. ii. 2: a remarkable circumstance occurred under this sermon, a man and his wife came to hear me, the woman was converted to God, and the man went and hanged himself: so the word was a savour of life unto life unto the one, and a savour of death unto death, unto the other. At the expiration of my month, I was invited to return and preach for twelve months, with an understanding that at the end of nine months, we should come to a decision, whether I should become the pastor of the church or no. A reply was requested before I left the town, as the people were very anxious, but this I refused until I had taken time to lay the matter before the Lord, and consult my friends. The fact was, my heart was at Devizes, and there I *wished* to go; but the Lord had appointed me for Cheltenham, and there I *must* go. After my return to D—, I saw clearly that the finger of divine providence pointed to C—, and therefore I consented to go. But to leave the friends at D—, was a great trial, for my ministry had been accompanied with much of the power of God, and many were called by his grace. The chapel was often crowded, even the pulpit stairs, and the vestry was filled. When I preached my last sermon there, the scene was most affecting, *dear old Mr.* Cadby could not proceed in *giving out the* last hymn for he wept and *trembled* exceedingly, the people formed a

lane for me to pass through from the chapel, and nearly all were in tears. I then left D—, and though more than thirty years have passed away, I have never visited the place since, though I have often felt a great wish to do so. I have often heard of my spiritual children there, that they continued in the grace of God. I shall meet them at my Father's right hand, if I never see them before. Perhaps no four months of my ministry was ever more signalised by the number of conversions, than the four months I spent at the Old Chapel at Devizes, in 1828.

When I returned to C— with my family, I found that some who were very hot for my coming, were become cool and distant, so that I soon perceived that my path would not be very smooth. Many things were done calculated to make me very uncomfortable, and to hinder the work of God. This ended in a secession, when a number were separated from the church. I endeavoured to commit my way unto the Lord, and to trust simply and alone in him. I went on preaching the truth as I believed that God had taught me, and found that my troubles were as ballast to my soul, to keep me steady, and preserve the bark from foundering on the rocks of presumption. Many misrepresentations were afloat, and they laid to my charge *things that* I knew not; but I felt *persuaded that the* Lord would bring forth *my judgment as* the light, and my righteous-

ness as the noonday. I once thought of going after some of the wanderers, and endeavour to induce them to return, but while I thought on these things, the words of the Lord to Jeremiah, were brought very forcibly to my mind. "If they return unto thee, let them return, but return not thou unto them; and I will make thee unto this people a fenced brazen wall; and *they shall* fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee to save thee, and deliver thee, saith the Lord." I therefore left them to themselves, and afterwards saw cause to bless God that I did so. As many who left us, were the most wealthy in the congregation, it was very widely circulated that we should never be able to keep on the cause for want of funds, but our first collection after they left us, was just one penny more than the previous month. The next collection was on a pouring wet day, but I besought the Lord, to whom the gold and the silver belongs, to appear for us, and went to preach assured that he would, and when some of the friends said, "We have got the collection on the wrong day, we should have had it last Sunday, when it was a fine day," I answered, "It is the right day, wait and see:" and in the evening our *collections* exceeded our previous ones by *upwards of two* pounds. "Rest in the *Lord, and wait* patiently for him; fret not *thyself because* of him that prospereth in his

way." What comes to us thus in answer to prayer, and contrary to our natural expectation, is doubly sweet.

I had now to wade through considerable opposition, and any thing but a loving spirit was displayed. All my circumstances were new, but blessed be God, I found the throne of grace to be a precious place, and the Bible to be a precious book. Many portions of it were brought home to instruct and cheer my heart. When my opponents were displaying a bad spirit, that came, "They are not grieved for the afflictions of Joseph." By which I saw clearly that they were in the wrong. Then came that, "But the people that do know their God, shall be strong and do exploits." Which taught me that it was not a host, but people who were taught of God, and who were strong in the strength of Jesus, who would prevail. That portion also was very profitable, "That thy trust may be in the Lord; I have made known to thee this day, even to thee." Which led me to see the end designed by these things, that I may cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils, and trust wholly and alone in my God, and gracious Father. Another passage also did me good in this trial, it was, "All the churches shall know that I am he, that searcheth the reins and the hearts." This led me to leave all my *opposers in the hands* of God, to do with them *as seemed good in* his sight. And if at any

time I was tempted to murmur, or to think my lot hard, in having to suffer from men whom, I had never in any way injured, the words of Luke would reprove and silence me, where he records the treatment, and conduct of the apostles, "They departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name: and daily in the temple, and from house to house, they ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus Christ. On one occasion when I had sunk very low, in consequence of the circulation of slanders, and being annoy ed with anonymous letters, I felt ready like the children of Ephraim, to turn back in the day of battle; I sat in my study thinking over these things until my heart sickened, and my faith staggered. Just then four passages of the word were applied with light and power to my mind, all appearing to bear upon my circumstances, as follows, "The wrath of man, worketh not the righteousness of God." "Surely the wrath of man *shall* praise thee, the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." "I will give thee the valley of Achor, for a door of hope." "What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?" And the whole was backed with, "The Lord of hosts is with *us, and the* God of Jacob is our refuge." *These with other* portions of the word *cheered me, and* I was helped with a little *help.*

All this while the Lord was working by me, and many souls were converted and brought to God, the congregation increased, and pecuniary difficulties vanished. In December, I was dismissed from the church at Brentford, to the church in Cheltenham, and was solemnly ordained over it as its pastor on Tuesday, May 26, 1829. After my ordination I went on preaching the word in the town and villages around, many were converted to God, and others were built up and edified. Many of the people among whom I laboured were Hyper-calvinists, and therefore, though higher than the New Testament myself, I did not give satisfaction to all, and was at times charged with preaching Arminianism. This was no small annoyance, as I rather prided myself on the soundness of my creed; my mind therefore became gloomy, but the Lord gave me that word, to stimulate and comfort me, "This also shall turn to my salvation, through your prayers, and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ." I therefore begged the prayers of the brethren, and looked for the supply of the Spirit, which gave me joy, peace, and holy satisfaction; and in answer to prayer, the Lord soon removed the principal complainer from us. For about twelve months, I now went on enjoying peace in the church, the congregation increasing, and sinners being brought to Christ. My own inward experience was

seldom the same long together, I was sometimes rejoicing, and sometimes mourning; sometimes very bold, and sometimes very fearful. I had much cause to bless the Lord, who made his work to prosper in my hands, and for constantly furnishing me with fresh matter for the pulpit.

Then came a trial with two of my deacons, who for a time were as thorns in my side. But this drove me nearer to the Lord. I found encouragement by reading over part of my diary, which had been long neglected, and then wrote—"I can say, that not one good thing hath failed. Never have I in one instance been allowed to pray in vain. My answers to prayer have been many. My mercies have been innumerable. Jesus has at times been so exceedingly precious, that I could count all things but loss and dung for him. My enemies have been many and cruel, my temptations have been great, and strong, my doubts and fears have been numberless, my foolishness and inherent corruption still remains within me. But Jesus is faithful, his promises are true, his mercy is everlasting, and his kindness is constantly displayed. Having obtained help of God, I continue until this day. Praise the Lord."

My next entry runs thus. I have this day *been much in* prayer, and have committed *unto the Lord* whatever concerns me. My *enemies*, my friends, my trials, and all that

ises my patience, or tries my faith. I
ay from my heart, that I wish him to
ge ALL for me, as shall be most for his
, the good of his church, and the profit
r soul. These I see are closely connect-
gether. It has just occurred to me,
the reason why the Lord has of late
ed me to be so severely exercised is, I
been very little at his throne compared
what I used to be. Prayer has at times
ared to be *a dry duty*. I have scarcely
n what to pray for. Nor have the pro-
s appeared so precious, pleadable, and
d to my case. Jesus is determined to
me often at his throne, and if the invi-
ns and promises of his word will not
me there, he will send trials to *drive*
Blessed Jesus, art thou not saying to
y every trial, and by all my recent
ises—"Call upon me? Try me? Make
f me? See what I will do for thee?"
hast often said, when I have been too
taken up with men, and the things of
"The companions hearken to thy voice,
me to hear it." O what a proof of the
depravity and base ingratitude of my
is this, that thou art obliged to send
and troubles to bring me to thy feet!
t is so. For except *drawn* by the cords
y loving-kindness, or *driven* by painful
ises, I *seldom* come to thee with ear-
ess, fervour, and life. Blessed Jesus!
me, correct me, but never leave me

to myself. Draw me, or drive me, but never allow me to live long at a distance from thee. May I daily see that all things are put under thee, that every thing is controled by thee, and will be directed by thy wisdom, in answer to the prayers of believers, to do them real service. Lord, prevent me from looking at men, but as instruments in thy hands, to effect thy purposes, and accomplish thy will. May I daily see everything in God, and God in everything. May I view everything in the hands of Jesus, as Mediator. What a proof of the loving-kindness of Jesus to my soul is this, that he will not allow me to be easy or happy, while living at a distance from him. It is my backslidings that correct me, though appearing in the shape of men.

"O bring me to thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more."

I have been looking at Jesus, with the key of the house of David laid upon his shoulder, opening and shutting at his pleasure. He hath opened my heart to receive him, and enjoy his sweet and sacred presence, O how precious is Jesus to me at the close of this day, just as I am retiring to rest. Gracious Lord, keep me near thee—looking to thee—living for thee—living on thee—believing in thee—and expecting from thee all I need. *Surely this* is the life of faith, and a sweet

life it is—living on Jesus alone, making him all in all.

Trouble having driven me often to my knees, Satan came in charging me with hypocrisy, insinuating that the Lord would not have heard from me so often, but for my troubles. That I did not visit him from love, but because I could not do without him. I knew there was some truth in this, and therefore could not but fall under the accusation. I looked back and remembered when I have sat reading the whole morning, without once going upon my knees after family prayer, and this filled me with dejection. O how base I am, to despise and set light by so glorious a privilege, and to neglect so choice a duty. But my heart *is* most base, O Jesus, cleanse it by thy precious blood! O Holy Spirit, purify it by thy sacred operations, and keep it by thy power! O righteous Father, take up thine abode within it, and devote it only and wholly to thyself! I long to be entirely and unreservedly given up to the Lord. My soul feels humbled before God, and I abhor myself, because I am vile. O Saviour! when shall I be wholly like thee, always walking with thee, and eternally employed for thee, O Lord, hasten to me, or take me to thee? for this I long, pray, and wait. But give me submission, help me patiently to carry my cross after Jesus, though it be rough, heavy, and galling.

It is my duty, especially now, to pray, wait, and watch. The closet and the watch tower, ought to be constantly occupied. O to be kept in a prayerful, watchful frame of soul! But it takes much discipline to keep me in this state. I am so prone to wander, to be light and trifling—moved by shadows, and excited by mere trifles. Lord, make and keep me solid, cheerful, holy, and resigned to thy will. Thou knowest, that from my heart I desire to be thine, and thine alone. O take me, keep me, watch over me, correct me, defend me, protect me, lead me, and everlastingly save me!

> "O may all thy dealings prove,
> Fruits of thy paternal love."

Had I not a God to go to, had I not a Saviour to sympathise with me, I could not bear up under what I have now to pass through. At times I long to fly away and be at rest. Thorns and briers surround me, and wound me on every side. What with the corruptions of my heart, the duties of the ministry, the temptations of Satan, the conduct of professors, and the depression of spirits I now feel, I seem at times ready to go beside myself. This is sharp discipline. A severe school for a young man. My Saviour, do thou stand by me. Do as thou wilt with me, only do not allow me to dishonour thy name, injure thy cause, or hinder the progress of thy work. From the depths of my *heart I can say,*

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all."

The Lord is calling unto me very loudly, "*Cease ye from man.*" Lord, what is man? A bubble at the best! A mass of inconsistency! O to be kept free from the curse pronounced on those who trust in men, and make flesh their arm, whose heart departeth from the Lord! The Lord seems determined that I shall make up all my happiness in himself; and that I shall find nothing but emptiness and vanity elsewhere. O to be like-minded with the Lord: I am so foolish, that I am not fit to be left to choose for myself, for I should be sure to choose wrong. I trust amidst all, that I do make some progress in my journey heavenward; but I want always to act, as though I *really* believed that I am but a stranger and a pilgrim here. One very important petition that I have been presenting, to the throne of grace of late is, "That I may enjoy peace *through* Christ, peace *in* Christ, and peace *with* Christ." Then I shall have peace with God, peace in the church, and peace in my own soul. O how important does this appear to me at this moment! "Lord, all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee."

A letter from my brother informs me that the Lord has called him out into the minis-

try of the word, for which I bless his holy name. I do feel love and gratitude toward God working in my heart, for his kindness to my brother. O what grace, that two out of our family, should be called to preach the word of life! Surely our lives ought to be crowned with gratitude and praise! We ought indeed to be living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men. May we be enabled to honour him, who hath chosen us to be his soldiers, and may we fight manfully under his blood-stained banner, and be instrumental in shaking the kingdom of Satan, spoiling him of his prey. Lord, light us up, that we may give light to all around us, and so attract many poor dark sinners to the light of life. The language of my own heart is,

> "Nothing, save Jesus, would I know;
> My friend and my companion, thou;
> Lord, take my heart, assert thy right,
> And put all other loves to flight."

How much unhappiness may one man cause. How much mischief may one man do. One restless, uneasy, mischievous person, especially if in office in a church, may spoil a minister's comfort, and greatly impede his usefulness. How true I have found this to be of late. But in the midst of all, though deeply tried by him, God is with me, and my soul is kept alive toward God. Under such circumstances, I penned the

following meditation. "O my Saviour, thou didst grant me much of thy presence on the Lord's day, especially when I least expected it. For when I began to speak of thy wondrous love with a cold heart, and a disordered mind, how sweetly didst thou break in upon me, and feed me with that love, of which I was speaking. Let that love evermore constrain me, to devote myself entirely to thee, and to view myself as thy chosen property. May I be enabled habitually to say, '*My beloved is mine, and I am his.*' May I view myself, though sinful, vile, and undeserving of thy notice, as the object of thy love, chosen to be thy delight, and separated to enjoy the closest union with thyself. May I enjoy thee as the object of my love and delight, as my chosen Saviour and Lord, as my fear and glory. O sweet words, '*I am my beloved's!*' His, by the gift of his Father; his, by freely delivering myself up unto him; and his, by the purchase of his precious blood. I am his property, his possession, his portion. '*My beloved is mine.*' Mine, as the deliberate choice of my soul; mine, in answer to my earnest request; mine, by the free gift of himself to me. He is, (wonder, O heavens!) he is my property, my possession, and my portion for ever. This I can say without presumption, or fear of deception, for his holy word, the teachings of his Holy Spirit, and his daily conduct towards me, join to prove and con-

firm the wondrous fact. My soul and all its powers, my body and all its senses, are given up to him, to be used for him, and to be his for ever."

Still tried by the conduct of this man, in addition to which my infant is sorely afflicted, and these two things have kept me almost continually pleading with God. From the depths of my soul I cried, "Lord, when wilt thou deliver me from this man. O my Saviour, enable me to act toward him, as directed by thy word! Preserve me from feeling or speaking contrary to thy holy gospel. Save me from a spirit of prejudice, pride, or revenge. May I be enabled to seek his good, while he is with us, though I cannot but pray for his removal. Lord, let me know thy design, and view him as an instrument in thine hand, in some way to do me good. Give me to see that every thing that happens, will be overruled for thy glory and my good, and as forming a part of thine own wonderous and all-perfect plan. O my God, work in me submission and resignation to thy will." A precious word of comfort has been given me, it came as if God did whisper into my soul, "*He is faithful that promised.*" Heb. x. 23. Yes, Lord, thou art faithful. Thou hast promised me enemies, and I have them. Thou hast assured me that they shall not hurt me, nor shall any weapon formed against me prosper. Thou hast told me, I shall have trouble,

but thou hast said, "I will be with him in trouble;" and I have ever found thee, "a refuge in times of trouble." Thou hast promised to hear my prayer, and attend unto my cry; and I have found thee to be true to thy word. Thou hast promised to forgive my sin, and hast said, "I will forgive their iniquities, and will remember their sins no more," and I have found thee faithful. Thou hast promised to guide me, and thou hast led me by the right way. Thou hast promised to strengthen me, and I have ever found my strength equal to my day. Thou hast promised to bruise Satan under my feet, to carry on thy work within me, and finally to take me to thyself, to be for ever with thee, and I believe thou wilt. The faithfulness of God, to his exceeding great and precious promises cheers, supports, and encourages me in the rugged path I am travelling; and lays me under the greatest obligation to praise, bless, and adore his most holy name.

Sharp and severe have been my trials, since I last wrote, for my dear babe has been lying in a most distressing state, its sufferings have been agonizing. O how it distressed my mind, and disordered my frame, to see my little MERCY suffer, and hear her heart-piercing cries! But at length in answer to prayer the Lord relieved her pains, and gave me as my subject for the Lord's day, Ps. cxlv. 17: "The Lord is

righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works." Several things in this dispensation were very perplexing, but the words of Jesus, silenced my carnal reasoning, "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." I feel more than ever, the importance of building on a good foundation for eternity. The thought, "If I should be deceived!—if I should be wrong!—if I should be a cast-away at last!" will come into my mind, and leads to deep searchings of heart. I know that God would be justified in my eternal destruction. I feel it. But, oh, how dreadful the idea! Deepen, O Lord, deepen thy work in my heart, until I am entirely brought into subjection to thy most blessed will! O for more humility, love and holiness! O to be meek, condescending, and kind! O to be spiritual, upright, and devoted to God! Lord, give me a very tender conscience, and deeply implant thy fear in my heart. May I find more delight in prayer, and enjoy communion with thyself more and more.

Yesterday, the Lord was pleased to take my dear little MERCY unto himself, after sixteen days severe suffering. Sharply as I felt the stroke, I was grateful for her removal. I have now one child in heaven. One dear babe is gone before me to the bosom of Jesus. Blessed be God, for giving *us reason to* believe from his holy word, that

our departed little ones are saved. Her struggles, her convulsions, her heart-rending cries are over, and over for ever. She sweetly sleeps in Jesus. She is housed from every storm, screened from every bitter blast, and saved from every foe. She shall know no more pain, neither sorrow, nor crying. All was easy at the last, she seemed to slip away from us, and is for ever with the Lord. There must be love in this painful dispensation, perhaps I may live to see it, and to bless God for it. At present I have to mourn, now I have sorrow, may it prove to be godly sorrow. I deserve chastening, and my sins call for stripes. What can I expect but God's fatherly displeasure. Correct me, O Lord, but with judgment, not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing. My time is short, my days are few, but my mercies are many. O for grace to improve them! My dear babe is no more. I shall soon follow her. She is no longer mine, but thine. Thou hadst an interest in her, and a right unto her, and thou hast done right in taking her to thyself.

I have committed the remains of my MERCY to the grave, there to rest until the trump of the archangel shall rouse the sleeping dust. Farewell, dear departed one, I shall no more see thy sweet smiles, nor hear thy distressing groans. These are over, and over for ever. May I be led to quicken my pace, that I may soon meet thee in the

upper skies. I shall come to thee, but thou wilt not return to me. Thou hast outrun me, and hast reached the rest, while I am left to labour, and combat with the foe.

> "Thou art happy now, and we
> Soon thy happiness shall see."

O for grace to join thee in thy song. I almost fancy I can hear thy sweet voice, singing the praises of Jesus. I seem to see thee look down upon me and say, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourself, and your children." But I must not indulge my feelings, though I still feel a father's love, lest I should murmur, or charge God foolishly. But Lord, may I not turn to thee, and beg of thee to sanctify this painful, and solemn event to me. O that it may separate me more than ever from the world, and stir me up more earnestly to seek the kingdom of God, and his righteousness. Every thing around me is fading, Jesus only and his salvation remains the same. O to prize it, to love it, to adorn my profession of an interest in it! O to follow on to know the Lord, and wait upon my God continually, "For the Lord is good to them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him." Every thing seems to chide me, to warn me, and to reprove me; and yet I remain dull, stupid, and insensible. O when shall I be spiritual—when shall I be holy—when *shall* I be entirely devoted to my God?

Nothing but grace can quicken and keep me, nothing but mercy can cheer me, only the blood and righteousness of Jesus can save me. O to prize, enjoy, and live upon these things! Lord, enlighten, enliven, and comfort my soul, and lead me forth in the holy exercises of prayer, praise, and meditation. I feel that I am so backward in these things, I grieve over it, only thou canst make me what I ought to be.

I have lately been in an unenviable state of mind, for I have had little life, or liveliness in prayer, and have been ready to call the truth of almost every thing in question: not only what I have experienced myself, but also what I have heard others relate, and even what good men have written. Nay, I have been ready to question the truth of Scripture itself, and whether JEHOVAH is what I have been led to believe him to be. O how dreadfully fallen is my nature! I feel the working of atheism, infidelity, and blasphemy within me; and were it not for God's preventing grace they would break forth to the dishonour of God, the disgrace of religion, and the ruin of my own soul. I cannot describe what a wretch I feel myself to be, well may I say with Job, "Behold, I am vile!" How amazing it is, that the Lord will have any thing to do with me; but grace is free, sovereign and eternal. Here I rest. Here I find a *suitable* foundation for my polluted spirit to rest up-

on. If this gives way, I am certainly lost. If this stands, I think, I hope, I believe, I am safe.

The thoughts of my bereavement are very painful, may I be enabled to improve it. *It preaches God's sovereignty*, he takes one and leaves the rest. He takes one in infancy and leaves the rest to grow up to drink of the cup of sorrow. He takes one to his bosom, and allows the others to remain on earth to endure many a bitter blast. And why? Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight. This is all I can say, the only reply I dare to make. *It calls me to prayer*, for myself that I may profit by it; for my partner, that it may be sanctified to her; and for my other children, that they may be early brought to know the Saviour, and so be prepared to dwell with their sister for ever. *It demands a thankful acknowledgment*, as it is a proof of the goodness of God. It was an answer to many petitions, put up from an aching heart. It was for my darling's good. It was for the Lord's glory. Let me look at it which way I will, it calls for grateful praise. But my heart is very backward, to pay this just and equitable debt. *It calls me to be diligent in the Lord's ways:* and to be ready for the Lord's coming. The voice that speaks from her coffin and her grave says, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." *It bids me consider* the Lord's for-

vances. He hath borne with my manners, hath not cast me down. O may his dness lead me to repentance. The Lord ls in the way of righteousness, in the st of the paths of judgment; nor does se in the heart, or an interest in God's smant, exempt us from the common trials fe. "Many are the afflictions of the hteous." *It cries aloud, you too must die!* , Lord, and when my faith is strong, m my evidences are bright, and when presence is enjoyed, I feel glad that I t, for then I can say from my heart, "I uld not live always." And then I have desire to depart and to be with Christ, ch is far better."

o-day, my mind has been taken up with words of David, and they seem to de-be my experience, "Thou hast showed people hard things; thou hast made us rink the wine of astonishment." Ps. ix. I seemed to feel all the effects of this e, for my head was disordered, my judg-it confused, and my legs trembled under

My wisdom was baffled, my graces e tried, and my spirits were roused. I ld not conceive how *present things* could sist with everlasting love, the precious mises, the relation in which I hope I id to God, the tenderness of Jesus, the shing and leading of the Holy Spirit, and *t some portions* of the word lead me to *ct.* I seemed to be wading in the

depths of divine sovereignty, looking for JEHOVAH'S righteousness, and enquiring how can these things work together for my good? So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast before God. It did appear that the Lord was showing me hard things, for all my best intentions were frustrated or diverted. My prayers were denied, my enemies were encouraged and emboldened; only one thing cheered me, it was that only the most carnal of the professing family appeared opposed to me. These the Lord often used as a rod, to correct his children for their folly, and to drive them nearer to himself, and make them more obedient. However, the Lord has been shining upon me in providence, as he generally does when I am distressed and disturbed as I have been of late. So that if I attempt to complain, my mouth is shut, and if I were to do so, I should sin against providence, truth, and conscience. How wonderful are his works toward the children of men. His ways are past finding out. However the end of such discipline generally is, that God appears faithful, I am humbled in the dust, and the loving-kindness of the Lord is seen. Grace reigns, the creature sinks, and time clears up all. I must be nothing, this my proud nature does not like. The flesh must be mortified, and this the old man cannot away with. I must sensibly feel my entire dependence on the Lord, and this my poor selfish heart cannot

relish. O my God, lay me low at thy feet, and keep me there. I do now afresh put myself into thy hands to be disciplined by thee, my whole heart agrees to this, only pleading for one exception, let me not be allowed to sin, so as to disgrace thy cause. Lord, do any thing with me, only prevent this, for I dread it more than hell; and I trust that I dread it from a pure principle of love to thy name, thy ways, thy word, and thy people! O Lord, I would not object to suffer, if it is for my good, for the benefit of thy church, and for thine own glory. Spirit of the living God, search me, and see if I do not from my inmost soul, resign myself to God, and help me to leave myself in thy hands!

Nov. 19, 1830. This is my twenty eighth birth-day, and I feel deeply impressed with a sense of the Lord's goodness to me. I cannot look back upon what he hath done for me, conferred upon me, and brought me through both in providence and grace, without thankfulness, gratitude, and praise to my covenant God, and propitious Father. O what mercy has been manifested to me, what goodness has passed before me, and what grace has been displayed in me! Who would have thought, that saw me a few years ago, that I should be raised up to preach the gospel, that so many poor sinners would be converted under my ministry, and that so many believers would be

[illegible] people about
[illegible] encumbered by difficulties? Sh
[illegible] like a wretch, or sit down dishe
[illegible] more likely [illegible] the field? O
[illegible] my weakness and folly,
[illegible] to what I am likely enc
[illegible] mercy must hold me fast. "Hol
[illegible] steps in my paths, that my foot
[illegible] teach me to look for less in
[illegible] and for more in thy blessed self.
[illegible] nothing but trouble, vexation
[illegible] disappointment in the creature; an
[illegible] prosperity, and satisfactio
[illegible] What a mercy that I have been
[illegible] so long. How many thousands
[illegible] been born since myself, have beer
[illegible] by the scythe of death, and whe
[illegible]? What is become of them? Ar
[illegible]

ream. The depravity of my heart, and he violence of my natural temper, were wrought up into a fury ; and such would be the case when I am awake, but for the fear of the Lord, and his restraining grace. I think I see something of the meaning of that portion of the word in reference to myself, "How much more abominable and filthy is man, which drinketh iniquity like water." O what efficacy must there be in the blood of Jesus, to make such a sinner as I am clean in the sight of a holy God! Yet, at times, I feel Satan tempting me to be proud of my feelings, and he points to some whom I know, and says, "They have more occasion to be thus humbled, but they are not so." O what a creature to be proud, and to value myself because I feel my depravity, and realize that I am full of that abominable thing which God hates! I do feel disgusted with that odious thing,—MYSELF.

Another sharp stroke, for my little daughter ANN was in good health on Monday, and on Thursday she was a corpse. She died just two months after her sister MERCY. But the words of the Patriarch came to silence and humble me, "Behold, he taketh away, who can hinder him? Who will say unto him, what doest thou?" I fear I loved her too well, for she was a beautiful child. The Lord dealt very gently with her in removing her, for she suffered but little. Well, *she is gone*, and I must follow her, not can

I tell how soon. But for my remaining family, if I am really *in Christ*, it appears to me to be of small moment how soon. But this is the important matter, *to be really in Christ*. If I am in him, I am saved, I cannot really die, I must be happy. O blessed state! "Happy are the people that are in such a case, yea, blessed are the people whose God is JEHOVAH." And this happiness, this blessedness, is the portion and privilege of all the Lord's people. O what a blessed region is that, in which Christians are ordained to meet; no sorrow, no death, and best of all, there is NO SIN THERE!

"There Jesus the sun of the place,
For ever refulgently shines."

There is no night, no darkness, no weariness there—no enemies, no storms, no doubts, no fears there—no bereavements, no tears, nor any irritation, (from which I suffer so much,) there. Ah! no, Jesus is all and in all there. We shall be with him, like him, and enjoy him without interruption for ever. As a glimpse of him below is so sweet, what must it be to be for ever with him? But we must die to know it. May I be always ready, always willing, always waiting to go!

"Lord, submissive make me go,
Gladly leaving all below."

For seven months I have been daily praying the Lord to remove one from us, who has been a pricking brier, and a wounding thorn, to me, and now blessed be God he is gone. I was led to pray for this under peculiar circumstances, when there was not the least probability that he would remove; for some time there was no answer, but a spirit of prayer continued [illegible] I was informed that he was likely [illegible] s stirred me up afresh; after that [illegible] seemed quite forgotten again, [illegible] depended on a faithful God, ar[illegible] he promise is fulfilled. I would [illegible] out not proud. I would praise, b[illegible] I would be thankful, but not vain-glorious. I would not be high-minded but fear, knowing that *if I* need a rod, my Father can and will find plenty, without going far for them. O for humbling grace! Lord Jesus, go with those thou hast removed, bless them and make them a blessing where they are gone, for I do believe they are thine, though the man has sorely tried me. May I meet them around thy throne, then we shall be rid of all those evil dispositions, which now make us wish to be at a distance from each other. O my God, preserve me from all unchristian tempers, and all improper actions, make me just like Jesus. I would be meek, humble, and resigned. I want to be more spiritual, lively, and useful; more dependant on grace, *more prayerful* in ordinances, and more

watchful against all sin. O to give greater proof than ever, by my disposition, in my preaching, and by the whole of my conduct, that I am a devoted, decided, follower of the Lamb. Enable me to watch for souls, to win souls for Christ, and may a multitude be given me for my hire, by my good and gracious God. Amen.

Since I last wrote, the Lord has visited me with indisposition of body for a week, and I was obliged to give up one of my Lord's day services. While my body was suffering my mind was unusually dark, uncomfortable, and gloomy: yet, I had no doubts, fears, or misgivings. My confidence was firm, though my comfort was entirely gone. I was at times peevish, fretful, and dissatisfied; and felt unfit for any company. What a mercy that our frames and feelings do not alter our state, nor effect our safety! I was unfitted for reading, meditation, and prayer, and every privilege was now a task. I see daily more and more, the necessity of the operations of the Holy Spirit, in order to attend to any duty with profit. The depravity of my heart is awful, and I had a very affecting view of it in my late illness. I wanted for nothing, I abounded with blessings; yet I could not appreciate or enjoy them, without the presence of Jesus to sweeten them to my soul. I hate, detest, and abhor what I feel that I am the subject of, and yet I cannot get rid of it. I see that

all I want is in Jesus, but I would feel and enjoy it. The world is to me more than ever a wilderness, but I am only a pilgrim and a stranger here, and I shall soon reach home, and then all will be well.

I have been favoured with a sweet view of Jesus, as bearing the iniquity of our holy things represented by the priest of old, in Exod. xxviii. O [illegible]ercy that all my coldness, deadne[illegible]rings in prayer—that all my [illegible] and foolish thoughts, while [illegible] holy word—and that all r[illegible]ations, sinful propensities, an[illegible]ons in ordinances, with all [illegible] of the same, are transferred [illegible]orne by him, and that he has made an atonement for them all. How sweet the thought, that all that ascends from [illegible]e to God, passes through his precious nail-[illegible]rced hands. That he separates between [illegible] duty and its sinfulness, and that both my [illegible]rvices and myself, are accepted through [illegible]s infinite merit. O to view Jesus thus, under all my backwardness to pray, when I feel my heart cold, dead, and straitened in prayer, and where I cannot look at my prayers without being thoroughly ashamed of them! Surely such views of Jesus, must endear him sevenfold more to my soul, and make him unspeakably precious!

Like Israel, of late my soul has been much discouraged because of the way, especially

in consequence of trials in the church. Thinking of this passage, I wrote,—O how many discouragements do I meet with from Satanic injections, temptations, and snares. From the daring and presumptuous conduct of professors. From the disunion and bickerings of real Christians. From the awful and delusive errors so plentifully propogated in the present day. From the discoveries I have of the corruption of my own heart, and the sinfulness of my own nature. From the powerful working of unbelief, envy, and various other evils within. From the self-denying duties I have to perform, my natural dislike to them, and the want of love and power to perform them aright. From the opposition of the world, and even a part of the church. These things being thickly strewed in my way, often discourage my soul, and make me long to fly away and be at rest. But I have also many encouragements, for I have the fulness of Jesus, the grace and strength which he has promised me, the throne of grace which is at all times accessible to me, the experience of saints who have gone the same way before me, the lessons to be learned by me, and the eternal weight of glory in reserve for me. Lord, make me an overcomer, enable me to strive lawfully, that I may be crowned right gloriously. In looking back upon the past, I see that I have acted from principle, according to the light given me, with

a view to God's glory, and the good of his church. I can see failings in my conduct, even when my motives were pure, my design good, and my intentions scriptural. O Lord, scatter thou the people that delight in contention and war! Give me peace always, by all means, for Jesus' sake.

My experience to-day is, "*I will look up.*" Ps. v. 3. Jesus is my all. I love him, believe in him, enjoy him—I want no more. What a blessed book the Bible is. I seem to see more of its glory, beauty, and simplicity than ever I did. I wonder I am not entirely taken up with it. But, my wretched heart leads me astray. Yet will I look again, and again search my Father's will, my inestimable treasury. I want more faith. I often lose sight of *what faith is*, and mistake *feeling for believing*. I put comforts in the place of Christ, and my own thoughts in the place of God's word. What an unspeakable favour it is, to have God's pure word, to guide, instruct, and comfort me: and yet I often turn aside to something else. My feelings, my hopes, my faith, anything and everything besides God's word: yet to this I must come, on this I must rest, with this I must be satisfied, if I ever enjoy solid and settled peace.

My troubles in the church were now great for Hyper-calvanism, had ripened into Antimonianism, and all scriptural rule and authority were set at nought. The chapel

was full, the Lord was converting souls, a
yet a party in the church would let me ha
no peace; but set decency, order, and d
corum at defiance. I now began to writ
print, and circulate tracts; hoping to sa
souls, and at the same time to divert n
mind from my trials, which almost ove
whelmed me. I insert a meditation writt
at this time, on "*Trouble, arising from fal
friends, and open enemies.*"

I am greatly disturbed in my mind by t
wicked conduct, and cruel opposition of me
Their falseness, deceit, and inconsistenci
perplex me. Their malice, enmity, and e
speeches afflict me. Their weakness, vil
ness, and changeability of conduct towa
me, I esteem a calamity. In many a
various ways they molest me, and are
obstruction to me. I deplore it as vexatiou
I desire its removal as an inconvenien
and I long to be delivered from it, for
makes me uneasy. It is a burden to n
mind, a clog to my soul, and a great hin
rance to me in my work.

I am beset with envy, with lying lips, a
a deceitful tongue. I am charged with wh
never entered into my thoughts, I am m
represented in what I have said and do
and I am opposed without any regard
reason or revelation. But, O my soul, co
sider the cause of it! If not a sparrow c
fall to the ground without thy Father, if n
a hair of thy head can perish, if thou

to Jesus as the apple of the eye, then God must have a hand in it! He must said to Shimei, "*Curse David!*" For does thy God chastise thee? For some ommitted, or to prevent thy falling into Is it to prove thy sonship, to manifest ove, or to illustrate the word, that "all s work together for good, to them that God?" Sometimes sin in me calls for es, and sometimes sin in others sets to work. Sin is Satan's instrument, e is the great leader in confusion, strife, very evil work. It may be to discover make manifest men, or to prevent some er evil. But what fruits should it pro- in me? Assuredly it should lead to xamination, penitence, prayer, confes- humiliation, watchfulness, and ceasing st in men. This, if the Lord is pleased nctify it, will be the end of this fiery for a fiery trial it is.

cries aloud, "Cease ye from men." It "Therefore shall a man look unto the ." It requires me to "Search and try ays, and turn again unto the Lord." ls me, "Commit my way unto the Lord, also in him, and he shall bring it to " It invites me to "Look unto Jesus, ess forward, and to rejoice that there ineth a rest for the people of God."

ny soul, remember where thy trials are, in an enemy's land, in a waste howling rness, in the place where Satan's seat

is. Thou art not yet come unto thy rest the land that flows with milk and honey i in the distance before thee. Jesus hath tol thee, that in the world thou shalt have tribu lation; and the saints, martyrs, and apostles have all passed through the same befor thee. They came out of great tribulation Moreover, the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with th glory which shall be revealed in us. Th present afflictions are painful, distressing and perplexing, but they are not penal, ther is no curse in them; for Jesus hath born thy sorrows, carried thy sickness, and re moved thy sins. God is not an angry judge though he may be a displeased Father. H loves, though he chides; and he smites fo the fault, because he loves the person. Hi design is not to pain thee, but to benefi thee. He says, "This is all the fruit to tak away his sin." He may flog thee in th way to heaven, but he will never drive the to hell. This should ease, soothe, and solac thy spirit. How many hypocrites, empt professors, and wicked men, are allowed t go on in sin, and are not chastised! This i fearful, for if we are without chastisement then are we bastards and not sons. Bette be a tried, chastened, weeping son; than prosperous, laughing, self-willed bastard. I my correction is now, the punishment wil be shortly, for it is written, "The wicke not go unpunished." The dead fish

may glide easily down the stream, but the living ones will swim against it.

And what are my trials? A furnace to purge my dross, a rod to correct my folly, a burden to roll on my Lord, a whip to drive me from man, a medicine to cure me of sin, a bridle to check my pride, a probe to examine my wounds, and a mirror to give me a faint view of my deserts. These things are called tribulation, chastisement, reproofs, the rod, and several other things by God; who says, "If I suffer, I shall also reign." And that "these light afflictions which are but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

But I want to be reconciled to my lot. To acknowledge the love, justice, and compassion of my God in these things. To take honey out of the carcase of this lion, to suck honey from the end of this rod, and to find oil flowing out of this apparently flinty rock. But, alas! I often rebel, murmur, and repine at the rebukes of the Lord. I too often look at man working, instead of looking to the Lord over-ruling. I am apt to quarrel with the instrument, and forget the agent; bite the stone, instead of looking for the hand which threw it. My heavenly Father, I commend myself to thee in my present trouble, do thou rescue, deliver, and bless me. I thank thee for all thy undeserved mercies, I praise thee for all I enjoy, and beseech thee to give me silence, contentment, and much grace.

The Lord has graciously granted me a revival in my own soul, and has given me what I have much longed for, even *a greater love to the Bible.* I do trust that the Lord will bring me from every human system, and teach me himself alone, and from the Bible only. I find there are many portions of it, which I have too much overlooked and neglected. Never was my soul more desirous of being like an empty vessel before the Lord, than now. I would be nothing. I would lie low to be taught of God. I earnestly long, and constantly pray, that the Lord would be my teacher; preserving me from error, and enabling me to receive and embrace his truth, cost me what it may. Blessed be the holy name of my God, that his work goes on among us, and sinners are called by his grace; my heart rejoices to see so many young people apparently under divine teaching. O may they all seek, and find, the Lord Jesus to be their precious, powerful, and loving Saviour! I am exposed to much persecution from professors of religion, O Lord, add unto me many more spiritual children; and preserve me from withering gifts, decaying graces, and deceitful men.

Satan appears to be greatly enraged against me, and some professors appear to be ripe for any thing. That enemy does indeed appear to have filled their hearts. But my witness is in heaven, and my record is

on high. Alas! alas! the precepts, warnings, and invitations of God's word, seem to be almost invariably despised by them. O may my God and Saviour, fill me with his Spirit, that I may be meek and lowly of heart. *O to consider him*, who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, that I may not grow weary, or faint in my mind! O how sad it is, to see men pretending to know more than others, and being over nice in reference to doctrinal sentiments, who are so careless, indifferent, and unscriptural in their conduct! Lord, enable me to discharge my conscience, by preaching *the whole truth*, though I know there are some among my people who do not like a part. Lord, make me humble, watchful, and patient; and keep me faithful, useful, and persevering. Enable me to believe thy promises, and leave all my foes in thy hands for management and correction,—may I profit by their conduct, and thy church be a gainer by all I suffer.

Still in the furnace, but the flames have not consumed me. My path is rough, my foes are many, and my passions are strong. I often wonder why I am so tried, but sometimes I look at my usefulness, and my proneness to be proud; at my sins, and the holiness of my Saviour's nature; at the low state of things in the churches, and the power that Satan possesses; and then I am not *so much* surprised. Still I am far from be-

ing reconciled to such a state of things, and there is no end to the thoughts that pass through my mind. I am often so distressed that I cannot sleep, read, study, converse, write, or even enjoy my food. Alas! what does sin do. How are believers and ministers of Christ tried! When I look back, I see such a want of conformity to the perceptive will of God, in my heart and conduct, that I am cast down and dispirited. O that I was free from sin! O that I was wholly sanctified to God! O that I could rest on God's word, care, and kindness! But, alas! I reason, fear, forebode, and in a variety of ways dishonour God. At this moment, I have a burdened heart, I must pray to be relieved, for my painful feelings urge me to cry to God. For this I must value them, though they are distressing, for I had rather bear them all than be prayerless, and indifferent as I am at some times. O that I was just what I should be! I want to be humble, resigned, and useful. Oh, *to be useful*, it is this I want, for this I pray! To be useless in God's church, and in a world like this, the few days allotted me on earth, appear to me to be dreadful. O Lord, use me, and if in order to this I must be tried, then try me, even to the quick, only give patience, fortitude, and a sense of thy love.

My enemies now took to writing and printing tracts against me, to endeavour to

injure me, and one large placard full of misrepresentations was printed, but the Lord interfered and prevented its circulation. But none of these things affected my congregation, for the chapel was full; nor my usefulness, for souls were being continually brought to God. My daily cry was, "Lord, teach me *how* to preach to sinners, that they may be brought to believe!" On this subject I often feel perplexed, and I must condemn myself, that I feel so little for them. Thou knowest, O my God, that I would preach just as the holy apostles did, keeping back nothing, however offensive, nor introducing ought that is wrong, however pleasing. I do from my heart desire to be a scriptural, holy, and useful preacher. O that I was more *like* Jesus! I want to manifest the Spirit of Christ, and to act just as I think my dear Lord would act, if he was in my circumstances. I would not be revenged on my enemies, or indulge in any wrong feeling toward them, but I would be CHRISTLIKE.

I am at this time visited with a deep and painful sense of my own poverty, and my spirit sinks under the discovery I have of the meanness of my gifts, the smallness of my grace, the greatness of my sin, and the little I do for God's glory. O how I long for more vital active religion in my soul! I want to enjoy fellowship with God, as my friend, to walk in the light of his counten-

ance, and to feel *his* divine power working within me. The Lord hath given me some sweet glimpses, and comfortable manifestations of himself, but I want to taste and enjoy more and more. O to be like Jesus, to live, speak, and act only for him. I feel that I shall never be happy until this is the case. Lord, forbid that I should!

I have felt so very weary of being at a distance from my God, that I am now willing to be, or to do any thing in order to enjoy his presence and his love. But Jesus must be all. It must be what Jesus *is*, and not what Jesus *gives*. Jesus, and not comforts. I want to receive all as immediately from God, and especially to receive *truth* as from God; because I conceive that when truth comes from God, and is attended with his light and power, it has a sanctifying effect. It convinces me more and more of my want of internal and external conformity to the will of God. It produces self-loathing, self-abhorrence, and self-surrender to the Lord, to be his, to work in, and to work by. It lays the soul low before God, in humility, and leads me to justify God, to condemn self, to reverence his written word, cautiously to walk in his ways; and to pity, pray for, and love others, rather than condemn, despise, or look above them. It generates a fear of God—a fear of misunderstanding him, when he speaks in his *written* word, of dishonouring him in heart

or life, and a fear lest he should leave us to ourselves, to Satan, our enemies, or our friends. It meekens the spirit, so that it bows to Jehovah's sovereign will, and produces a satisfaction with what pleases God. What comes from God, sometimes seems to stir up the evil principles that are in our nature, it opposes and condemns all sin within us, and sets us a mark for Satan's arrows—for against such favoured individuals, he will level all his artillery, and endeavour by fraud or force to lead them astray. What comes from God in a way of grace, does in a word, make us humble, prayerful, thankful, diligent, loving, believing, and zealous for our God.

Another trial, my son Charles is taken from me, after a long and very painful affliction; but it is not all trial, for the Lord hath revived my soul, and blessed the preaching of his word. The congregation is very large, indeed the place is literally crammed on Lord's day evenings, a spirit of prayer for the conversion of souls is kept up within me, and I believe that the good, kind, and gracious Lord, does, and will, work by me. O for gratitude, humility, love! My soul is frequently bowed down, and I am at times tempted to despond, for I find upon examination, that I am as fond of myself as ever, only not in the same form. Now it is religious self, diligent self, zealous self, preaching self, and useful self. Self

in one or more of these forms, is often very pleasant in my eyes, then I get the rod, and my soul sinks down in gloom. Eternity, and the things of it, have appeared to me in a very awful light of late. O that I may so review them, as to correct that levity of my disposition, and the forgetfulness of my mind, for these are evils under which I often groan.

On my thirty-first birth-day. My birth-day. A day of mercy, a day which calls for gratitude, humiliation, and self abasement. Thirty-one years ago to day, I was born; and seven years ago to-day, I began to preach the gospel. Blessed be God, that I ever knew the gospel, and especially that I ever preached it. Many souls have been given me for my hire, and I trust many more will. Never did I feel more deeply the value and importance of the salvation of sinners, never did I more ardently long for the conversion of souls. The Lord has blessed me much in this way of late, and many have come forward to testify, that the Lord hath called them to the knowledge of himself through my instrumentality. What shall I render unto the Lord for such great mercies! Still I fear trials are not far off, I cannot help anticipating them, and I dread church troubles, above all other external troubles; for in them there is so much sin committed, the gospel is so much dishonoured, and the Spirit of God, who is a Spirit of

love and peace, is so grieved. Lord, preserve me from sin, and then lay on me what thou wilt. I feel this morning, willing to be, to do, and to suffer, just what the Lord pleases, so that I may be kept from sin.

I now come to a very important point in my history as a preacher of the gospel. Often had the conviction flashed across my mind, *that I did not deliver the message of the gospel to every creature, as Christ had commanded me.* This led me to search the Scriptures on the point more carefully, and to examine my own heart, as in the sight of God. I well knew that a change on this point, would bring me into great trouble, and sever me from all my early connections and associations. It was a long, a severe, a desperate struggle which I had, but being once convinced, I determined to obey God, rather than man, cost me what it may. As in the presence of God, and for my own use alone, at that time I wrote—

I have lately been led, I trust by the Lord, to see differently to what I have done, in reference to addressing sinners. I have hitherto confined myself to warning them, and setting before them the way of escape from the wrath to come. But it does now appear to me, to be scriptural, to expostulate with them, to invite them to Jesus, and to call upon them to repent and believe the gospel. My views of human weakness and wickedness, remain just the same as before;

but what Jesus practised, and the apostles did, must be right, and I am convinced now, that they thus addressed sinners, *I mean unconverted sinners.* I expect that the proclamation of these sentiments will involve me in many difficulties and troubles; I expect to find friends turn foes; and the weight of the cross, for a time, greatly to increase. But I hope I value the truth, and pleasing God, more than any thing beside. O with what weight does that text rest upon my mind, "Being allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, so we speak; not as pleasing man, but God, who trieth our hearts." 1. Thess. ii. 4. The Lord make me more scriptural, honest, humble, and useful: and enable me at whatever cost, to discharge my conscience, and preach the whole counsel of God. I have already suffered much from Hyper-calvanists, and now I expect I shall suffer more; may the Lord give me courage, fortitude, patience, perseverance, and love, for all these I do, and shall want. If I know my own heart, my aim is pure, the fear of God is before me, and to glorify God, and save sinners, is the ruling desire of my soul. I have long prayed, and do still pray, to be led into the truth, the whole truth; the system I was led to embrace when young, has kept me in the dark in reference to this subject hitherto. But, I cannot satisfactorily explain the passages of Scripture which refer to this subject,

nor have I ever met with any Hyper-calvinist, who can; neither can I preach from them, and now I feel sure, that system must be wrong, which will not allow a man to walk in the steps of the apostles, or preach as Jesus preached. Lord, keep me from error, darkness, and every sin!

My soul has been much exercised of late, and my experience has been very gloomy, for I have been accused very unjustly, and slandered by professors of religion. I do find the seeds of sin ever within me, but I am unconscious that any sin is indulged by me. The Lord is witness, that my heart's desire and prayer is, that all sin may be mortified by me, and that true holiness may rule within me. I have had deep searchings of heart, and if I dared I should let go my confidence: My soul is much distressed, for I do want to be holy, consistent, and elevated to the Lord's praise; and I do feel willing to be or to do just what the Lord pleases, so that I may but be useful, and glorify him. The language of my soul this morning is, "Come, and let me be joined to the Lord, in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten."

O Lord, I do this day, afresh surrender myself, and all that I have to thee, I will be for thee, and not for another. Give me faith to believe that this enactment is ratified in heaven, and will appear as my record on high. To all this I heartily agree, and fer-

vently and solemnly desire to live up to this covenant, as I believe it to be in accordance with thy covenant, made in Christ for the welfare of my soul. May I never presume, because I am *thus* thine; nor despond since I have *thus* given myself up to thee; but may I live as on the borders of eternity, in the full prospect of death and judgment. May I never be allowed to think any thing hard, which I undertake for thee or thy people, nor that any thing is either too good or too great for me which thou hast promised. May this covenant be to me "a covering of the eyes," when in the world, the family, or thy church, never allow me to step but at thy bidding and in thy way.

And now, my gracious God, and loving Master, give, O give me a spirit of humility, watchfulness, forbearance, patience, perseverance, caution, love, zeal, and disinterestedness; that I may, as I heartily desire, live alone for thy glory. O bring down, and keep down, proud, depraved, carnal self; and set up in my soul and affections, the Lord Jesus. O Holy Spirit—glorious Saviour—eternal Father—and ye angels of my God, who now surround me, witness *for* me, witness *with* me, and witness *to* me, that I am the Lord's, in life, in death, and for ever. Signed on the twenty-first day of November, 1833, and several times since.

The Lord is still very good to me, but I *am very* dissatisfied with myself, and with

all that is mine. I have been favoured with a prayerful spirit, and some measure of nearness to God of late, for which I bless the Lord; but I want to get nearer still. When I reflect, it appears to me that I should be always at prayer, but it is difficult to reduce the most excellent conclusions to practice. There is nothing that I can fix the eye of my mind upon, but calls aloud for prayerfulness—the joys of heaven or the pains of hell—the kindness of friends, or the opposition of foes—joyful prospects, or painful disappointments—the church, or the world—Satan, or sin—holiness, or corruption—relations, or strangers—past, or present—at home, or abroad—all show me the importance of much prayer, and furnish materials for it, O for wisdom to use the materials, that are always at hand, that I may "pray without ceasing!"

How striking are the apostle's words, "Walk in wisdom toward them which are without, redeeming the time." I feel deeply impressed, convinced, and condemned by them; but for the atonement, how wretched I must be, when I compare myself with the precepts of God's holy gospel. I fly to my Redeemer's precious blood for comfort, but not to sanction my sin. God forbid! What a dreadful state I was in once, without God—without hope—without Christ—and without the church—in this fearful case are thousands all around me.

In the church things got worse and worse for a party set all order at defiance, and having lost all sense of propriety, were determined to stick by the place for the sake of the endowments. The aisles of the chapel were full, even on Lord's day mornings, and souls were still converted. The church had increased, nearly seven-fold in the seven years; a majority of three fourths of the members could be obtained, and yet such was the turbulent, despotic, and violent spirit displayed by a few, that to maintain peace and order was impossible. No one can tell what I endured; at length I felt my nerves were shaken, my health began to be affected, and I determined; let the consequences be what they might, I would resign my connection with the church. I did so, and preached my farewell sermon to a crowd which filled not only the chapel, but the greater part of the grave-yard, from John xiv. 31. "*Arise, let us go hence.*"

For the next three months I preached at Clarence Gallery, to crowded congregations, and a good number were converted there. Our friends bought a freehold riding school in Regent Street, now called the Town Hall, and fitted it up to seat about six hundred people, which was opened on Jan. 1, 1836, and was soon crowded. Here I formed a church of one hundred and eleven members; but as we renounced strict communion, and decided to admit to the Lord's

table, all who gave evidence that they were the Lord's people, of course our strict communion friends could not unite with us; these, with others who were attached to the old place, thinned our numbers, but still we had enough left to make a good beginning. I took for my new year's motto, "*God is faithful*," and I have always proved him so.

A tide of prosperity now set in, for the Lord smiled upon us, and "the people had a mind to work." Yet I still had my trials, and in June I wrote.—In reviewing the past five months, I see enough to fill me with gratitude, joy, and love. A church has been formed, 26 persons have been baptized, we have 160 members in communion, the chapel is full, often crowded, and hitherto the debt has been no difficulty. I have met with four who were converted while we were at the gallery, and the Lord is carrying on his work even now. But, Oh! what a wretched creature I am. I fancied not long since, that there was an amendment, even in my old nature, but again I have been mistaken. O I am vile: I have still trials, painful and distressing trials! I feel my soul is at a distance from God in private, though I often feel very near to him in public. I am humbled, delighted, thankful, and mourn most sincerely often in public, but when I come before God in private I seem like another man.

About three months after, I wrote,—The Lord has, I trust, poured out upon me a spirit of prayer, and I have been wrestling with him for his blessing. I was very earnest in pleading for some peculiar comfort, but while pleading, I fancied the question was proposed to me, "Which would you rather, peculiar comforts for yourself, or that some sinners should be converted under your ministry?" O, with all my heart, I said, that souls should be converted. The cause goes on well at present, but my foreboding heart sometimes says, "Too well to continue so." But, the Lord forbid, that any thing should arise to disturb our peace or distress our souls. I am still very dissatisfied with myself, I am so far below what I should be in spirituality and nearness to God. O that I was holy! O that I could but live near to the Lord!

Mercy still reigns, and blessings surround me. I have trials from many quarters, but I trust they are sanctified, and I am preserved. I am enabled to be active in the Lord's vineyard, and he condescends to bless my feeble efforts. The church continues in peace, and increases, and the congregation is large and attentive.

1838. Twelve months have rolled away since I wrote a line in my diary, but not a day has passed without my God writing. O take me and use me, as thy servant, to *thy glory!* See, Lord, with all my heart

and soul, I give myself to thee: help me in future, evermore to view myself as thy covenant servant, to be, to do, and to suffer thy will. My cause is thy cause, and thy cause mine. Help me to leave mine entirely with thee, and to cleave to thine while I live. I dare not append my condition, not that I am unwilling to obey, for my heart's desire is to be obedient to thee in all things; but knowing the weakness and wickedness of my nature, the power of temptation, and the many alluring snares that will be used against me, *I fear*. But, I take thee, the heart-searching God, to witness, and the Lord Jesus Christ, before whom I must appear to be judged, and by whom perhaps this document may be cited, that I do give myself entirely away to thee, and pray thee to use me as thou wilt, and take to thyself all the glory of all I do. Help me to look to thee for all I want, and believing that as a covenant God, thou wilt grant it, I confidently expect to receive it. Give me grace to commit all to thee, and leave all cares with thee. Keep down the pride of my nature, and the numerous corruptions of my heart, and grant me grace that I may show more than ever whose servant I am, and for what I am employed. O my Lord and my Master, do give me a greater measure of grace, and the fulness of the Holy Ghost, that I may walk in love, live in peace, abhor covetousness, be the

means of the conversion of many sinners, and of edifying the body of Christ.

We have enlarged the chapel to hold 1,200 persons, and it is filled, sinners are converted, and the church enjoys peace and increase. All glory to free grace! My soul is thirsting for God; for richer displays of his grace, for a deeper experience of his love. I am surrounded with mercies, and have calls on every hand, to work for my beloved Master, whose service is my delight. I preach and print constantly, hoping to do good by both. I still ardently long, and earnestly pray, to be made a useful and devoted minister, a holy and exemplary Christian. My God is daily manifesting his goodness to me, and never was I surrounded with more mercies than now. Still I have my trials, and my depraved nature kicks against the cross as much as ever. My corruptions are very powerful, and my soul is at times much cast down on account of the same. But grace reigns, and God is mine: but I want to feel daily a spirit of wrestling prayer, and then to expect to receive the very blessings I ask of God, in the name of his beloved Son.

My birth-day. How many mercies does this day bring to my remembrance? I am now thirty-six years of age. Who can number my sins? Yet I have reason to *believe that* they are all forgiven Twelve

years ago, this day, I began to preach the gospel, and since then have preached more than 3,000 sermons. I have passed through many trials, but am now more comfortably settled, than ever I was before. I have a church of near 250 members, a congregation of at least 1,200 persons, and enjoy good health to preach to them. I have a family of six children, besides three in heaven. I hope those on earth are designed to glorify my God and Saviour. I often have much enjoyment in preaching the word, and some success attends my labours; but I want to see sinners flock in crowds to the Saviour, to see the Spirit poured out as on the day of Pentecost. O that God would speak! That he would put forth his power with the word, and cause the dead to hear. My motto this year is, "*I am* JEHOVAH, *I change not*," and I prove the truth of it. My God has never changed, and he never will. I do again, this day, solemnly give myself up to the Lord, to be his child—his servant: "teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God." I consecrate all my powers, talents, and opportunities to thy service. I wish to be employed for thy glory, to be devoted entirely to thy praise, O Holy Spirit, fill my body, soul, and spirit, with thy presence, influence, and grace; enable me to glorify Jesus, and to adorn the doctrines of the gospel always, and in all things; and to approve myself

unto God, as one that needeth not to be ashamed. O to be holy, useful, and spiritual! Lord, I am thine, use me, honour me, and fill me full of joy with thy countenance. Keep me humble, prayerful, watchful, and diligent; and to the Father, Son, and Spirit, will I ascribe all the praise.

FEB. 1839. Hitherto, the present year has been a happy one. My motto is, '*My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.*" The New Year's prayer-meeting was very large, and many are coming forward to join the church, who have been called by grace in Salem. It bids fair to be the birth-place of many souls. The Lord grant that it may be so. I have much encouragement, and if I had but more personal religion, which is made up of power, purity, and peace, I should want for nothing.

JUNE. My soul has been the subject of many deep and trying exercises. My personal religion is not so deep, pervading, and transforming as it should be. My corruptions appear stronger than ever, so that I am sometimes tempted to doubt, that after all, the work in me is but superficial. I do not feel that power, pleasure, and satisfaction in prayer which I wish. I enjoy preaching, and the word is made a blessing: we have peace and prosperity in the church; but I want to be heavenly-minded, and to *live in* the presence, and under the constant

influence of God. Real religion appears to spread, but I fear that the waters are but shallow, for I can see but little of *the power of godliness*. So much self, so much carnality, so much cleaving to the world; yet, I dare not condemn others, for I feel it very deeply in myself; but I do, I must, I will condemn myself for it. The dealings of God with me, have been marvellous, and I ought to be entirely, a[illegible] always devoted to him. From this day [illegible] propose to pray especially for five th[illegible]s. 1. That the Lord will entirely rem[illegible] the debt from the chapel. 2. That the [illegible]er of God may attend the word preac[illegible] in a more eminent degree than heretofore, that sinners may be savingly converted, believers edified, and the place be crowded with hearers. 3. That every one of my children may be called by grace, and that soon, 4. That I may enjoy much more of the power of religion, especially in fellowship and communion with God. 5. That a divine influence may spread through the whole church over which I preside, producing love, zeal, humility, faith, and wrestling prayer. O Jesus! thou hast said, "Whatsoever ye ask *in my name*, ye shall receive;" help me so to ask, that I may receive!

My birth-day, an introduction to ten thousand mercies. O what a debtor to *grace I am!* Kept through 37 years, 13 of *which have* been employed in preaching

Christ. My church increases, my congregation keeps up, and the debt on the chapel is melting away. We have now removed the debt from the galleries, and reduced the original debt to £500, having paid off £2,200, in four years, without my going out with the case. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name! I will sing of mercy and of judgment, unto thee, O Lord, will I sing. O to be entirely and for ever the Lord's!

1840. Near twelve months have passed since I made an entry in my book. A year of great mercy, and of some usefulness. The good work never appeared to go on with us, as it has this year. I have added 9 members to the church in ten months many of them the children which the Lord hath graciously given me. We are now holding special services for a week, for the third time; they appear to be made a blessing and will, I hope, do good. The chapel is filled, and we have peace and union. My own soul is alive to divine things, I think seldom more so, My yearly motto is, "*He will yet deliver*;" I have proved it true, and believe I ever shall. I have had several direct answers to prayer of late.

Nov. 19. My thirty-eighth birth-day for fourteen years I have been preaching the gospel. I love my Master and his work never more so. I feel happy in it, and the *Lord makes me* useful. Christ is precious

to me. I only want to know mor of him, to exercise faith in him, and to gl rify him more than I have ever done. Ou special services were a special blessing. Many prayers were offered, suitable, scriptural, fervent payers, and our God, is the God that answereth prayer. I am now saying with the Psalmist, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from HIM." I want a simple, dir teady faith always in exercise o omises of God. No one can have g on to believe than I have. The done great things for me, whe glad. Goodness and mercy h ed me all my days, and the mercy of my God is *to* everlasting, as well as *from* everlasting, He will never fail me nor forsake me. I believe his word, only I want to feel more of the realizing power of faith. My God, draw me nearer to thyself, and keep me as near as any creature is permitted to be in this vale of tears. I want to be *near* and *like* my God. To exhibit his moral excellencies in my conduct, and daily to preach his free and glorious grace. I would breathe no spirit but His, seek to please no one but Him, aim to exalt no one but Him. O to feel and manifest "*I live, yet not I; but Christ liveth in me.*" O to be able to cry, "TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST!"

1841. Another merciful New-Year's day, a large company came to the prayer meet-

ing. My motto is, "*The Lord is thy keeper.*" What a mercy to begin the year with such a keeper! Who can tell what lies before me? The times appear portentous. Every day calls for faith, prayer, and activity. May I be prepared for every trial, and for every duty. May I be drawn near to God, and be kept near to God, O to live in sweet fellowship with the Father of mercies! O to be more useful this year, than any preceding one. I long to be instrumental in bringing sinners to repentance, and in glorifying my gracious God.

APRIL. For some time I have been much depressed, the changeableness of professors, and the little life I feel in private prayer, are the principal causes. How many are ready to run after something new, and to embrace error—may the Lord be my keeper. I think if I did but enjoy a spirit of fervent, constant, wrestling prayer, I could endure any thing; but a comparatively prayerless frame of mind, betokens an unhealthy state of soul—and it appears to gnaw upon me. O for Jacob's spirit! O for Paul's perseverance! O to be like Jesus! To this my heart adds aloud, AMEN. But I am too apt to be satisfied with unproductive wishes, with unfruitful desires. I urge others to walk *closely* with God, and live at a distance myself. I exhort others to *abide* at the throne of grace, but only visit it occasionally myself: and yet, I suppose I never

spend a waking hour without sending forth a sigh, a groan, or a short petition: but I want to take delight in approaching to God. I want to *feel* that God is my Father, and to plead with him in confidence, for all that he has promised. I often fear that my ministry will become barren and unfruitful, and wonder that it has not done so before. I am sure that there is an intimate connexion between the closet and the pulpit, therefore if I was more alive with God in secret, I should be more profitable to the Lord's people, and more useful to sinners, in public. O that my God would thoroughly sanctify me, filling me with the Holy Spirit and with power! May the prayers of the Lord's people be answered for me, and may my poor petitions be answered for them.

Being constantly engaged in preaching the word, writing for the press, and carrying on rather an extensive correspondence, I made but few entries in my diary, during my ministry at Salem. Trouble generally drove me to my knees, and my desk. A variety of things now united to unsettle me again, and right or wrong, I decided to remove. The last two entries while at C—, I insert.

Nov. 9. For some time, my mind has been in a very unsettled state, and I begin to fancy that my work in Salem is almost done. The place is full, some souls are still

called by grace, yet I think I may be more useful elsewhere. Having received an invitation from the church at New Park Street, London, after much prayer and searching of heart, I have this night resigned my office as pastor of the church in Salem. This is a painful crisis in my history—I feel it—I feel it deeply—but I trust I am acting in accordance with the will of God. I have carefully observed the Lord's hand. I have endeavoured to ascertain what is the will of God. I trust I am aiming at his glory. If the Lord take me to Park Street, I hope to be more devoted to him, to be more diligent in his service, more useful to his people, and a greater blessing to sinners. I have been used to gather in many at Cheltenham, and I trust that he will send a holy devoted man to feed them. Lord, I commit myself, and all my concerns to thee, direct all for thy glory and my good.

Nov. 19. My birth-day. I am now thirty-nine years of age, I have decided to leave C—, my labours here close with the present year. It is a mysterious providence, but I believe it is of the Lord. I trust he will be greatly glorified thereby. The poor church here is in mourning, and for many of the flock I feel deeply. May I be more useful, and more holy in London, than I have been here. My concern now is that the church shall have a suitable pastor, and I *am doing* all I can to obtain them one.

The tears of the saints touch me to the quick, especially of those who are my own children in the faith. But I am the Lord's, he has a right to use me as he will. He shall guide me with his counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. How little I expected this change on my last birth-day, and who can tell what changes will take place before another? Perhaps my last great change! O [illegible] *ite ready.*

1842. APRIL 1 [illegible] eft C—, and came to reside in [illegible] nd the church in a very low st[illegible] congregation very small. I t[illegible] brought me here. Many mor[illegible] ord, and the people profess to [illegible] are impressed, but the place does not fill as Salem did. O for a revival! My path has been outwardly prosperous, but inwardly painful. I never was tried with a small congregation before, but I am now. Lord, how long! When I look back, a thousand things grieve and pain me, but nothing more than the want of *sincerity* among some of my former flock. When I look around me, I see a beautiful chapel, a dense population, but no spirit of hearing. When I look within, I see more and more of the depravity of my own heart, and the filthiness of my polluted nature. At times, I feel depressed and sorrowful, yet I have some bright gleams, some sweet enjoyments, and at times I rise above all *that is painful* within and without me.

When I look forward there appears to be a *mist* before my eyes, and I cannot see my way. The people are greatly encouraged, but I often feel perplexed, I will therefore wait upon my God.

AUGUST 8. I have been passing through a series of trials, which I trust the Lord will sanctify to my soul's good. I have had domestic affliction, and through incessant preaching, my throat has become disordered. Yet in the midst of all, I have many mercies, the place is filling fast, some are converted to God, and we are adding to the church. I baptized my eldest son, on the day he was seventeen years of age, and yesterday he was received into the church. It was a solemn, and I trust, a profitable day. The Lord has tried me, may I now come forth as gold. I have reason to believe that my two next oldest sons are seeking the Lord, this I esteem an unspeakable mercy. I have often *felt*, that the Lord would hear my fervent importunate prayers for my family; and yet fear would arise, so that I could not feel confident.

OCT. I have been suffering much from the affection in my throat, and once feared I should be quite laid aside. For days the words of the Psalmist followed me, "*I am like a broken vessel*;" and I was deeply depressed, fearing that the Lord might throw me on one side, as he had others. I knew *he could do* without me, and that he would

be justified in refusing to use such a creature as I am. But I am now better, though I feel it necessary to confine myself principally to house duties. The Lord still blesses my labours, and the church and congregation continue to increase. But when I take a view of the depravity of my heart, and my guilty neglect of private duties, I wonder that he can bless me at all.

Nov. 19. My fortieth birth-day. If I look back, what mercies have followed me! If I look around, what mercies surround me! If I look forward, I believe that mercies as great, or even greater, are in reserve for me. To-morrow, being the Lord's day, I intend to commemorate the Lord's goodness to me, by preaching from, Deut. viii. 2: and I trust that I shall be privileged to profit the Lord's people, while I bear witness to his faithfulness and love. Surely no one could have borne with me, who had a thorough knowledge of me, but my God! His long-suffering, like his nature, appears to be infinite. He is slow to anger, plenteous in mercy, and that mercy endureth for ever. May my future life, correspond more with the example of my blessed Saviour, and may my usefulness abound yet more and more. In the church we are at peace, and the affection of the people appears to increase. I hope their spirituality grows also. The good work goes on, though not so rapidly as I could wish. But if God is with us, if

we simply aim to please him, he will bless us and crown us with success. Time flies fast, eternity approaches, and the night when no man can work will soon be here! O to work while it is called to-day! May I work by a scriptural rule, from a holy motive, to a worthy end; and then I must be blessed in my deed, and so find a reward in my work. O Lord, again I lay myself at thy footstool, again I say from my inmost soul use me to thy glory and praise!

FEB. 1843. During the past year, sixty-six members were added to the church, and the congregation increased three-fold. The Lord's people say they are much profited and they appear to be much attached to my person and ministry. The prayer-meeting is crowded, and some souls are converted. But I want to see greater things, I am by no means satisfied. The affection in my throat continues, though it is better. My New Year's text and motto is, "*The Lord will give grace.*" Ps. lxxxiv. 11. He has given me grace hitherto, and his promise still stands good. Grace includes all I really want, and all that I ought to desire.

FEB. 28. Twenty-four years ago to-day I believe the Lord began a good work in my heart, and hitherto he has carried it on. This day, I believe I am the Lord's entirely —eternally his. How wonderful have been his dealings with me. Then I was a poor, fatherless, almost friendless lad, ex

posed to privations, and powerful temptations. But the Lord tried me, taught me, and sent me to preach his word; and he has blessed my labours to the conversion of many souls, and is still blessing them. I have been used to revive one church, to entirely raise another, which is at this day large and respectable, and I am now being used to revive and enlarge a third.

MARCH. This day my convictions of sin are deep, and my discovery of my follies painful. It is in reference to prayer and watchfulness, that I principally fail. I have not yet learned thoroughly to govern my feelings and my tongue; therefore I suffer, for I would not dishonour God, injure the cause, or mar my usefulness, for the world.

How much I require to humble me, empty me, and keep me in my proper place! How often do I perceive that but for the Lord's keeping, I should be undone! I cannot be trusted for one moment, nor upon one subject. I see it, I feel it, I confess it before God; and yet if others were to say so of me or to me, how would my pride be hurt! What a mercy have I found the throne of grace, yesterday, and to-day! I know not when I visited it so often. O that I was as powerfully drawn to it by love, as I am driven to it by trouble, and fear! I think I feel more like a child as to wisdom, prudence, strength, and courage, than I ever did, for I seem to have none. O that I felt

as much like a child, in reference to confidence, dependence, and love to my heavenly Father! O that I was but thoroughly holy, truly wise, really prudent; and then I think I should be happy, and make others happy!

APRIL. I have of late enjoyed much in preaching the word, but I cannot engage in this delighful work so often as I wish, on account of the affection of my throat. This is a cross, a very painful cross; but I believe it to be the Lord's cross, and desire to bear it, after Jesus. Nothing touches me in so tender a place, as that which would hinder me from preaching the Lord's word. I do love to speak of Jesus, to lift him up, to extol him, and to endear him to his people. May I never be laid aside from my beloved work, until I am laid in my grave. The Lord is now blessing his word, both to sinners and saints, and on some backsliders he is exerting his power. O to see a glorious work! I feel more ready to yield myself passively to God, to lie at his feet, to acquiesce in his will, and to be entirely at his disposal. But I daily feel, and manifest the sin that dwelleth in me. I have had a good time while preaching from Luke xii. 32. How clearly I saw the privilege of the sheep of Jesus, and yet no sooner do troubles come, than I feel and act as though I saw them not. I ought not to be anxious. *I should not fear.* My God has given me

the kingdom. Jesus is my kind, careful, and constant Shepherd. Can I want? If God has given me the kingdom, and has given me into the hand of his dear Son, will he withhold any good thing from me? Impossible. Why then am I anxious, or fearful? Simply, because I do not believe.

"Nov. 19. This day I pass another milestone on my way to heaven. I read on it, FORTY-ONE. But it does not tell me how many more I have to pass: but I see written on it the monitory words, "BE READY." May I be ready to do and suffer all the will of God, and then be ready to go home with a light heart, a quick step, and a cheerful countenance. The Lord is working; seven, who profess to be called under my ministry, are joining the church, and many more appear to be under a gracious work. O to see the arm of the Lord made bare, and multitudes flock to the Redeemer's standard! I do pant and pray to be made useful. Surely the Lord will hear my prayers, as he has done in times past. I have been speaking from Josh. xvii. 14. "*Forasmuch as the Lord hath blessed me hitherto.*" I have received the past, the Lord blessed me before I was, for he blessed me in Jesus before the foundation of the world. He blessed me when I was his foe, and he has blessed me ever since I was reconciled unto him. I have also borne my personal testimony, the Lord hath blessed me notwithstanding my for-

getfulness of him, my weakness, ingratitude, rebellion, lukewarmness, and folly. I should therefore, gratefully acknowledge the blessings bestowed on me for forty and one years: I should prayerfully ask for more: I should hopefully expect what is promised; and I should be faithful, believing what he has said, and doing what he has commanded.

JAN. 2, 1844. In ended the last year by baptizing sixteen believers, the last of whom was my son Joseph. The place was thronged. The subject was, "*Who then is willing to consecrate his services this day unto the Lord?*" The season was very solemn and impressive, and I hope that much good was done. My New-year's motto is, "*Father, glorify thy name.*" John xii. 21. I hope it will be my prayer every day of my future life. Last evening I sat down at the Lord's table, with about 1800 of the Lord's people in Surrey Chapel, members of different denominations, the Lord was there, and it was a solemn and profitable time. I have been looking over what additions I have been the means of making to the church of Christ, and I find that I have no perfect list of all I added to the church in Bethel, yet I baptized about 253. In Salem I added 474. In Park Street I have added 110, in two years: so that I have not laboured in vain nor spent my strength for nought.

Jan. 19. Another birth-day. Still in the

land of the living. Still in good health. Still in the church of Christ. Still in the ministry of the gospel. Still useful both to sinners and to saints. My success in London this year is greater than in either of the past. Still I am tried, and have much to depress my spirits; but what Christian, especially what Christian parent; particularly if that parent is a gospel minister, has not? Yet it comforts me, that my concern for souls is as strong, if not stronger than ever, and my preaching and books are made a blessing; I often hear of this. Still, my heart cries out, as heretofore, "*Greater things—greater things than these.*" I have really a multitude of mercies, but I often find that one trial embitters them all. But I seldom have *but one trial*, for they generally come in troops. Still mercy sweetens trial, and together they work for my good. I am surrounded by a great many young people, very hopeful characters; this encourages me, and I continue to plead with God for many of them by name; and I preach to them monthly. O to have many of them given unto me as my joy, and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord!

JAN. 1845. The last year went out under a cloud, arising from domestic affliction, and other circumstances of a painful nature: still there was a bow in the cloud, for on the last Lord's day, I baptized 15,

one of whom was my son William, so that, now, three of my sons are in the church. May the Lord make them blessings. My New Year's motto is, "*I will look unto the Lord.*" Micah vii. 7. May I be enabled to carry out this purpose through the year? It is sure to be a year of trial, may it also be a year of mercy. I added 67 members to the church last year, may they all wear well, honour their profession, and be useful in the world. I have received information of my books being made a blessing in Scotland and other places, and have published several new tracts and small works during the past year. May the Lord make what I write a blessing, when my lips are silent in death.

Nov. 19. My forty-third birth-day. A day crowned with many mercies. The Lord is still my strength and my song. Since I last wrote the Lord has favoured me with a revival in the church, and his work is still going on. My son James is under training for the ministry; William speaks of Jesus occasionally, and I have dismissed Joseph to assist in forming a new church at High-Wycombe, where he is very active. So that as far as my family is concerned, all is going on well at present. But the state of my health and other circumstances had led me early in the year to think of a removal, but at present, it must be left *wholly with* the Lord.

Nov. 19, 1846. For twelve months I have not written a line in my book. How swiftly time flies! But I have written two books for the press, and have begun a third. The Lord blesses my publications, and they circulate by thousands. I frequently hear of their usefulness, which encourages me to go on. We have had many converted to God under the preaching of the word, and the church now numbers 450. To God alone be all the praise! My soul is not in that state of entire devotedness to God which I could wish. I want to feel and act always, as entirely and altogether the Lord's. The worst sign is a backwardness to fix and keep set times for special prayer in private. I do ardently desire to live and move in a devotional atmosphere. I have been unusually humbled at times with the fear of sudden death, and yet there appears to be no ground for this fear.

Nov. 19, 1847. To-day I am forty-five years of age—in good health, in comfortable circumstances—and the work of God is going on. Goodness and mercy have followed me through another year. I have been preserved from open sin, from embracing any dangerous errors, and from relaxing in my efforts to spread the truth, and bring sinners to the Saviour. The church increases, the congregation is larger than it has been since I have been in London, and my ministry is blessed to the conver-

sion of sinners, especially my monthly sermons to the young. I bless God that I ever began this practise in Salem, and that I have persevered in it until now.

FEB. 1848. I have been unwell, but am now better, I am still working for the Lord, both with tongue and pen. One work is just published, another is in the press, and a third is half written. I have one or two more in my mind, if the Lord will spare me, and allow me to bring them out. My brother William has lately been taken home. I saw him a short time before he died, and perceiving that he could not be long with us, I said, "Have you any doubts or fears?" He said, "No." "Have you any fear of death?" Again he said, "No." I added, "What a mercy it is to have a good hope now." He replied, "*Indeed it is.*" I believe he is gone safe to a better world. May I, and all mine follow him thither. My new year's motto is, "*The Lord is thy keeper.*" Ps. cxvi. 5. I wish to leave myself in his hands, and feel safe in his protection. He is my God, or I have no God. He is my hope, or I have no hope. It is my delight to praise his word, to benefit his people, and to see his enemies converted by his grace. But I do not enjoy that nearness to him, that steady confidence in him, that abiding sense of his presence and his love, which I wish.

MARCH. I have experienced some sharp

exercises of late—doubts, fears, and many painful cogitations. The fear of sudden death, has a good deal depressed me, nor could I feel quite sure, as to what would follow death. These things have driven me to prayer; but even in prayer I have not that sensible communion with God which I so ardently desire. It is as if the Lord said to me, "You have my word, believe that. Walk by faith. Give me credit. Trust ME." But I seem to be more anxious for sensible comfort than usual. I cannot realize the glory of heaven, or the desirableness of departing to be with Christ. Trials multiply without, and we live in strange times. Thrones totter. Monarchs fall. All Europe appears convulsed. Trade is in a very sad state. The poorer classes have very little employment. The churches are in a low condition. But if I could but realize the presence of God, my union to Christ, and feel perfectly satisfied with the divine arrangements, I should rejoice. But it is not so with me. I am doing a little good for my fellow-man, both with the tongue and pen. The Lord does condescend to use me, and I esteem it a great mercy that he does. I have lately been assaulted with powerful temptations even to gross sins. The Lord has in his great goodness preserved me, but I have not felt the evil of those things as I ought. Sin has not appeared as exceeding sinful. I have felt at times,

that if it were not for the consequences, I could commit it. O that I could daily weep over sin, and the dishonour I do to God, and his cause. May I never be a whited sepulchre, or hear Jesus say to me at last, "*Depart from me, for I never approved of you!*"

Blessed be God I have some peace in believing, and if ever I longed for the conversion of sinners it is now. An enemy is stirred up to try to injure me, and that enemy is a man that owes me much, in more ways than one. I have done him good, and not evil, and I would have done him more good, if he would have allowed me. Foolish man, I pity him. I pray for him. I am exceedingly sorry for his family; I fear he will bring them to absolute want. I thank God, I feel nothing toward him but pity and sorrow. Satan will be beaten. I think the Holy Spirit has been breathing on my soul this morning, and I feel a soft, sympathetic, and prayerful frame, especially for my church and congregation, particularly for the conversion of sinners. O to witness a mighty revival of religion! I long for a glorious outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the congregation and neighbourhood. But I fear I do not lie low enough at the feet of Jesus for this yet. Man must be nothing, if God is to work gloriously by him. O to be so broken down before God, to be so purified as a vessel of honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use.

APRIL. I have lately felt my spirit much softened, and have felt more like what I think a Christian should feel. My mind has been submissive, and I feel it easy to forgive a foe; though one, whom I had befriended, was trying all he could to injure me. While he was publicly speaking against me, I was privately praying for him. I did also plead with the Lord to render me useful, and to revive his work. My mind has been dwelling on the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, and this is what I desire to enjoy. That I may receive his *influences* to render me holy—his *gifts* to render me useful—his *witness* to render me happy—and his *earnest* and *sealing* to render me safe. I would sympathise with him in his *views* of Jesus—in his *love* to the saints—in his *pity* for sinners, and in his *joy* in the conversion of rebels to God. May I live under the sense of his presence, honour him in all my ministrations, and be honoured by him both in preaching and writing. I feel my absolute dependence on him more than ever, and I love to preach on his glorious operations, and tender love. May I *feel* more of his presence, realize that he is shedding abroad the love of Jesus in my heart, and proving that he is making my ministry life and power to thousands of souls.

Of late, I have suffered a good deal from temptations in the pulpit, while reading the word of God. Little do my people think

what is passing through my mind at times, when I am standing before them, in the service of the Lord: and it is well both for them and me, that they do not. The pulpit is frequently an awful place, in more senses than one; and while pulpit comforts are very sweet, pulpit temptations are at times very terrible, and are always very painful. How strange it is, that with such exercises, and such discoveries of myself, I should ever be proud. But pride is a most unreasonable thing, yea of all unreasonable things, the most unreasonable. It is often enthroned on a dunghill, and makes corruption its palace. I fear I shall never be deeply humble, and if I am not, I am sure I shall never be really happy, for it is only as I sink, that my joys arise and grow. Envy sometimes knows me, but pride almost daily misleads and beguiles me.

MAY. I find that I do not pay sufficient attention to the workings of my own heart. My nature is indeed filthy, and loves at times to reveal in mental uncleanness. I do not hate mental filthiness as I ought. My soul does not hate it, except under certain aspects. I clearly see the need of the apostolic exhortation, "Let us cleanse ourselves from *all filthiness of the flesh and spirit*, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord." O for grace, to make this my daily and hourly business! I *see* the beauty of *perfect* holiness, and in general, I ardently

desire it; but yet, at times I feel a desire *for*, and love *to*, what is filthy and defiling. That there are two natures or principles in a believer, is as clear to me, as that the sun is now shining; and that these are contrary the one to the other, so that he cannot do the things that he would. Yet, I sometimes forget this, and almost pass sentence on myself, because I feel that the old man is alive, and lively. I feel that I cannot be reconciled to it, for I want to be quite free from his opposition and annoyance: not only to enjoy rest in Christ, but rest from all sin, and sinful cogitations. If I have not the one thing needful, I know not what it is, nor how to obtain it. One thing I will do, while I can, I will warn sinners of their danger; and endeavour to lead them to the Lord Jesus Christ, for life and peace. May the Lord crown my poor imperfect efforts with his blessing.

JULY. We have had many removals of late, and not so many additions, so that I feel sad, and somewhat unsettled, for I feel as if I could not live, much less be happy, if souls are not constantly brought to God. I have spoken to the church on the subject, from Ps. lxxiv. 9. "*We see not our signs.*" After noticing God's condescension in granting signs and tokens under the former dispensation, and the design of them, I endeavoured to set forth the signs we desire to witness. As the signs of life imparted,

to those who are dead in trespasses and sins—the signs of liveliness in the saints—and the signs of a revival of religion, in the church and congregation. Observing, "we see not our signs," for few are added to the church—few are found deciding for God—few are enquiring the way to Zion—few are found properly affected with the state of the world and the church. Our prayer-meetings are not thronged. The spirit of wrestling prayer does not appear. The Lord's arm is not made bare. The language of my soul must now be, "I will wait for the Lord, who hideth himself from the house of Israel, and I will look for him." O that he would soon appear, and put forth his power with his word!

An anonymous letter has just been received, laying to my charge what is not true. It grieved me, but I think it did me good. It led me to self-examination. It made me pray. I felt that I could pray for the writer, as well as for myself. It made me thankful, for I might have been all that he said I was; yea, I certainly should have been but for the grace of God. I have been in a much more prayerful frame of mind since. I have also *seen* and *felt* that I ought to praise God more. The Lord has hitherto preserved my reputation, but for this mercy I have never been half so grateful as I ought. Suppose the tongue of slander were permitted to injure my character, my useful-

ness would be almost at an end! Who would read my books? Who would attend my ministry? What would become of my family? How much I need divine keeping! Not only to be kept from sin, but from the tongues and pens of men. May I feel more than ever my dependence upon, and my obligations to, the Lord in this respect. Perhaps Satan directed the letter I received, but the Lord sent it, and I trust he has, and will bless it to me. The writer may be a good, but a mistaken man; he may mean well, but the method he adopted, or the language he employed, can never be justified. However, I have not to do with the writer, but with what he wrote. It says to me "Watch and pray, lest you should become what he says you are. Bless God that he is mistaken, and pray for grace to keep you as far from what he charges you with as possible." We frequently need admonition, and we sometimes listen to an enemy, when we should scarcely do so to a friend. I will not admit the charge, for it is not true; but I will receive the caution, for it may do me good. I cannot cry "*Guilty, guilty!*" but I will cry, "*O keep my soul, and deliver me, for I trust in thee!*"

Occ. I think I have recently felt in my own experience, an illustration of that text, "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me." Being placed in circumstances of temptation, I

felt every now and then distinctly a fear working within me lest I should be led astray, and either dishonour the Lord's cause, or stumble any in the company. I saw clearly how it was that so many had fallen; there was not a present sense of weakness, an apprehension of danger, or a fear lest any injury should be done to the cause of God. May the good Lord ever keep his fear alive, and working in my heart. I wonder at the taste of some of the Lord's people, and how some professors can spend so much thought, time, and property, on worldly conformity. Those things will not bear reflection, but if we visit and cheer the sick, relieve the Lord's poor, or put gospel truth into circulation, we can look back and reflect with unmixed pleasure upon our conduct. Every where, and in all things, we may be instructed.

Nov. I very frequently detect myself indulging improper feelings toward persons, because thay do not see as I do, or act as I should in reference to certain subjects; and also reasoning, and protesting against certain things over which I can exert no influence. This I know to be wrong, but I do not always strive against it as I should. It makes me very uncomfortable, and if I had the opportunity of saying to others, what I say to myself, it would do mischief. The Lord be praised, that in this way, he often keeps me back from evil. The question proposed in the book of Job, may very well

be proposed to me. "*Should it* [illegible] *according to thy mind?*" Are you so wi[illegible] so prudent, of such importance, that [illegible] should be consulted, and every thing b[illegible] arranged according to your judgment an[illegible] decision? My judgment says, "No"—but [illegible] feelings and natural pride, would, if it were not for shame, say, "YES." I have just [illegible] struck anew with the fac[illegible] rd's people act improperl[illegible] her, and the matter be refe[illegible] ill correct for it; and that c[illegible] ght not to resent it. Tw[illegible] s acted very proudly, ha[illegible] properly toward a third; [illegible] was left with the Lord, and in a short time, the hand of the Lord was laid upon both who so acted. May I ever leave punishment with the Lord. Children should not quarrel and fight in the street, but should go home and tell their father, and leave him to settle the matter. Just so should Christians; for God has said, "Avenge not yourselves, vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

I still find my mind too much affected with, and my temper ruffled by, things over which I have no control. I appear to have a world in myself, and I am, or would be, absolute monarch. I speak, write, argue, threaten, decide, and dare; but no one sees, hears, cares, or is affected by it, but myself. This *is great* folly, but I frequently fall into *t, especially* when any thing annoys, or *vubles* me.

Nov. 19. Another birth-day. I am this day forty-six years of age. What sins I have committed! What mercies I have received! What privileges I have enjoyed! Here I am, to attest that God is good, that his word is true, that his service is pleasant, and that there is nothing hateful but sin. When I look back, I am surprised at the Lord's goodness—when I look within, I am astonished at my own depravity—and when I look forward, I am filled with hope that the worst is all behind me. I have been a good deal affected, with some very serious thoughts about Satanic agency. The power of Satan is wonderful, his instruments are innumerable, and his designs are diabolical. The Lord keep me. I want to realize, that Christ is head over all things, for the benefit of his church—for the benefit of every Christian. That he is supreme, and rules all physical agencies, all mental agencies, and all spiritual agencies. That every creature is his servant, and *must* serve his purpose, accomplish his pleasure, and do his will. That I move about, surrounded by the servants of my Saviour: that every creature, and every want is regulated by him who died for me, and who now bears my name on his heart. O to see Jesus in every place, and his hand in every event!

Dec. I have been unwell, and my mind has been much exercised on the subject of death. *I want to* realize it as a blessing, to

feel certain that all is right beyond it. I am not right, I know not what would make me so. All my hope is in Jesus. I rest on his finished work alone. I desire nothing so much as to be like him, and to be for ever with him. This is the only heaven I desire.

JAN. 1849. My motto for this year is, "*He careth for you.*" I must endeavour to act in faith on this, and every day of this year, then I shall be free from anxiety. It seems laid on my mind, that my work at Park Street will soon be finished. The Lord only knows; may I be prepared for his will, be it what it may. I rejoice when the Lord's work goes on—when sinners are converted and brought to Jesus, when backsliders return with weeping and supplication, when saints increase in spirituality, and abound in brotherly love, and when the Lord shines on my soul. But without one, or more of these, I have not much real comfort. The Lord grant me a meek and quiet spirit, which is in his sight of great price. At the beginning of this year, my solemn purpose is to do what I can to spread God's truth, and to benefit my fellow sinners to the utmost of my power.

FEB. Still tried, but still supported. I try to wait patiently as before God, but cannot help being anxious. I want to be more lively and more useful, but every thing around me has a deadening tendency.

I feel quite inclined for a change if any thing suitable offers, but every door is closed at present. What a mercy I feel it to be that God is unchangeable, in a changeable state like this. He is in the same mind, and none can turn him. His plans are perfect. His purposes are wise. His promises are sure. "He will not call back his words." O that I could rest in his love, feel persuaded that he is working for me, and leave every thing in his hands! But I still find it very difficult to walk by faith. I want to see, and to feel that every thing is just as it should be. I suppose I never shall enjoy settled rest, until I rest in heaven. I am too anxious, and too often invade the Master's prerogative. I do not feel satisfied, just to go on, and leave events with the Lord. O my God, direct, control, and lead me; suffer me not to go wrong, or even move at all, without the cloudy pillar going before me, to guide me in the way!

AUG. The cholera is raging, and death rides in triumph. I have lost one of my deacons, and four members of the church by it. Amidst all, my own mind is kept calm, and my general health is good. The Lord be praised. I feel to be in a waiting posture, not knowing what the Lord intends to do with me, but I feel willing that the Lord should do just as he pleases. O that my will, was in every thing, conformed to the will of God! It is a sweet state of

mind, I am busily employed, using both the pulpit and the press, for the Lord, whether I shall do much good remains yet to be seen. I bless God, that I ever wrote for the press, for I often hear of good done by these labours; this encourages me to go on, may the Lord work in me, by me, and for me; and may I greatly benefit his people, enlarge his cause, and glorify his name.

Just now, I have received a *sour* anonymous letter reflecting on some remarks I made in my sermon on Lord's day evening. At first I felt agitated and vexed. I destroyed it, as I do all such communications. After a time, I saw that it had touched my pride. The writer evidently mistook my meaning. I dare say he meant well. I have therefore been praying for him, and asking the Lord, if any wrong impression has been made to erase it. I aimed at the honour of the Lord Jesus, and to deter any of his people from trifling with his commands. I find a sad laxity in many quarters, in reference to what appears to me, to be very important subjects, and I would correct it if I could. I wish to work for God, in any way, and every way, as one who is laid under infinite obligation to him! Lord, use my tongue, and my pen, to exalt thy glorious Son!

Oct. For a considerable time, I have felt an oppression on my chest, and great

difficulty in breathing; last week I went to Epsom to preach, and consulted Dr. G— upon it. He advised me to leave London as soon as I could, and get into the country, as my lungs require a purer air. This puts an entirely new face on my circumstances. I am seeking wisdom from God. I feel as if I could not doubt but he will guide me, and use me unto the end, still my naturally quick and hasty disposition, is for seeing and doing every thing at once. The only thing I seem much to fear, is being laid aside from my beloved work; but the Lord can give me sufficient grace, to acquiesce even in this. I do trust that my affliction will be deeply sanctified, and that I shall be more useful than ever I have been. The Lord can use, and do wonders with a broken vessel. O my God, use me! My soul enjoys a good degree of peace, though I am not free from the conflict. I feel the strugglings within, and notwithstanding the Lord's goodness to my family, I find some things very trying there.

Nov. My breathing gets worse. All is dark before me, and at times I scarcely know what to think. I hope the Lord has some quiet nook in his vineyard, where he will place me, and employ me unto the end. I hope my good and gracious Master will not turn me out of his service, and say he has no further need of me. I know he can do without me, but I hope he will not. I

trust I shall be allowed to preach while I live, and that when I can preach no more, that I shall soon go home.

Nov. 19. I am this day forty-seven years of age. My general health is good, but I am suffering from cold, cough, and shortness of breath. For so many years, God has been good to me. I have had many trials, but I have enjoyed many bright, sunny days too. Surely he who has been so kind to me, who has condescended to use me in his cause, and who continues a burning desire in my bosom to be useful, will not now cast me aside, or say by his providence, "*I have no need of thee.*" Several of my members are just now affected by Hyper-calvinism, and their usefulness is at an end. As a rule, this is generally the case. They give up the use of nearly all means to benefit others, and settle down in a purely selfish state. What mischief that system has done, and is doing! My heart is often pained to see the people affected by it. I have just preached from Paul's words, "*Lest I should hinder the gospel of Christ.*" May I possess the spirit of the apostle, and be as careful on this point as he was. May I never cause God's weak ones to stumble, or lay a stumbling-block in any sinner's way. O my God, I desire anew to consecrate myself to thee, on this my birth-day! I give myself up to thee entirely, unreservedly, and for ever. O

condescend to take me, thoroughly sanctify me, and use me to do great good in thy church, and in the world!

FEB. 1850. I have written my resignation of office, and laid it before the deacons. It is a serious and important step which I have taken. I trust I have taken it in a proper spirit, and from a right motive. My mind is now calm and peaceful, the agitation from which I have long been suffering is at an end, and I feel as if I could now leave the matter with the Lord. Every thing, for some time, has appeared to conspire to lead me to adopt this course, and I I think I perceive the will of God in it. O Lord, I do now, as thy servant, beseech thee to point out to me, my proper place in thy vineyard. Thou hast work for me to do, and I am heartily willing to do it. Lead me to some country station, where the air is pure, that I may enjoy health; and where there is a spirit of hearing, that I may do good. O send thy Holy Spirit into my heart, to fill me with faith in thy word, love to thy work, zeal for thy honour, and hope in thy mercy! I would not dishonour thee by doubting. Thou hast tried me, O bring me forth as gold! When my resignation was accepted, the church passed a very kind and affectionate resolution, regretting that I felt it necessary to take such a step, and as I had rested it pretty much on the state of my health, they did

not feel that they could refuse to accede to my wishes. This resolution was sent to me in writing, and was also entered in the church book. I cannot say that I have laboured in vain here, for many souls have been converted, some backsliders have been restored, and nearly 500 members have been added to the church during my pastorate of eight years. My soul is now feeding on David's testimony, "*The Lord was my stay.*" I will endeavour to stay myself on his word, his faithfulness, and his covenant mercy. I shall need special supplies, and I hope I shall receive them. I shall need much fellowship with God, and I trust I shall be favoured with it. I am now in a new path, for I have not gone this way heretofore. O Lord, lead me, feed me, employ me, and crown me with thine effectual blessing! My hope is in God, who saveth the upright in heart. Many of my poor people deeply feel the step which I have felt it my duty to take, and I have received very affectionate letters from several of them. May they soon be favoured with a pastor more suitable and efficient than I have been. May the Lord pardon all the sins of my eight years' pastorate, that I may not carry the guilt of the present into my future engagement.

MAY. I find it very difficult to preserve my mind in a tranquil state. An old enemy is slandering me. God delays to answer my

prayers, and every door appears to be shut against me. Again and again am I obliged to say, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him." But circumstances act upon my nerves, and I become irritable and hasty, when I want to be calm, and to sit still. If ever I desired to be devoted to God, to copy the example of Jesus, and to possess my soul in patience, it is now; and yet one trying circumstance follows upon another, until I scarce know what to do. My soul is often in a hurried state, and I have a multitude of thoughts within me. O Lord, let thy comforts delight my soul. The thought at times cheers me, that my present exercises are preparatory to my future good. May the cloud burst in blessings. May my present trials, like the frost of winter, prepare me for more fruitfulness, both as a minister and a Christian. What a mercy I feel the throne of grace to be! What a sweet relief is prayer! O that I always realized it, and prized it as I ought! O my God, I trust in thee, let me never be put to confusion, let not mine enemy triumph over me.

I have engaged to go to Liverpool for a time, with a view to the re-opening of Byrom Street chapel, and the raising a new house, when my time at Park Street expires. O to know the will of God on this point; I have just received a copy of my "Messenger of Mercy," in the Dutch lan-

age. It is translated and printed at the pe of Good Hope, by a godly missionary, whom it has been made a great blessing; it has been also to a minister's wife in t colony. I have also received several ters lately from different places, to thank for writing my little works, from per- s to whom the Lord had blessed them. ms I am encouraged. But if the Lord s uses me, I must expect that he will me, and also that Satan will oppose

Nothing but bustle and excitement lately, that I long for a little quiet. Farewell mons, farewell addresses, tears, sighs, d good-byes, have been the order of the for some time, but the Lord has merci- ly brought me through. To-day, I jour- y to Liverpool, to spend five Lord's days preaching the word there. O Lord, go h me, appear for me, point out thy will me, and help me greatly to glorify thee! ke charge of my family while I am ay, and preserve us all from mischief, sery, and sin. O Lord, I do at this ly hour, again in prospect of my jour- y, give up myself anew and unreservedly o thy hands! I am thine, save me, ploy me, comfort me, and crown me h success. My talents are all thine, to e and thy service, I consecrate them esh; help me to work *for thee*, and *so* to rk for thee as greatly to honour thee. I

and my purpose has been carri

AUG. My time at Liverpool I felt much of the spirit and po er while there, more than us hope the Lord intends to use n have enjoyed preaching the when the congregation was but have engaged to give it a tr years. I trust the engagemen Lord. I fancy that I have see of the Lord unusually clear. Ma prove that I have not been m thirst for usefulness with in ardour. I pray most earnestly tively engaged for God, and th souls.

I am now settled down with at L—, brought here without

Dutch language, and several of my tracts, and that my "DAILY REMEMBRANCER" is being translated. The Lord be praised, for giving wings to my little publications, that they may visit other lands, and testify for Jesus there!

SEPT. I am now engaged in preaching the word, almost every day, frequently at the BETHEL to the sailors. May the seed so plentifully sown, spring up and bear fruit. I have also been the subject of very powerful temptations, and have reason to mourn, that though kept from outward sin, I have felt my heart going out after evil. I as much need keeping now, as at any former period of my life—the flesh is so powerful, that if God was to withdraw his hand, I should soon fall into gross sins. How difficult it is, to reconcile what I feel, with a growth in grace, or with any thing like a deep work of inward sanctification. Sin seems to lose all its deformity at such times, and appears to be a mere trifling act. *O the self-hiding power of sin!* If any of God's people ought to be humble, I ought; and to lie lower before God than any of them. Still, pride works, mortification is felt, and I pray and complain as I pass along. I strive to do good, my heart is set upon it, and yet at present, I seem to make very little impression. I fancy, that just now, I do more good with my pen, than with my tongue.

[illegible] atmosphere of Liverpool [illegible] my infirmity [illegible] causes. Besides which [illegible] necessary to cause [illegible] to me. The result will [illegible] removal, shall never [illegible] has blessed me almost [illegible] all my life from [illegible] than this.

In January. I have lived [illegible] many years, but [illegible] how little pre- [illegible] days may [illegible] attached to the [illegible] under how many [illegible] attended with loving so [illegible] human. I would not, though it [illegible] have to pass through [illegible]. The past year has been [illegible] me. And my hope was, that the [illegible] I now enter upon will be a little exempted to be here on my last birthday and where I shall be on my next a hidden from me. I feel no encouragement to remain here, and yet I know not that I shall be able to get away. Or if I get my liberty, where I shall be led. O for some suitable field of labour, where I shall have plenty of preaching work, and a people who will help and encourage me! But I must bear testimony to the faithfulness of the Lord; deeply as I have suffered through the past year, I have been supported as my day, so has my strength

DEC. I have now come to an understanding that I may leave this place; and am pressed to go to Shrewsbury, to endeavour to revive the cause there. May God shut every door but one, that I may not enter the wrong one, which if left to myself, I shall be very likely to do. Blessed be the Lord, he has not forsaken me, but has visited me with rousing thoughts, quickening impressions, and stimulating hopes. Popery, and the aggression of the pope, just now engages almost every one's attention. Many liberals appear to me to sympathize a great deal too much with the man of sin. The pope is anti-Christ. Popery is alike the enemy of God and man. It is the mystery of iniquity. It blights and blasts every country where it reigns. It is drunk with the blood of the saints. It hates God's book, and persecutes God's people to the utmost of its power, and therefore, I think we ought to oppose it, to the utmost of our power.

I have received a unanimous invitation from the church at Shrewsbury, to take the oversight of it for twelve months; and as the atmosphere is likely to suit my lungs, and for other reasons, I feel inclined to accept it. To what will this lead me? This will be an introduction—to what? O that it may be to extensive usefulness, and real happiness. This has been one of the most trying years of my life, and I am afraid to

hope for any great, or signal change. I must pass through tribulation. Very much prayer has been offered for the future, and my prayer now is, "If thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence."

1851. My New-Year's motto is, "*Lord, be thou my helper.*" I have never had a New-Year's text that has suited me better than this. I have visited Yorkshire, and there heard of the Lord's blessing resting upon my little books. O my God, fill me with faith, hope, and the spirit of powerful prayer. I want power with God. I want to live, move, think, and act as under the eye of God, and for his glory alone. Satan still strives to puff me up, and fill me with vain glory. One would wonder at this, seeing I have so little to be vain of, or to glory in, save the cross of my Lord and Saviour. Indeed, I think I never had less. However, I find that a very little is enough to awaken and foster pride in my heart. Lord, produec in me deep, and genuine humility, by leading me into close fellowship with my humble Lord; especially in his sorrows, sufferings, and death. I never can be happy, except I am humble; I never shall be very useful, except the Lord lay me in the dust, and mercifully keep me there.

FEB. I am now in my study at Shrewsbury. God has been faithful, and the friends exceedingly kind. I have opened my com-

mission, and enjoyed the Lord's presence, both in the pulpit, and at his table. May God be with me, and use me to raise up this decayed cause! I long to see sinners flocking to the Saviour, and to hear them asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. May I be the spiritual parent of a numerous seed, the pastor of a united thriving flock, and the evangelist of a large and attentive congregation. *Lord, be thou my helper!* Thou hast helped me hitherto. Thou hast promised to help me unto the end. Thou art faithful who hast promised.

MARCH. The Lord is dealing mercifully with me. True, I have my daily cross, and am often a cross to myself; yet my mercies are very numerous, and very great. I speak for Jesus, and of Jesus, nearly every night, and on the Lord's day the congregation has greatly increased. When I preached to the young, the place was crowded; and when I preached to servants, it was full. I enjoy walking in the open air, meditating and praying aloud. Jesus has been very precious to me. There is music in the very sound of his name. O that I could glorify, and worthily magnify his dear name! I want to be wholly given up to him, and to live wholly for him. To make his glory, the end of every action of my life. O to exalt him, to extol him, and set him on high! But my heart is depraved, my motives are mixed, and my failures are many. I daily

need his precious blood to cleanse me, and his perfect righteousness to justify me before God.

APRIL. We have spent a week in special prayer, and there was much earnest pleading with God. But there was not that confession of sin, that humbling of the soul before God, and that brokenness of heart which I think is necessary. I have published a hand-bill on individual effort, and circulated a good number of my little books. If the cause does not revive, the fault shall not lay with me. I find that there is a deep-rooted prejudice in the town against the people and the place, on account of what has taken place in former times. This will prove a hindrance to me. I feel a spirit of prayer resting upon me, especially in public, and I have considerable enjoyment in preaching the word. But will the Lord restore this old, decayed, and broken-down cause by me? Will he use me here to bring many sinners to himself, and collect a good congregation of immortal souls? These are the questions which I want to be solved. I feel the name of Jesus to be very precious to me, my heart is often warmed with it, and I love to exalt it. O that I could worthily set forth the person and personal excellencies, the grace and glory, the obedience and sacrifice, the worth and worthiness, of the dear Lord Jesus! Holy Spirit, glorify him before me, glorify him

in me, and glorify him by me! God and Father of Jesus, send the Holy Spirit in all the fulness of his grace into my heart; fill me with the Holy Ghost and with power; forgive every one of my past sins; take me up where, and as thou findest me at present; and use me to call sinners to repentance, to build up thy saints on their most holy faith, and to do great good in this town and neighbourhood.

MAY. My experience has been very varied of late. I have had some severe trials. I have passed through some terrible storms; but I have had some sweet comforts, and have enjoyed some sunny seasons. I have heard that some of my short pieces are reprinted in Canada, and some of my books in the United States, so that I hope I am made some use of there. I have ascertained that more than half a million of my little works are now in circulation, in this country, how many more I know not. Is not this in answer to my many prayers to be made useful? Amidst all, I painfully feel, that I have not learned as Paul had, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. The Lord must have some wise end, in allowing me to be tried as I am, but I see not what it is. If vexation, disappointment, and sorrow, would kill pride, mine must die. But, alas! nothing but the cross of Jesus, and the power of the Holy Spirit will do that.

JUNE. I have much enjoyed preaching on the second advent of my beloved Lord. I generally enjoy speaking on this subject, and know some striking cases of conversion resulting therefrom. I wonder at times, that it does not occupy a more prominent place in my ministry. It is never forgotten by me, and few Lord's days pass without some allusion to it in prayer or preaching, yet I seldom preach a whole sermon on it. O may I be prepared to stand before the Son of man! May I be found daily waiting for God's Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come. What a solemn thought it is, that wrath is coming! And what an unspeakable mercy it is, to be delivered from that wrath! But such is the privilege of the Lord's people, for they are in Christ, as Noah was in the ark; they are justified, through an interest in Jesus; and they are made like him, by the indwelling and gracious operations of the Holy Spirit. For myself, I want to realize and enjoy more direct fellowship with Jesus. To see that I participate with him, in his Father's infinite love; in the promise of the Holy Spirit; and in his heirship and resurrection glory. O to rise to the height of my privileges, and in so doing, to be filled with humble love.

JULY. Time flies rapidly, and I seem to

do but very little, either for God or man. I appear to live in sight of death, for we have much sickness, and I commune a good deal with the invisible world. But I get no very distinct views, nor any vigorous longings to depart and be with Christ. I feel at home in spiritual things, and yet I feel but little settled satisfaction. The carnal desires of the flesh work, and often very powerfully. Old propensities, which appear to be subdued, if not destroyed, revive and appear as lively as ever. The chambers of imagery not only remain, but the images also, even those images which most provoke the Lord to jealousy. I revive, and sink down into the same state again.

My mind has been a good deal impressed with the importance of *importunate* prayer. This is the very thing in which I am so deficient. I knock, but do not keep on knocking. I have been reminded, that in prayer, we must be earnest, we must plead, and take no denial. We must use arguments as well as ask for blessings. We must be importunate, because the blessings we seek, are invaluable; because importunity prepares us to receive the blessings we ask, and rightly to appreciate them; because God always honours importunity, and all eminent saints have been importunate; especially was this the case with our great example, the Lord Jesus Christ; and then

also because our praying time will soon be over. I have never before been so affected with the apostle's representation of the Saviour's prayers. "In the days of his flesh, he offered up prayers, and supplications, with strong crying and tears." He not only prayed, but supplicated—he not only supplicated, but wept—he not only wept, but used strong crying and tears. How soft his heart, how hard mine! How fervent his prayers, how cold mine! What painful perseverance he displayed, but how soon I weary and forget. I *must* pray more, and I *must* pray *differently*, or the consequences will be sad. But, I deeply feel that God must give me the grace of prayer or I shall never be blessed as I desire.

A slight accident has caused me a good deal of bodily pain, and the oppression on my breath has been worse of late. If I had but more sensible communion with God, if I could but realize more distinctly the glories of another world, and my interest in them, I should not mind. But the unseen! The eternal! Those often require more faith than I possess. I sometimes calm my mind with the thought that when I come nearer, the prospect will brighten and my faith will be stronger. However as I cannot doubt but I have tasted that the Lord is gracious, as I clearly differ from all the carnal persons around me, I cannot but hope that I am interested in the promise

"As thy day is so shall thy strength be:" and that I shall find the grace of God sufficient for me. But I want to realize Peter's wish for his brethren, that grace and peace may be *multiplied* unto me, through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord. This must be experimental knowledge, such as is gained by trial, and is the effect of the teaching of the Holy and ever blessed Spirit.

AUG. Mercy still crowns my lot, and if my labours were blessed to the conversion of sinners, and the increase of the church, I should be happy. O that I had the tact and the talent to speak to sinners in private, to all with whom I come in contact, about their souls. I can say anything in public, but in private I am often dumb. O that I could warn *every one* day and night with tears! Every day, I do a little for the Lord, both with tongue and pen, but the whole does not amount to much. I fear the results are small. I want an increase of grace and peace from God my Father. Grace that pardons, sanctifies, and employs for God. Peace, which comforts, emboldens, and keeps us steady in the Lord's ways. These are only increased, through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord. May I therefore daily seek to know the Lord more fully, especially as my covenant God in Jesus; and to know my Saviour, in his glorious person, finished work, and righteous government.

I have just heard that an old friend, far advanced in life, has fallen into sin. May the Lord pardon and restore him. In looking back, I wonder I have not publicly fallen, for though never much tempted to the sin that has overcome him, I have been powerfully so to others, equally bad. I have often observed that in my experience the Lord has not often suffered the temptation and the opportunity to meet; and when they have, fear has worked powerfully and kept me back. But I would not merely be kept from open sin, I desire to be so deeply sanctified, that my soul may hate, abhor, and detest sin in every form, tremble at its approach, and flee from the very appearance of evil, to Jesus. I find that my nature is still corrupt, depraved, and polluted; and the blood of Jesus, the power of the Holy Spirit, and the forgiving grace of God, are as necessary as ever,

SEPT. I have visited my old friends at C—, and the cry of many is, "*Come back,*" and all who spoke to me on the subject said, "*You ought never to have left.*" I had larger congregations, than on my previous visit. Since my return, through being out in the fog, I have had a worse attack of asthma, than I have ever had before. The sense of suffocation was dreadful for some hours, but at length the Lord answered prayer, blessed the means, and I obtained relief. While suffering, my mind was peaceful and prayer-

ful, and though I have not felt well since, I can rely on the Lord with tolerable calmness. In reference to health, if not to usefulness, the best part of my life is gone; nevertheless I have a good hope. I look forward and hope for rest, peace, and solid satisfaction in my Father's house above. I dare seldom look forward, except I look beyond the dying pillow, for if I do, I am sure to anticipate what will dispirit, deject, and cast me down. Blessed be God, I can pray; my soul does ascend to God in fervent supplication, and I feel more grateful than I did, for my very many and great mercies. O to praise God for every crumb, and with every breath!

I have visited London, seen many old friends, preached the gospel at several places, and returned in safety. I enjoyed the former part of my visit very much, all were kind, and then I had the Lord's help and presence in preaching the word. But the day before my return, I had one of the most painful trials of my life, which made my heart bleed. May the blood of Jesus, avail for the perfect pardon of him who caused it. Just before I started for home I was in great danger of losing my life at the railway station. I had a bad fall as it was, but had I fallen in another direction, instead of the one in which I did, I must have been crushed to death. My friend, who accompanied me to the station,

and stood by, said that he looked upon my escape as a special interference of Divine Providence for my protection. I sat down on the carriage afterward, praising and blessing the Lord, and through his great mercy arrived safe at home.

Oct. I desire to record with gratitude, the Lord's mercy manifested to me during the last month. True, I was tried, but I was supported. I was in imminent danger, but I was preserved. My mercies were more than my trials. My nerves were much shook, and I have suffered considerable pain in the head since. It is my privilege to speak for Jesus every night this week; this is a relief: it diverts my mind from gloomy subjects, gratifies my love for preaching; and gives me reason to hope, that I am doing some good. I have just received a letter to inform me, that my ministry has recently been made a blessing. In reviewing the Lord's goodness, in preserving my life, when my friend stood by and expected to see me crushed to pieces before his eyes; and in reflecting on the manner in which I was enabled to bear my terrible trial in London, I cannot but praise and bless the Lord. I have received a communication from C—, informing me that the state of the cause in King Street is becoming desperate, and asking my advice; all I could feel justified in doing, was to propose to unite with the deacons in special

prayer every evening in our closets, from six until half-past six, on the subject, to seek the Lord's blessing and special direction. This was agreed to, and carried out. I have felt nearness to the Lord, and realized that the Lord was near to me. A spirit of prayer sensibly rests upon me, and I enjoy calm and peace of soul.

In looking back it has been forcibly impressed upon my mind, that in reference to my former movements, which I have been very earnest in pleading with the Lord for a change, I have not sufficiently prayed for patience, to wait God's time, and absolute submission to his will. There has been far too much of self-will in all my movements. I have been wearied in my way, and then became too anxious to remove. I now see that I must pray for patience, and seek particularly to prefer God's will before my own. A spirit of prayer still rests upon me, and while this is the case, I have nothing to fear. I want to lie low before God, for I know that the weaker we are, and the lower we lie, the more power we have with God. A sigh out of the dust, always reaches his ear. A groan from the dunghill, always enters into his heart. I care not how low I lie, so that God is glorified in me, and sinners are brought to the Lord Jesus by me. The ruling desire of my heart is, to live to God's glory, and to labour successfully in the Saviour's cause.

My soul has been much with God, and I hope to receive from him a token for good. A friend from Macclesfield has called on me, to tell me that one of my books has been blessed to the conversion of a friend of his, who had imbibed very dangerous errors. The Lord be praised for this, and all his other mercies. The Lord still seems to say, "*Wait on me:*" and I wish to wait in the exercise of faith, hope, and patience. I was much struck yesterday, with the angel's testimony to Zacharias. "*Thy prayer is heard.*" Luke i. 13. How long he waited. How frequently he must have repeated the same prayer. And now when it was most improbable, and to nature impossible, an angel is sent from heaven to inform him, "*Thy prayer is heard.*" The same message, I find sent to Cornelius, under very different circumstances; and why may not I conclude, that it will one day be said to me, "*Thy prayer is heard?*" My only ground for fear is, lest I should not possess the necessary qualifications—for he that would succeed in prayer must be fervent, believing, without wrath or doubting, hating all sin, or not regarding any iniquity in the heart, living in domestic peace, that his prayers be not hindered, and he must follow up his suit with importunity. The Lord give me all the necessary qualifications, fill me with power and determined importunity, that so I may have power with God and prevail.

I have received letters from a clergyman and two other friends, to inform me that my books have been made a blessing to them. My mind is stayed on God, and whatever may be his will concerning me, I hope he will give me grace to trust in him, and possess my soul in patience. A spirit of prayer still resting on me, encourages me. I do feel the mercy-seat to be a great blessing. I wish I had improved it more. I do deeply regret two things, one is, that I have not read the Bible more—and the other is, that I have not prayed more. I have read of others feeling so years ago, and my judgment approved of it; but I have never realized it as a deep and abiding feeling of my own heart, as I now do.

I have also had a letter to inform me, that one of my short pieces has been made a blessing to a poor deaf Christian, harassed with doubts and fears, who had not been able to hear a sermon for ten or twelve years. The Lord be praised for this. But my present path is exceedingly intricate. My trials come from many quarters. Still I am not wretched, and in public, I generally appear cheerful. None but the Lord knows the exercises that I pass through, and in my best moments, I wish no one else to know, because no one else can effectually help me. Every now and then I feel an impulse, as sensibly as if a voice said, "*Go on your knees.*"—I generally obey it, being

satisfied, that I cannot be found in a better posture, or be employed in a better service. Anxiety, I know does not become me, for my Saviour forbids it, and, blessed be God, he now keeps me from it, and I trust he will. O to be God's waiting servant, as as well his working servant; may I watch as well as pray!

Nov. 19. This day completes my forty-ninth year. Hitherto, the Lord hath helped me, and not one thing hath failed of all that he hath promised; all has come to pass. As my days, so hath my strength been. I can sing of mercy and of judgment, to the Lord's praise I ought most heartily to sing. The past year has been one of changes, of severe exercises, of many temptations, and I have had some very painful trials. What will the next be? Ah! what? Where shall I be? These are questions, which God only can answer, and which I may well leave to be solved by his wise and holy providence. He never has failed me, and he has promised that he never will. His grace *has* been sufficient, and his word is pledged that it *shall* be. I think my mind was never more peaceful under such circumstances than it is at present. I believe it never was more prayerful. "*I trust in the Lord.*" This is the language of my heart. Not in man, not in talents, not in station, not in reputation, not in experience;—no, "*I trust in the Lord.*" I have met the friends here, and

told them that I cannot renew my engagement with them—they are sad, and I sympathise with them—but what is to be done? Except the Lord build up the church, we labour in vain to build it.

DEC. An unusual spirit of prayer has rested upon me, in reference to C—, so that I have not merely prayed daily at the time agreed upon with the deacons, but sometimes nearly the whole day. At times, I have scarcely rose from my knees, before I have felt impelled to go and plead with the Lord again. On Friday I went to Birmingham, to meet the deacons and confer with them, as they were now brought into the greatest difficulty, and knew not what to do. We had a long conference, they very candidly laid the whole case before me, and then presented me with a very pressing invitation from the church, to return and become its pastor. I found the case to be much more perplexing and discouraging than I had understood it to be. After they left me, I spent three hours in B—, thinking and praying over the subject, and at the close felt that I could not accept the invitation given me. In this state of mind I arrived at home, where I found a letter from C—, waiting for me, from one in no way connected with the church in King Street, urging me to return: informing me that H— chapel was for sale, and offering £25 towards its purchase. This produced some

degree of re-action in my mind, and at length I wrote to say, if the chapel referred to could be obtained, I would return and brave all the rest. Shortly after I received a letter begging me to give a decided answer by Lord's day morning, as it was now decided, that if I would not return, the church should be dissolved on the evening of the Lord's day, and the doors of the chapel be closed. This, after much thought and prayer, brought my mind to a point, and I wrote and acceded to their request.

The present year ends to-day, and ends differently to any one I have spent before in some respects. My way back to C— seems to be overgrown with thorns, and some seem determined to make it as thorny and difficult as they can, and others say, that the hand of the Lord is most visibly in it. How many sleepless hours has it caused me. My mind for long was so thoroughly set against it, and was so slow to change in that direction. It has filled me with the most painful anxiety, lest going, I should do wrong; or refusing, should be found to fight against God.

1852. JAN. My New-Year's motto is, "*I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*" Just the text that I shall need this year—may I prove it true—may I be a living illustration of it, this year. It was brought to my mind, as I lay sleeplass on my pillow, and opened up as it never

had been before. May the Lord make it a special blessing, both to me and his people. Reflecting on the way in which the Lord has led me of late, the thought struck me, that the idea that I had taken some wrong steps of late, may have arisen from my not looking far enough—or from my forming my judgment too soon. If it should prove that my returning to C— is right, then I have not gone wrong, for if I had not gone to L—, I had not come here; and if I had not come here, I should not have returned there. One place has clearly prepared me for the other. If the Lord should use me much, my past trials are evidently necessary, for it was necessary that I should be emptied out, stripped bare, laid low, and filled with self-loathing. I have been led round, but I trust that I shall soon see that I have been led right. The Lord may be taking me back to C—, as he did Naomi to Bethlehem, to praise him in the house of bread.

FEB. Blessed be God, I am now at C—, and the Lord has very mercifully brought me and mine here without accident, damage, or loss. Many meetings to pray for a blessing on my coming were held, and much prayer ascended to God, from the closet and the heart. My congregations have been very good; I have enjoyed preaching, and a feeling creeps over me, that I am now where I ought to be. I feel some-

thing like a father, who has returned to his old home, and to the society of a good part of his family. My parting with the friends at S— was painful, for they had been very kind to me; and my commencement here is pleasant, for I meet with much kindness and love. O may I end my days here, if it is the Lord's will. I continue to receive letters from various places, to inform me of souls having been converted by my ministry and books. There is reason to believe, that God has been using me, much more than I thought he had.

MARCH. I have much help in preaching the word, and very often a crowded place. I endeavour to exalt my dear and adorable Saviour, and I hope real good is done. I would live upon Christ crucified in private, and constantly exhibit him in public. No subject is worth a thought in comparison with this. If this glorious theme will do no good, no one will—I desire to adopt no other. Jesus has been my subject now for many years, and he shall be unto the end. Yes, Jesus, the sinner's substitute—Jesus, the saint's delight—Jesus, the Son of the Father, in truth and love. With Jesus I start, as my Alpha; and with Jesus would I close, as my Omega. I wish to know him, live upon him, preach him, write about him, be conformed to him, and then depart to be for ever with him.

APRIL. I have deeply felt of late the

Lord's wondrous appeal to his ancient people, which appears to be equally applicable to us. "*O my people, what have I done unto thee? Wherein have I wearied thee? Testify against me.*" Amos vi. 3. What marvellous words! How low, how lovingly the Lord stoops! He wants our love, our company, our confidence, and our obedience. These we withhold from him, and bestow on others. Why? Has he given us the least reason for it? Not the least! O may my people, and myself, take home and improve this touching, this tender appeal! How wonderful, that God should, as it were, place himself at our bar, and say, "Now accuse me. Now testify against me." Ah, no! The fault is ours, altogether ours. Lord, thou mayest well accuse me, thou mayest well testify against me! Indeed my conscience does it. Mine iniquities do it. O may the blood of Jesus avail for me, and by it may every sin be blotted out from the book of God's remembrance!

JULY. For some time my prayers have been directed to the Lord for a new chapel, as there was no prospect of getting the one we thought of, and the bad situation of King Street, was a great hindrance to raising the congregation. Quite unexpectedly, ground has been purchased in Cambray, a situation, to which with our limited means, we could not have aspired with any hope of success. This matter does appear to be

of the Lord, and must be taken as an answer to prayer.

AUG. A clergyman has informed me that my books are made a great blessing in Ireland. A letter from Shetland, tells me they are doing good there—and a Christian brother wrote me a letter from Jerusalem, informing me that he met with friends reading and enjoying them there. How marvellous the mercy of God! How these facts cheer and animate my spirits, and encourage me to go on and write more and more.

SEPT. Various things have occurred to exercise my mind of late, and I was fast sinking into a low and gloomy state; but the Lord very graciously brought a portion of his word to my mind, with a good degree of savour and power, which has greatly cheered and comforted me. When sadness and gloom come over me, I recur to it, and find that it soothes and softens my spirit, and draws out my soul in prayer. It is, Ps. xxxvii. 7. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass." Thus it was opened up to me, "*Rest*," hurry not, fear not, flee not. "*Rest in the Lord*," not in his works, not in his creatures, but in himself. "*Rest in the Lord*," in the veracity of his promise, in the faithfulness of his love, in the constancy of

his care. "Wait patiently for him," he will appear to you, he will work for you, he will perform his own most gracious word. "*Wait patiently*," viz., wait silently, wait long, wait hopefully. "*Fret not thyself because of him that prospereth in his way.*" Let there be no envy, jealousy, fear, or fretting. Suppose he does prosper, your God permits it, he has his eye on it, and he has his end to answer by it. Suppose he does succeed in his wicked devices, your God records his actions, will judge his person and conduct, and will ultimately reward him according to his works.

Nov. 19. My fiftieth birth-day. What mercies have crowned these years, and yet what trials I have endured. I feel, that I am now, just where I wish to be as to place; but not what I wish to be as to experience, nor just as I wish as to circumstances. I want to be more spiritual, to see the people in a new chapel of their own, and to perceive the work of the Lord going on more rapidly. Things never looked more hopeful here, than they do now. Surely these are indications that the Lord is about to pour us out a blessing. A letter from Shropshire, tells me of the conversion of a soul there, under one of my occasional sermons, and a friend from Bristol informed me of the conversion of his deceased wife, under my ministry. This is good news from a distance.

DEC. A letter from London has greatly cheered me, for it informs me, that of forty persons baptized in New Park-Street, this year, thirty of them dated their conversion to my preaching. This fills me with joy and gratitude to God, and prompts me to hope for greater things from God *yet*. When I thought I was doing little or no good, even then God was converting souls by my poor preaching. I have just heard of two here, recently brought to God through the word. O for two thousand! I now close another year, and a very eventful year it has been to me. I must bear my testimony to the Lord's faithfulness. He has been as good as his word. I have received all that I have really needed. I cast myself entirely on his providence for temporal things, and he has honoured me in doing so. Exercised I have been, but I have been supported, supplied, and comforted. In addition to this, I have been made useful, and now the difficulties in the way of our having a new chapel, appear to be clearing away. The bow begins to appear in the cloud. I trust the Lord will now appear for us, and use us to erect a house for his worship, where our children's children may meet and praise his name. This may be our business next year, and yet not my only business. O no, I hope to see many sinners converted, and many believers added to the church. I hope to see the glory

of the Lord resting upon us, and many more than at present, meeting to worship his holy name with us.

1853. My New-Year's text is, "*I am with you, saith the Lord.*" Zech. i. 13. That God is with us, I feel certain, and that we have his blessing is evident, and I think that my soul was never more grateful. I do bless his holy name, that he ever counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry. That I have not laboured in vain, nor spent my strength for nought. That I have never got weary of preaching Christ, or for one moment ever wished to exchange either my Master, or my work. I only wish to exalt the Lord Jesus more highly, to honour the Holy and ever Blessed Spirit more thoroughly, and to preach the word more successfully, both to saints and sinners. O for a glorious outpouring of the Spirit this year!

Supplies now begin to come in toward the erection of the chapel, and four more cases of conversion have just been revealed. My graces are tried, and my impetuosity frequently checked; the Lord seems to say, "Gently! Wait a little. Take things more quietly. There is no need for hurry." Nothing tries me more than this, and yet I know that it is right. May the word soon be, "Be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things." I want to see great things. A great revival of religion in the

saints, great power accompanying the word, and great numbers of real converts, flocking for admission into the church. Our God is a great God, our work is a great work, his promises are great promises, his power is great power, and his grace is great grace. Why then should we not seek, and expect, great things.

FEB. I have again received several letters to inform me that God is blessing my books, and some contributions come in toward the new chapel. Still faith and patience are tried, but while I have a spirit of prayer I can bear it. I *must* rest on Jesus, and leave all my affairs in his hands: and so I doubt not, but he will overrule all for my good. His blood cleanses me from all sin; and his righteousness justifies me from all charges. My nature is very sinful, and my conduct is very imperfect, but I am complete in him. He fills up every defect. He has atoned for every fault. He will present me faultless before his glorious presence with exceeding joy. Without him, I am lost, and lost for ever; in him I am saved, and saved with an everlasting salvation.

I have heard of one hopefully converted, and two more coming to a decision this week, blessed be God for this, but what are they among so many? We have a good deal of sickness about, may the Lord sanctify it, to the unsettling us from earth, making us

more earnest in his work, and preparing us for his kingdom and glory.

O that my heart glowed with love to souls! I do feel much, seldom more, but I want it to be like a consuming fire within me; to burn up all my levity, lukewarmness, and folly. Last Lord's day evening, I found a beautiful copy of the Holy Scriptures placed in my vestry, as a present from a few juvenile friends who have derived benefit from my ministry during the past year, but no names were given. This was very pleasing and encouraging; may the Lord bless them more and more! To-morrow I keep the anniversary of my return to C—. O that it may be signalized by a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and be crowned by the conversion of a multitude of souls! Forty-eight persons have been added to the church during the year, may we have a great many more next.

FEB. 13. To-day we keep the anniversary of my return to C—. I preached this morning from the words of the apostle, "I came to preach Christ's Gospel." Some parts of the sermon were very pointed and practical, and I hope the Lord will bless it. I told all my mind on that subject, and bore my testimony for Jesus. To-night I preach to the young, and feel exceedingly anxious to win some of them to Christ. I do long most ardently to bring the young to Jesus.

O that my God would use me for this purpose. Surely I can say, "As the hart panteth for the water brooks so thirsteth my soul for the immediate conversion of the young." I feel as if I did travail in birth for them, and while I write the fire seems to burn more fiercely in my soul. O my God, is not this a fire of thine own kindling, is not this thirst produced by thine own Spirit, and shall it go unsatisfied? Wilt thou not use me, weak though I be? Wilt thou not honour me, though many look down upon me? Is it not thy cause with which I am identified, and am I not seeking thy glory in what I do? I am willing to become all things to all men, if I may but save some. O to see the pleasure of the Lord prospering in my hand!

FEB. 19. Last Lord's day evening the chapel was full, the sermon impressive, and the attention close, I hope the Holy Spirit accompanied the word with his own power, nothing is done effectually without this. On Tuesday evening we had a very pleasant church-meeting, seven spoke of the Lord's dealings with them, four of them referred to me as the instrument in the hand of God in their conversion; one before I left the place, and three since. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings I preached, may the Lord render his own word effectual. On Thursday even-

ing as I was coming out of the chapel, a person put a little book in my hand, as from the author: it is called "The Cleansing Blood," and contains an account of the conversion of a young woman, who died last year in Worcester Infirmary, to whom my "Messenger of Mercy" had been made useful. Thanks, hearty and fervent thanks to the Lord for this. What a merey that I do not live, preach, and write in vain. I have had much comfort in my own mind this week, and felt intensely anxious that the Lord would give us an extraordinary time to-morrow night, when six young friends will be baptized. I have been earnestly praying for this. I tried at the church-meeting to stir up the minds of the members present to do the same, and requested some friends to whom I have written to join us at the throne of grace in seeking this blessing. My faith in prayer seems to be restored.

FEB. 26. Blessed be the Lord for a good week! On Lord's day he was evidently with me. In the morning I greatly enjoyed speaking of, "*The free gift*," and in the evening we had a very solemn, impressive, and I trust, profitable time. The place was literally crammed, and some could not get in. The baptism was most pleasant, and calculated to do good. On Wednesday I greatly enjoyed preaching at Gloucester, on Thursday at home, and last night at

Charlton. My soul has been alive toward God, and in good earnest in my work. I must believe that a good work is going on, and that the Lord will yet bless me more and more.

Many things exercise and at times agitate me, but if I may but bring souls to God, and walk with God myself, I trouble about little else. I now hope for a good and useful day to-morrow. My mind is deeply impressed with one subject, "The Power of the Holy Ghost." I shall preach from it in the morning; may I experience it the whole day. In the evening I improve the death of Mrs. E——, from "The days of thy mourning shall be ended," which I feel sure is true in her case; may it be in mine, and that of all my people.

MARCH 5. The last Lord's day was a *good* one, though in the morning the weather was unfavourable. The Lord was with us, especially in the evening. Some I know felt his power, and I trust many more did of whom I have not heard. The property on which our new chapel is to be erected is now conveyed, and we have the deeds. Thus far the *Lord* hath helped us, for many would have hindered us. It certainly appears the best spot in the town for our purpose, and I trust the Lord will now graciously appear and provide us with the means to erect a house thereon for his worship. I have been busily engaged writing

and preaching every day this week, and not without some good degree of enjoyment. May the seed I sow fall into good ground, spring up, and bring forth fruit a hundred fold. My soul most deeply sympathises with sinners, and I long to be the means of bringing them to Jesus. I have not laboured in vain of late, nor do I think I shall, for I trust the Lord has a great work for me to do. I feel a strong attachment to my people, and earnestly desire to be a real blessing to them, and their children after them.

Death has been very busy of late, many have been taken home, may I be ready, waiting to see my Master's face with joy, May I have confidence, and not be ashamed before him, at his coming.

MARCH 12. Last Lord's day I enjoyed much power in preaching, especially in the evening, when the chapel was crowded: my object was to encourage the Lord's people, and stir them up to untiring activity. On Monday evening about 200 took tea in the chapel, when 125 cards were taken to collect towards the erection of the new chapel. On Tuesday I had a good time in preaching to a large congregation at Gloucester. I have been engaged every day, and enjoyed some degree of the spirit of prayer. But I want to be under the influence of a spirit of wrestling prayer continually. O to be filled with the Holy Ghost and with power,

that I may work for God, trust in God, wait upon God, lead a host of sinners to God, and then go and dwell for ever with God! We are now all alive about building our new chapel; opposition has been experienced, and I have no doubt will be. But if it be of God, man cannot overthrow it. I trust my simple object is to have a neat, commodious chapel in a good situation, where sinners will attend, where many will be converted, and a spiritual holy Church established. I trust I shall not be led away, in providing the necessaries for building, so as to suffer in spirituals. I hope to seek for every sovereign from the Lord, and to give him thanks for every one that I receive. Many friends have encouraged me by their generous contributions, and I trust many more will.

MARCH 13. After writing yesterday, my mind became burdened with the fears of man's opposition; I felt it a burden, and tried to cast it on the Lord, but oh, how difficult, it will not roll from the shoulders. After this I was still more exercised by hearing of the unkind remarks of one, who once loved me much, but is now deeply prejudiced against me. I had heard that she was much altered, and had become worldly. I fear it must be so, or she would not manifest so unkind a spirit, or pass such sweeping censures, without examination or inquiry. It led me to self-examin-

ation, and drove me to the Lord. I am a poor faulty creature; but no, I am not wicked. The Lord reads my heart, he knows my motives, and I believe he acquits me. This morning, at the early prayer-meeting, I cast off my burden, since then I have been preaching for the mission, with considerable freedom and power. O that my church may become a thoroughly missionary one. This afternoon I have felt the weight of my work; and the state of the church, the town and the world has been laid on my mind. O how I long for a great revival of religion in my church! O that the Lord would pour out the fulness of his Holy Spirit upon us! I want to see the Sun of Righteousness in the meridian, and to feel the sweet gales of the spirit's influence blown over us, bending every head downwards in humility, and ripening the corn for the sickle. O for a glorious reaping time! O to carry many ripe sheaves into the church!

MARCH 19. Through the week the flame that burns in my soul, filling me with concern for souls, and desires for usefulness, has been glowing, and every thing I have read, seems to feed it. I have had fits of exhaustion, and some seasons of depression, but on the whole my anxiety and earnestness have increased. O that the Lord would thoroughly arouse my Church! All seem to be alive about the new building, and tolerably hearty in it; but I want them to be

concerned for the immediate salvation of souls. I desire to see a great work wrought in the old chapel, before we leave it. Some are very wrathful about our building a chapel in Cambray, but I have been cheered by the inspired assurance, "surely the wrath of man shall praise thee, and the remainder thereof thou wilt restrain." Nevertheless, "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." My only wish is, that the most wrathful may be converted, and have cause to bless God to all eternity, that we ever purchased that property. I trust the Lord will do wonders amongst us. Money has come in from some quarters, in consequence of my writings being prized; may the Lord bless them yet more and more, and send us supplies as our needs arise. I want to be able to look upon the chapel, as an answer to fervent prayer, a proof that prayer still has power with God and prevails; as a crown put on the head of my poor, feeble, staggering faith. May the Lord give me a good day to-morrow, using me to rouse up, direct, and lead to action, the energies of the Lord's people; also to decide some who are halting between two opinions; and in addition to that, to bring some poor perishing sinners to the feet of Jesus. O for the power of the Holy Spirit in my heart, and in my ministry, as I have never felt it before!!!

MARCH 26. Another week has been

crowned with mercy. Every want supplied. Every calamity prevented. Praise, everlasting praise be paid to the Lord's most holy name. I am still longing, labouring, and sighing for the salvation of souls; and I trust not in vain, for I hear of several being impressed, and of some carrying away the arrows of conviction from the town with them. I have preached two sermons this week, specially to stir up the Lord's people, to seek the salvation of souls; one at home on Lord's day evening, and one at Gloucester on Wednesday. Last night, after a sermon at my own chapel, I went to Bethany chapel, and delivered an address upon the same subject. O that I could stir up all about me, to engage in this important, this momentous work! On Tuesday, the friends had a sale to dispose of the old materials which will not work into the new chapel. Monday it snowed, &c. all day, which led me to plead earnestly with God. Tuesday the day was fine, and the things sold well. I would gratefully notice, and thankfully record every intimation of the Lord's kindness. Blessed be God, my soul is kept in a prayerful state, and hitherto he has kindly condescended to sympathise with me, and bless me. May he bless me more and more, my people, and my children.

I am now hoping for a good day tomorrow, and as it is Easter Sunday, may I now enjoy a sweet resurrection frame. O

to rise with Christ, to ascend and sit down with him in the heavenly places. To-morrow night I intend preaching especially to the undecided, and to try to bring some of them to decide for God. O that the power of the spirit may rest upon me, and accompany the word that may be spoken by me! My God and Father do, do bless me to do good to souls to-morrow.

APRIL 2. Last Lord's day morning I was dull, dry, and straitened in the pulpit; but in the evening I had a glorious time, a crowded place, great liberty, and power appeared to go with the word. I trust execution was done. O how intensely I long to be useful to souls! I MUST be useful, appears to be sculptured on my heart, and reigns with all the power of a passion in my soul. Yesterday I was sent for early, to see a young woman, who was dying, in great darkness, agitation, and distress. I saw her twice, and prayed with her three times. She died a few hours after I left her. Those who were with her, told me that about half an hour before she died, light broke in upon her mind.

It is a most affecting sight, to see young persons dying without peace, joy, or satisfaction. May the Lord make me more earnest, urgent, and faithful than ever. I have preached every night this week, but one, and have had a good share of enjoyment in so doing. There are pieces of mine in three

of the Magazines for this month, so that I shall preach to the eye as well as to the heart; by the press as well as the pulpit.

APRIL 9. The Lord has very graciously been with me through another week. On Lord's day, I enjoyed power in the pulpit, especially in the evening when speaking of the days of heaven upon earth. On Monday evening we had a tea-meeting for the young people to bring in the proceeds of their collecting cards, about two-thirds of those issued were brought in, and produced about £108. The Lord's name be praised. On Tuesday evening I spoke at a large public meeting with some liberty. On Wednesday I preached at Gloucester, and in my sermon said some things which made the people smile; this troubled me, and has grieved me ever since. O that I could avoid it! But there is a natural quaintness about me, that will show itself sometimes. I do not think I indulge it; I am sure I have no wish to do so, for it often wounds my mind. On Thursday, a young person, daughter of one of the Salem deacons, came to tell me that the Lord had called her under my ministry, and to propose herself for membership. She informed me that another young person in the congregation, had also been brought to the Lord of late by my ministry. After this, I went and preached with comfort. Last evening, I went to Charlton to tea with Bro. T——, before preaching in that village, and

he told me my preaching there had not been in vain, for that a very wicked man had become quite a changed character, and appeared to have been made a new creature in Christ. Blessed be the Lord for such encouragements as these, they are like good news from a far country, or cold water to a thirsty soul. O for a glorious revival! I rejoice over three, but I long for three thousand. May the Lord's arm be made bare, and may execution be done in the name of the Lord to-morrow.

APRIL 16. On Lord's day evening the chapel was crammed in every part, and I trust the word was with power. Tuesday evening two spoke of the Lord's dealings with them; one was called under me, the other much benefitted. Seven more were proposed for membership. Thursday evening I had a good time when speaking of the Lord as, "The everlasting God." My soul still burns to bring sinners to Christ, and to preach to his people in such a way as shall lead them to make it the daily study of their lives to resemble the Lord Jesus Christ.

APRIL 24. The Lord has been with me, the prayer of the great Intercessor has prevailed, and my faith has not failed. I find it very difficult to rise superior to envy, jealousy, and evil speaking; surrounded as I am, by so much to tempt me to it. Yet I know that my own happiness, the honour

of religion, and the glory of God is involved in it. Only as I honestly and heartily honour God can I expect him to honour me. I have enjoyed a considerable degree of peace and comfort, during the past week, to-day I have a cold and hoarseness, which I feared would hinder me this morning, but I rose above it, and enjoyed preaching on the saints above casting their crowns at the feet of Jesus. I did admire their humility, and longed to possess it. If I was but humble, how happy and useful I should be. To-night I am hoping, looking, and longing for a good time—a time of refreshing: a time when Jesus shall pass by and say to some souls, "*live.*" We want a spiritual resurrection, for there are many bones in the open valley, and many of them are very dry. O for the spirit of God to breathe on them, that they may live! Nothing but the power, presence, and operation of the Spirit, will do what I want.

MAY 1. Nearly the whole of last week was spent in London, attending the meetings of the various societies. The attendance on them was good, and the spirit manifested equally so. To me all were kind. I saw many old faces, and friends, and was again and again reminded, that I had not laboured in vain. The Lord was gracious with me, and I enjoyed more than I generally do from home. O that I had done more good! That I had aimed to leave

behind me impressions that will ripen into conversion. But such a poor creature am I, that if I did no mischief, I must think it pretty well. I trust I got some good, if I did not do much. I felt worn out when I came home, and could do but little, in making provision for to-day, but the Lord gave me a good time this morning: it was sweet, softening, and refreshing.

MAY 8. Another week has been spent in endeavouring to spread the truth, and bring honour to the dear Redeemer's name. Lord's day evening was a precious time, the place was crowded, and the Lord graciously breathed on my soul and assisted me. Four times besides Sunday, I spake the word and enjoyed proclaiming it, nor was I left alone this morning. Let the Lord's name be praised. To-night I preach to the young; the Lord enable me to speak with power. O to feel the sweet power of the Holy Spirit myself, and to find it passing over the congregation as a subduing, quickening, and soul-saving influence! Nothing effectual will be done without the Holy Ghost. Carefully and constantly would I use all the means, but my faith stands in the power of God alone. Our new chapel is not yet begun; I begin to weary, to see it rising, but I doubt not my Heavenly Father has arranged the whole. It is for his glory, but it is for our comfort too. Necessary for us, but not necessary for him. May I be kept

up in faith and prayer on this subject. The Lord fill me with his Holy Spirit, and use me to do a glorious work in this town; may it soon commence, and be carried on with a sensible, saving, all-conquering power. Lord, hasten it, hasten it in thine own time.

MAY 15. The Lord still leads me, bears with me, and employs me. It sometimes appears truly wonderful what he does. But he is of one mind, and who can turn him. His eye is steadily fixed on Jesus, and he deals with me, according to the infinite merit of his perfect work. I feel at times as if I could yield myself to his will without hesitation, or reserve, but at others I feel as carnal, dissatisfied, and self-willed as ever. Jesus is my only righteousness, all my hope is founded on what he is, and what he has done. Jesus *for* me, gives me confidence, and Jesus *in* me, fills me with joy. The past week has been filled up as usual with mercies and sins, forbearance and dissatisfaction. On Tuesday evening six spoke before the church, one ascribed her conversion to my preaching, and all professed to be very much benefitted thereby. Blessed be God that I do not labour quite in vain. Every night I am fully engaged in the Lord's work, and I have a full week's work before me. May I have much grace, and sufficient strength to go through with it.

MAY 21. Part of this week has been spent

from home, preaching and attending the annual meetings of the association. The brethren and friends were very kind, and I felt happy. But I find the excitement of the meetings unfits me for secret fellowship with God, my spirits are too high, and I talk too much. I forget my responsibility to do all the good I can, to try to bring every one to Jesus. I left behind a few words for Jesus in print, but I ought to have said more, to have acted more as if I had left home on a special errand of mercy to every one I came in contact with. I do not feel comfortable in looking back upon the few past days. I was preserved from danger, kindly entertained by Christian friends, indulged in good health, kept from open sin, and brought home in mercy; but I fear I did little to honour God, to glorify Jesus, or to bless souls; I did not feel so spiritually-minded when I returned as when I went out. I must be more consistent, rather I must pray for more of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit to make me so. I have not been quite well these last two days, and though I have little or no pain, there is a dull, heavy feeling about me, so that I am unfitted for much exercise either of body or mind. I hope the Lord will raise me above this to-morrow, that I may preach his word with life and power, and baptize seven of his people with pleasure. I want to be filled with life from God, *that I may consecrate* every hour to Him.

MAY 29. The Lord has been exceedingly kind to me of late. I trust I am very grateful to him. Last Lord's day was a good day: power in preaching, and the house crowded in the evening, so that many could not get in. Several appear to be under a good work, and I hope "there is a sound of abundance of rain." My soul is all on fire for a revival, a great and glorious work. The drops are coming down, O for a heavy shower! I was from home two days, preaching in the country, and had large congregations, when I tried to win souls for Jesus. The *one* desire of my soul is, to bring sinners to God. O how I long for this! I wish I could agonize in prayer for it morning, noon, and night. I did feel a good degree of the spirit of prayer yesterday, and that makes me hopeful for today, but I want to feel under its full influence daily. To feel as if I could not live if I sought not to bring sinners to Jesus, and succeeded. O my God, baptize my people in thy Holy Spirit, and may pastor and people just live to promote and advance thy cause. Seven dear friends were baptized last Lord's day evening, and several more are on the move. O for seven hundred. I trust there is a move also toward the erection of our new chapel, may the good Lord superintend its erection, and crown its completion with his blessing. I want every stone and brick to be laid with

prayer, and to see before I die that its walls are Salvation, and its gates Praise. O for thousands to be saved there!

JUNE 12. After writing the last entry, just before going into the pulpit, I was seized with a violent pain in my side, and it was with great difficulty I got through the service. I spoke no more until Thursday evening, and then in great pain. On Friday I travelled to Shrewsbury, suffering much all the way. On Saturday I went to Pontesbury, and after a night of much pain, preached with much acceptance. Though still very unwell, I spoke on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Thursday I married my son, slept in Shrewsbury, and arrived safe at home on Friday, after one of the most painful journeys I ever took. I am still far from well, but I preached this morning; enjoyed but little, and hope to preach with more pleasure and profit to-night. My soul during my indisposition has been pretty much in a state of resignation to the will of God. Fits of gloom and irritability I have experienced, but I was enabled to cry unto God. I found religion to be a reality. I believed that God was near, and both heard and answered prayer.

I have now work for every day next week, and I hope to prove that as my day, so my strength is. May my heart be fixed, trusting in the Lord: O that I may cling closer and faster to the rock, the glorious Rock of

Ages! To-night I preach to the young on the love of Jesus. O to feel the power, savour, and the sweetness of that love, while I preach it; and may many be induced to set their love upon him this night! I have hope of many of our young people; I trust that my hope will not be disappointed.

JUNE 17. On Wednesday, I went to W—, and enjoyed preaching Christ to a full house. On Thursday morning, before I left, Brother W—— requested me to go with him into his study, and pray with him, and I trust the Lord was with us, while praying for each other.

JUNE 22. The former part of last Lord's day, it rained very heavily, consequently our congregation was thin, but I preached with considerable freedom on God's remembering his covenant for ever. In the evening the place was crowded, and it was a very solemn time. I was speaking of being entrusted with the truth for others, the responsibility resting with us, the importance of seizing present opportunities for usefulness, and the sin and folly of being busy about other things, while we were neglecting our main business. O may the Lord seal home the solemn truths upon my heart, and upon the hearts of all my people.

JUNE 26. I have been much in prayer lately, but I find it difficult to continue the exercise for a long time together. My soul rather loves to pour out itself in short,

faith. Just the very thing I need. soul goes forth in this petition, "Lord crease my faith." The erection of the ch and all the circumstances by which I surrounded, unite to teach me that I more faith.

JULY 5. Last week, having to go to I was harassed with gloomy forebodi and superstitious fears, of which I c not divest myself. But much prayer so ed, and calmed my mind, and I we preached—was comfortable there, and turned in safety. My health now app to be pretty well restored; and on La day I enjoyed the services, praying preaching with considerable liberty power. Money comes in for the chape

JULY 19. My experience is pretty much what it has recently been. My soul hourly ascends to God in prayer. Mrs. K., one of my members, was taken home to glory, during the last week. I buried her on Thursday, and improved her death on Lord's day evening. The house was crowded; may the Lord bless the word. I expect six to speak before the church to-night, and be baptized on the next Lord's day evening. The Lord is working among us, for which I bless and praise his most holy name; may I see greater things than these. I do long to see a great and glorious work of God, to find myself in the midst of a powerful revival of religion. I have seen and felt something of the power of prayer; oh to see more, *much* more! May the Lord graciously reveal himself, exert his invincible power, and glorify his great name among us.

JULY 26. Tuesday evening, we had a most pleasant church-meeting, six spoke of the Lord's dealings with them, very sweetly, and satisfactorily. On Thursday evening I enjoyed preaching the word very much, and the congregation was unusually large. Lord's day was a good day; at night the chapel was crammed in every part, and the whole service was solemn and impressive. I felt great liberty and power, while preaching from the question, "Will ye also be his *disciples?*" Last evening, three persons *came to tell me* that the Lord had wrought

upon them, by my ministry, since my return. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for such an unspeakable mercy! O for thousands more!

AUG. 4. I have much encouragement in my work; the congregation keeps up, the new chapel goes on, souls are brought to Jesus, and the Lord's people are edified. The last Lord's day, I had special assistance in preaching; I endeavoured to stimulate the Lord's people, to make progress in his way and work, and to lift up the Lord Jesus, and his precious blood, above the power and guilt of all sin. I have still several things very trying to me. My soul is deeply tried, frequently, for I long for calmness, quiet, and peace, but I am irritated, troubled, and often cast down. Lord, do give me a meek and quiet spirit. Satan is trying to do mischief among us in the church, by exciting a jealous feeling amongst some of the members. He longs to hinder us. I believe he is annoyed to see the Lord with us, and working among us. May we be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. This is difficult, but how lovely, how useful, how ornamental it would be.

AUG. 11. Nothing very striking has occurred since I last wrote, unless we consider, as we ought, the constant care, daily *kindness*, and long-suffering of God, striking. I have enjoyed much peace of mind, and good health of body. Last Lord's day,

I record it to his praise, the Lord was with us, and blessed us. In the evening, I had a good time. Seven were received into the church, and more sat down at the Lord's table than I have ever seen since my return. Since then three persons have been to tell me of the Lord's mercy to them, and to request membership. The Lord is clearly at work among us, and he will, I trust, do great things. May my declining years be brightened with the Lord's smile, and crowned with a very great work, in the conversion of hundreds of souls to God. O how I long to see the Lord's hand working wonders amongst us, and making the little church and cause great, honourable, and glorious!

AUG. 16. The last few days I have been hopeful, and prayerful. Contented with temporals, fervently desiring more spirituals. Pleading most earnestly and importunately for money, to meet the expenses of the new building, but none has come in. This has not discouraged me, though temptations, and discouraging thoughts have been working within me. Last evening, I received information that a determined effort was about to be made to stop the building, and oblige us to pull down part of it. This took me by surprise, but it led me to the Lord. How much trials endear the *Lord's word.* I was enabled to fall back *upon, "we know* that all things work to-

gether for good, to them that love G
them that are the called according
purpose." I was led also to exclaim, "
y the wrath of man shall praise the
the remainder of wrath thou wilt rest
If God will work, who shall let or hi
The counsel of the Lord, standeth fo
and the thoughts of his heart unto al
erations. Here I stay. On this foun
I rest. For several days the passa
been on my mind, "Continue in praye
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I took it that I must continue pr
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voluntarily exclaimed, "Lord, turn
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May it be even so. No evil to our A
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To the honour of God I would record
Sunday was a good day, a crowded
at night, and a solemn season. To
have had two young people with me,
me what God has done for their sou
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to-night.

AUG. 22. On Wednesday last I
good time at Gloucester, trying to
Jesus, and the Father's love in him
Thursday I had a profitable time at
when speaking from those encou

words of the Lord, "my counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." My soul was prayerful and peaceful up to last night, when after preaching to a crowded congregation a sermon full of Christ, my mind was upset, and my temper improperly excited by contradiction, &c. I went to bed groaning and crying to God. For a time my soul was overwhelmed. I was off my guard. Satan was too crafty for me. The serpent had coiled himself up, and I did not see him, before I felt the venom.

One thing cheered me this morning, which was, that sin always disturbs my peace, and interrupts what I believe to be communion with God. Surely this is a proof that my peace and fellowship are divine. Providence shines upon the earth, for the weather is beautiful, and upon us, for many donations have come in for the chapel, during the last week. Blessed be God, that the work has not been interrupted yet: all praise to the Lord!

SEPT. 4. I have much enjoyed preaching of late, and I hear God is blessing it to the souls of men. To-night I shall try to improve the death of one of my hearers, and hope for a solemn, affecting, and profitable time. My thoughts have lately been much taken up with the great fact of the Lord's speedy advent, and I find it very *profitable. Oh* that I realized the fact more! *I want to* have all ready, and to live in

daily expectation of his glorious appea
I still pray the Lord to send us sup
for the erection of our new chapel, b
large donations come in. Still mone
been found, but I want to see the L
hand very distinctly appearing for us
in this respect answering our prayers.

SEPT. 10. Most of this week has
spent among friends, Christian fri
What a mercy to have friends. W
privilege to be beloved of the Lord's
ple. How kind it is of our gracious G
conceal from others what he himsel
within us, and which if known by o
would alienate them from us, and fill
with disgust. What contemptible crea
we should appear to our friends, if
knew all about us. We may study ou
hearts, and if we study them unde
cross, it will not injure, but benefit us.

SEPT. 15. I have visited Stroud
Lord was gracious with me and assiste
I saw many old friends, and all were
On Monday I very much enjoyed a co
sation with an old friend, upon the s
providence of God. He told me of se
striking answers to prayer which h
received, and so brought to my min
eral of the Lord's appearances for n
felt my faith strengthened, my min
couraged, and a spirit of prayer awal
in me. How sweet it is to converse
an experienced Christian upon exp

tal religion. But how seldom do we get it. I believe that Satan does all in his power to prevent it, and pride, unbelief, and false humility often hinder it. We had a profitable church-meeting on Tuesday evening; five persons told us of the Lord's dealings with them, and bore testimony to the power of the word in King Street. Several more are on the move. Surely God is with us. He is blessing us. He will bless us. His mercy is on them that fear him to all generations. I feel my soul sweetly drawn out to God this morning. I realize that I am at peace with him. I believe he loves me. I am sure if I love any one, or any thing, I love Jesus. There is music in his dear name. He is my manna this morning. I feed upon him. He is my life, I live by him. He is my light, I am always in the dark without him. Oh to glorify him more! May every sermon be full of Christ. May my conversation savour of Christ. May I live, just to honour Christ, and for nothing else. May I in dying, honour Jesus, exalting his dear name. May I eternally be with Jesus, and so shall I be satisfied. His coming back to our world, and that soon, rejoices my heart; it is to me more and more delightful and pleasant. Lord Jesus, come, come quickly.

SEPT. 19. On Saturday my soul was *severely tried*, but on Sunday morning, we *had a large* and comfortable prayer-meet-

ing; at the preaching service, there
more present, than I remember to have
before. The Lord favoured me with a
time in preaching on "The man C
Jesus." Nothing gives me more plea
than exalting the Lord Jesus; I do lo
lift him up, and show forth the hono
his name. I trust it was a good time
people. In the evening I baptized fiv
believers; the house was crammed in
part, and several hundreds went away
able to obtain admission. I felt pow
the service, and concluded that good
done. More appear disposed to join
us; may the Lord add unto us daily, o
as shall be saved. The building of th
chapel goes on, but money comes s
in. I still plead with my good and gra
God for large donations, and he now
then sends small ones, to stir us up
keep faith and prayer in exercise.

SEPT. 24. Tuesday and Wednesday
I was preaching and visiting in Oxford
I enjoyed the former, but had to groan
the latter, for though friends were
kind, we all appeared so carnal. I
not look back on what was said, or
with satisfaction or pleasure. My best p
are my study, the pulpit, or walking
in the country. To speak with God,
of God, or speak for God, gives me sat
tion, but little else does. Yesterday,
out visiting in the country again

though there was more simplicity, there was not a great deal more spirituality; at least I was not more spiritual.

On Thursday, my soul was refreshed, and delighted with viewing Jesus as "The praise of all his saints." In the evening I enjoyed preaching on the subject. After sermon I was informed that the opposition to our new chapel was taking a legal shape, and one of my deacons had received a notice, not only to stop the building, but to pull it down. How far will the Lord allow this opposition to proceed? This is the question now waiting to be solved. Will he allow it to be said now, as in Ezra's time, "Then ceased the work of the house of the Lord?" I trust not, opposition is painful, it may be expensive, but the Lord can make it profitable. I must pray more now. Luke xviii. 1st to 10th verses, came in the course of my private reading of the scriptures, this morning, and it both refreshed my soul, and furnished me with a subject for the pulpit to-morrow evening. O to see the Lord's hand appearing for us, in this matter! Should the Lord allow our foes to prevail, many would rejoice, and many who should not; but I cannot yet believe he will. Mine eyes shall be ever toward the Lord, until he pluck my feet out of the net. He will arise and have mercy.

Oct. 2. Part of last week I was unwell, *but not* wholly laid aside. I saw and felt

enough to make health appear a great blessing. My soul had peace with God. What a mercy it is to rest on the finished work of Jesus. To look for all to him, and leave all with him. Jesus is emphatically *my all*, I try hard to stir up his people to labour in his cause, with a view to honour his dear name. But I find strange materials in his church; where there is some grace, there is much corruption.

OCT. 11. I have visited Wiltshire, spent three days, and preached three times. I trust I left a savour of Christ behind me, and did a little good. But I cannot help sighing out, O that I was more spiritual, when from home! Rather, O that I was always and every where spiritual! I need much patience and forbearance, for the care of the church, the claims of the congregation, and chapel building are very trying. May the Lord, in answer to many prayers, bring us safely and happily through it! I had a good Lord's day,—place well filled in the morning, and crowded at night.

While from home, I met with a case of a young man, who was two full years in despair, and on the very brink of suicide, from conviction of sin; but who was raised to hope and comfort by that text, "Nevertheless, he regarded their affliction, when he *heard* their cry." I came home and preached from it with some comfort, and I hope to the profit of the people. Two men have al-

tempted to commit suicide in this town lately, the one a young man only twenty years of age, died, the other recovered. What a mercy to be under divine keeping. What power Satan has! I am more than ever persuaded, that we are not at all aware of the power exerted within and around us by the influence of good and bad angels. There is a great mystery in angelic influence, both good and bad. Lord, keep me. Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings. O to live near to God, to walk in close and intimate fellowship with God, and then I need fear no evil. Lord, draw me near to thee, and keep me near, for thy mercy's sake!

Oct. 15. How necessary it is to keep our faith exercised on the presence, power, and promises of God; for something arises every day to try it, and to vex the soul. Nor is it less necessary to live in the daily exercise of praise and gratitude to God for all his mercies. Alas! how little heartfelt praise the Lord receives from us, for his innumerable mercies. The other day I was requested to go and see Mr. F——, a member of a Christian Church, and for years an occasional preacher, but now a complete wreck. His nerves are so shattered, and his system so reduced, that he cannot take comfort in any thing. Haunted with the idea that his *past religion* was only a delusion, he has no *comfortable* hope. He weeps like a child,

and talks of secret sins indulged in, under a profession of religion. He appears truly wretched. Lord, keep me from ever falling into so deplorable a state, but may I be enabled to bear every trial, carry every cross, and glorify thy holy and ever blessed name in every furnace. I am encouraged just now, by a good number of persons desiring to join the church, but cannot but feel anxious at times, to know how the opposition of some toward the new chapel will end. Lord, will it succeed? Canst thou let our foes, in this instance, triumph over us?

October 26. Very busy, and suffering from rheumatic pain, yet mercy preponderates over every thing else. Tried I am almost daily, but prayer brings down help and relief. I am daily more and more vexed with myself because I am so unlike Jesus, so unlike what I ought to be, what I wish to be. But Jesus is precious to me; on his word, work, and veracity alone I depend for acceptance with God. I love to read of him, think of him, speak of him, and if I write at all, to write of him. I shall never glorify him as I ought, at least while I have to carry about this body of sin and death. I had on the whole, a good day on Sunday, and I think the people found the word sweet.

Nov. 1. Since my last entry, death has *removed* one of my hearers; she has been *long ill,* but though a communicant and

always mixed up with godly people, she never would speak of spiritual things during her illness, or before her death. Should I lay long ill, I do hope and pray that the Lord will give me grace to speak of Jesus. I would wish that every one should carry from my sick bed, something that will illustrate the power of religion, endear the Lord Jesus, and promote personal sanctification. But, alas! how backward we are to speak of Jesus, and show forth the honour of his dear name. The Lord greatly assisted me on Sunday—congregations very good, and I hope that good was done. Yesterday, I was but poorly; I have had an unusual giddiness in the head lately. The swift flight of time often makes me feel very serious, as it will soon land me on the shores of the unseen, unknown world.

Nov. 8. On Lord's-day morning, I was tried severely, which appeared to affect my health, for when I stood up to pray, I was attacked with giddiness, and felt the sensation of falling nearly the whole time. Nevertheless, I preached with some degree of freedom. In the evening, the house was crowded to the doors, and I enjoyed liberty; especially when speaking of rest at the end of the course. At the Lord's table, three were received into the church.

On Thursday, we received notice, that *application* was made to chancery, to *compel us to take* down the whole of the front

of the new chapel; and on Saturday, that the day fixed for hearing the case was Thursday next. This produces considerable agitation and concern. What a mercy I feel the throne of grace to be, under my present circumstances. My spirits appear almost crushed, my soul is full of confusion. Where will all these things end? To-night is the church-meeting, and five are expected to speak of the Lord's dealings with them. May we have a good time. Surely if trouble, trial, and vexation would sanctify, I should be one of the holiest of men. But nothing but the grace of Jesus will do this. The power of the Holy Spirit is absolutely necessary. O that I had more of the spirit of Jesus! His was a self-denying spirit. He lived wholly for others. He sought not his own glory. He went about doing good. It was his meat, to do the will of his Father who sent him into the world. I would live for others too. I would glorify my heavenly Father too. I would go about doing good too. But O, this flesh! This corrupt, carnal nature. This inwrought spirit of selfishness. I sigh for ease, quiet, and comfort. Is not this the flesh? Is not this one manifestation of selfishness?

Nov. 19. My fifty-first birth-day. What mercy has God shown me! What favours *he has* conferred upon me! I do this day, *once more*, solemnly, and heartily give myself to the Lord, and anew consecrate my-

self to his service. My days fly fast, may I improve the few that remain to the uttermost. A letter from a young person at Halstead, Essex, informs me of her conversion through reading my "Streams in the desert." Blessed be the Lord for this! At the church-meeting, two out of five ascribed their conversion to my ministry. This week has been spent in London. I went up to the ordination of Mr. Cole, to give him a charge, and spent three or four comfortable days, speaking four times. Last night, we had bad news from chancery, the enemies of our new chapel are likely to prevail, and our solicitor advises us to proceed no further. This is a very sad blow, and Satan has suggested some very horrid things to my mind in consequence, but, blessed be the Lord, I have not been permitted to entertain them.

Nov. 27. Last Lord's day I preached in the Forest, and tried to stir up the Lord's people, to feel a deep interest, and take an active part, in the missionary enterprise. All were kind to me, but I could not but fear that there was great formality there, a want of life and the power of divine things. But why do I write so? Who needs power more than I do? For several days my soul has been *burning* with a desire to be more useful than I have been, and the inward excitement was almost too much for the poor body, which sensibly felt it. The dense fog

blood to be placed just where we are now, but I doubt not the discipline will be salutary to our spirits. I want to lose my will entirely in the will of God. How happy I should be then! O that my heavenly Father would fill me with his Holy Spirit so that I may think, speak, and act under his influence alone. Spirit of God, come, and take full possession of me.

DEC. 11. This has been a peaceful week. I think I have enjoyed a gentle breathing from the everlasting hills. My soul has been alive to divine things. I can read and write with pleasure. I have a desire to be useful. I enjoy brief prayer, but yet consecutive prayer I cannot enjoy as I wish. My soul will wander, my imagination is too active. From this I sometimes draw conclusions against myself. But at other times, I think it partly constitutional, and partly habit. I think I never realized the substantial nature of religion, or the quieting influence of faith more in my life than I have done lately. My faith is the substance of things hoped for, the inward and full possession of things not seen. I have been tried, but generally, I am calm, peaceful, and composed. Nothing is done further about the chapel. Thousands of prayers ascend, but no visible answer is returned. *The Lord does* not either speak or act. *This led me* on Thursday, to preach from

the words of the Psalmist, "Lord, h
wilt thou look on?"

On Friday, a letter from one of m
bers informed me of the Lord's g
dealings with her of late, and what
sing the Lord had made a portion
word to her. This led me to preac
it this morning, it was Ezek. xxxvi.
the Lord, have spoken, and *I wil*
This has cheered and comforted me
Lord will do it. He will do all
said. Not one jot or tittle shall f
all shall be accomplished. I mu
walk by faith.

DEC. 28. Outwardly I have had
inwardly I have enjoyed divine thi
have written considerably for the
and though I dislike the act of wri
much as ever I did, I have enjoyed
have written very much. I often
had written more, hoping that the
might have been more useful. O t
Lord would use me to do good to soul
honour the Lord Jesus upon earth,
come the second time, without si
salvation.

Last Lord's day the weather wa
trying; consequently the congre
were thin: but as I endeavoured to e
Lord Jesus, both parts of the day,
some good was done. We cannot
Christ from a good motive, and y
vain, that is a comfortable thoug

know," said Paul, "that your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord." Nevertheless, I want to see fruit, much fruit, fruit that will remain to glorify my God.

DEC. 31. Farewell, 1853, thy days are numbered, thy last evening has come. Thou has been an eventful year to me, but a year of great mercy too. Truly, my God has dealt wondrously with me. If Jesus were to ask me, as he once did his disciples, "Lacked ye anything?" I must answer as they did, "Nothing, Lord." No, every want has been supplied, and I have many good things in possession. I have had many fears and doubts, but they have been proved to be groundless. I have enjoyed much inward peace and satisfaction of soul of late, and have had some sweet and blessed seasons during the last twelve months.

To-morrow I enter upon a new year, may I commence it in faith and fellowship with God. May it be the best, that is, the holiest, the happiest, and the most useful year I have ever lived. May the new chapel be completed, possessed, and filled; in that may the hand of the Lord be visibly seen and an answer to our many prayers be sensibly given, and so our faith be greatly strengthened. Lord, pardon the sins of this year, suffer me not to carry any of this year's sins into the next.

JAN. 7, 1854. The new-year was commenced as usual with an early prayer-meet-

ing. My new year's text and motto
Sam. xxii. 47. "*The Lord liveth.*"
be enabled to place this encouragin
against all the trials, troubles, and cl
to which I shall be exposed throug
year. The Lord liveth, therefore I
always have one to love me, to care f
and feel an interest in me. The Lord
and will fulfil his word, illustrate his
fulness, and get glory to his most h
name. Friends have been very kin
weather very severe, and many are
away by death. The Lord is my str
and he indulges me with much
though my mind is frequently dis
and troubled. I want to enjoy a gre
vival of religion in my own soul, a
witness the same in my church and c
gation. What a lifeless, languishin
many even of the Lord's people app
be in. O that the Lord would rou
up! One female came to me on Th
evening, to tell me my ministry had bee
sed to her conversion, and to ask fello
with the Church. Nine were receive
fellowship last Lord's day evening.
these mercies, the Lord's name be p
The first week in another year is go
have done a little for God, but how
I have written many letters this wee
pieces in print appear in four perio
which are extensively circulated,
my thoughts have been read b

thousands, surely the Lord will bless them to some.

JAN. 14. Much to praise God for this week. My faith has been tolerably steady, prayer has ascended almost constantly to God, and I hope soon to hear that the new chapel business is settled. To-day or Monday it is expected to come before the court for decision. May the Lord cast the lot, and cast it in our favour. The special prayer-meeting last evening was very encouraging, a large number present, and a spirit of prayer seemed to be among us. This was the case also on Tuesday evening at the church-meeting, four were proposed for baptism, and two from other churches; five brethren engaged in prayer. It was a most pleasant meeting. It is encouraging to know the Lord is working amongst us; three of the four proposed for membership, date their conversation to my ministry, but I want to see a great and glorious work. May the Lord make bare his arm in the sight of all nations.

JAN. 12. On Lord's day God was with me, and in the evening a powerful impression appeared to be made. Since then three have applied for baptism, and fellowship. On Monday, the decision of the court was given against us, in our new chapel case, and when this arrived on Tuesday, our enemies had a feast, and our poor friends a fast. I felt the intelligence myself, but had in-

ward peace, and an abiding persuasion that God would overrule it for good. Still to see my friends so cut up, gave me considerable pain. Satan made a desperate assault upon me, injecting some blasphemous thoughts against God, and against prayer. It seemed for a time as if my soul would be carried away with them. I felt it difficult to keep my footing. "My feet were almost gone, my steps had well-nigh slipped." But I soon recovered my standing, and now I have again got upon my watch, and am standing on my tower, waiting to hear what God the Lord will say unto me, and to see how God will appear for us. I believe he will. I expect him to do so. Every letter I open, I look for a message from the Lord, and for help to carry on the cause. Hitherto he has helped, and surely he will not leave us now.

JAN. 26. Last Lord's day the Lord was with me both times in the pulpit, and I trust that good was done. I expect to hear so. I have enjoyed much peace, though, at times, I have been much perplexed, by the business of the new chapel. I feel as if I could not give it up, and yet I see no way of escape. I know the Lord *can* make one, but *will* he? He will if it is most for his glory, but how can I tell that it is? The Lord will decide in his own time. He is now trying my faith, and the faith of my people, sharply. Satan also is busy at

work, but I believe we shall yet overcome. It requires much patience, and much faith may the Lord increase both.

My mind is very fruitful just now in preparing sermons, and in writing for the press. Every day almost I do something in this way, and I trust I do it *for Jesus.* I love to write of him, and to speak of him. Many appear to sympathise with us, and some sneer and rejoice. Nothing has pained me so much, as the remarks of some of our own people, who do not see the Lord's hand at all in the matter. All will be overruled for good, I have no doubt, but I want the chapel to stand as it is, without mutilation. Will the Lord grant me this request? O that he would! I think I should be heartily grateful, and I think that many thanksgivings would be given to his holy name.

FEB. 1. Still at the post of observation. Comforts and crosses, peace and perplexity, pleasure and pain, make up my experience. The Lord does not forsake me, though he sees fit to try me. Nor do I give up prayer, though I cannot obtain the answer I wish. I really do wish to live peaceably, work diligently, and walk consistently; but I am thwarted, discouraged, and often turned aside. My heart is desperately wicked, and my temper is quick and hasty, my disposition is excitable, and circumstanced as I am, it is hard always to put off the old man,

and put on the new. I often hear th
Lord is blessing my poor labours, I
feel as if I was living near the mar
time, and my wish is daily to act t
all, as one who must soon stand befo
great white throne. The new chape
ness is full of thorns, so that I am p
and scratched in every direction.
hope to have known the ultimate de
before this, but I do not. I must wa
tle longer. Hold out, faith and pa
Hold on zeal and courage.

FEB. 7. On Saturday I felt very u
and was obliged to retire early to bed
Lord's-day the body was quite out of
but I enjoyed more than usual assista
my pulpit labours. Faith and hope
for some time kept my soul pretty cal
cheerful, but last night, while hearing
determined, and as it appears to me,
and continued opposition to the new
with the remarks of some professo
specting it, my soul seemed to fal
My heart sunk within me, and Satan
to stir up some of the corruptions of n
ture, so that, but for godly fear, I
not where he would have driven me.
I came home, my wife was racked
pain, my daughter ill in bed, and my
were sunk as low as they could well
Unwell in myself, and thus troubled, I
ed a sleepless night, but blessed
Lord, I slept tolerably well; and

though much shaken in mind, and unfitted for work, I feel more stillness of soul. The chapel affair is likely to be one of the most troublesome I have had to do with. Some of the friends take all they can off my hands, and try to keep things from troubling my mind; but the dispensations of divine providence are most trying, and I feel something within me hurrying me on, every now and then, to desperation. Yet I generally appear cheerful to others, as I would not hurt or distress them if I could avoid it. We have some around us, like the children of Edom, in the day of Jerusalem, who said, "Raze it, raze it, even to the foundation thereof." I often ask, can so many and such fervent prayers remain unanswered? Will the Lord cast off for ever? Will he be favourable no more? Hath he in anger shut up his loving-kindness in displeasure? "O Lord, arise for our help. Save us for thy mercy's sake."

FEB. 12. Much exercise of soul, and severe temptations have been my lot of late. Yet, I think I have felt more for some of my friends than for myself. I cannot but hope that the Lord will yet appear for us, in reference to the new chapel. This is my anniversary day; forty one have been added to the church during the last year, and ten more wish to be; this is encouraging, and *I wish to feel* encouraged. Still I want to *see greater* things, for what appear great

things to man, are small with God. All are tried; my brother sends me word that just now he is severely exercised, and can I expect to escape? Why should I be favoured in such a way? Why indeed! Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God, and thou who would happily wear the crown, must patiently carry the cross. This morning I endeavoured to set forth the minister's work, to preach the gospel; and the people's duty to support him in so doing. It required nerve, but the Lord gave it me, and I was enabled to be faithful; may the Holy Spirit apply it, that so the effects may be seen. Some of my people are very liberal, but as it is, I suppose it is in all churches, some do nothing. O that all would work for God, and then they would more cheerfully contribute to support his cause! May this year, through special grace from God, witness that we improve, and improve greatly.

FEB. 19. Another trying week is ended. One wave of disappointment has followed another in reference to the chapel business, and now at last, the front must be pulled down. So far have the enemies prevailed. I never could believe the Lord would permit it, until it was decided. But now my *hope on that* subject is removed like a tree. *How mysterious* are the workings of divine *providence*! Our enemies triumph, and

laugh among themselves; they have been heard exclaiming, "I am heartily glad of it." "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But it is not all dark. The Lord is working among us by grace. On Tuesday, four persons spoke before the church, and all ascribed their conversion under God, to my preaching. On Thursday, four more spoke, and two of them did the same. Thus the Lord is not leaving us without witness that he is with us. I expect to baptize these eight persons to-night, and hope for a good time. The Lord has been with me of late, so that I have not had one barren time in preaching, and our collection last Sabbath was the best I have made in King Street. I do trust the Lord will now smile upon us in reference to the new chapel, and enable us to finish it: and may it stand to the latest generation, a proof of the weakness of man's enmity, and the power of faith and prayer.

FEB. 26. Last Lord's day evening the house was literally crammed, and many went away, unable to get in. Eight were baptized, it was a good time, and I hope for results. I have been speaking this morning of Jesus, as the Advocate of his people; and as it is thirty years to-day since the Lord called me by his grace, I intend to speak from the text that was made useful to me. O may the Lord quicken some to-night, and raise up some among us by this

sermon, to go forth and preach his word. How wonderful have been the ways of the Lord with me since that eventful night: what mercies I have received, what trials I have endured, and what a blessing my poor labours have been made! To grace, free and sovereign grace, all the glory is due, O Lord, wilt thou not take me afresh into thine hand, and use me yet more and more for the good of souls, and to thine own glory.

MARCH 5. All the early part of the week I was sorely tried, the enemy raged, the cross galled the shoulder, and the heart was heavy; but now I seem to have peace of soul. The Lord has, I trust, been present, and the result has been pleasant. This morning, at the early prayer-meeting, a sweet, soothing, and softening influence passed over me. I had fellowship with Christ in his sufferings. I sympathised with, and could have wept over, my suffering Lord. The tears started in my eyes again and again, and I felt that Jesus was precious. In the sermon this morning, I have been trying to exalt him before, and endear him to, the hearts of his beloved and believing people. I was speaking of the prophet's words, "His name shall be called Wonderful." Every thing about Jesus is *wonderful*. But his love to me, and offering *himself* a sacrifice for my sins, is most wonderful of all. O that I could but love him

return, in some proportion to his love to e! My heart longs to love him—my soul sires to adore him. I wish my freshest, armest, and strongest affections, like the ume and perfume from the altar of incense, ascend to him. But this body of sin and ath, this fascinating world, and even ese dreary troubles, seem to combine to ag me down and keep me low.

MARCH 12. Things have gone on much usual this week. But towards the end it, I felt a strange backwardness to pray-. My heart requires much cultivating to ep it at all fruitful. To-day, I am preach-g for the mission. I had a good time is morning, may I have a better to-night. that the Lord would direct me to cast the t on the right side of the ship, that I may nclose a great multitude of fishes! O to tch men, and offer them up to my dear ord and Saviour! I do believe the good ork is going on amongst us, souls are eing to Jesus, but I want to see multi-des. The front of the new chapel will be commenced this week. May the Lord perintend its erection, and let it stand ntil Jesus comes again. In a variety of ays, I hear the Lord is using me; blessed his holy name for this. He never used more unworthy instrument. May it bring ory to his free and sovereign grace.

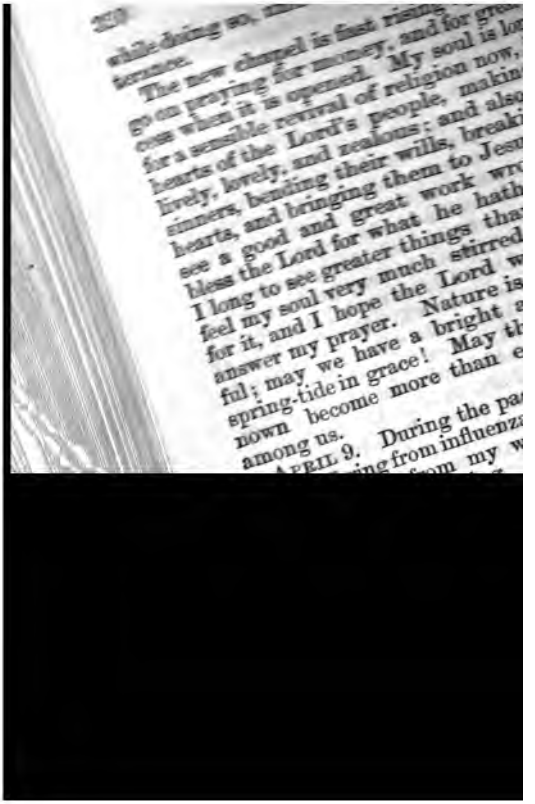
MARCH 19. What a strange, unaccount-le creature I am, and what a trying path

is that in which I am appointed to walk. Every day brings some special trials, and I am tried with all sorts of thoughts. What with the temptations of Satan, the trying dispensations of divine providence, and my own unmanageable heart, it would be no wonder if I was to cast my shield away. I feel at times, such a strange reluctance to go to prayer, and am often so lifeless when engaged in it, that I scarcely know what to make of myself. This may partly arise from the powerful temptations with which I have been plied on the subject of prayer, for some time past. I had great faith in prayer, and appeared to be supported in the same by many portions of God's word; but the Lord's refusal to hear prayer in reference to the new chapel, and the difficulties we are now in, in consequence, have strangely staggered me, while Satan often suggests, "what is the use of your praying? You see the Lord will not answer you; you have prayed, pleaded, believed, and expected, but have been disappointed; your views of special providence are not correct; you ought to question your adoption, or the truth of what you believe; you cannot be right, or things would not have taken the turn they have; you are wrong, or you have done wrong in coming here. The people have been wrong *all through*, you may see this, for the Lord *ours your* enemies, and no cause in the *has met* with the difficulties, discour-

agements, and oppositions yours has, &c." O how my soul has been tossed about by these, and other waves of temptation! My enemy is very crafty, very powerful, and exactly suits his temptations to the state of my mind. Lord, how long?

MARCH 27. Crosses, conflicts, and comforts, make up my lot. I suffered much from the former several days last week; I had conflicts nearly the whole of it: but I have had some sweet comforts too. What a comfort it is to be made useful, and I hear by letter and otherwise, that the Lord is making use of me. He uses me to comfort his saints, whom I have never seen, and to bring sinners to himself. The opposition of Satan is vain, the wrath of man cannot prevent me doing good.

APRIL 9. Still hoping in God's mercy, looking to the Lord Jesus, and holding on my way. In one sense, I make little progress, but in another I seem to fly toward home. Time hurries me on, but the state of my soul is pretty much the same. I have very much enjoyed the prayer-meetings lately, especially early on the Lord's day morning. I enjoy praying in public more than in private, which sometimes gives Satan an occasion against me. The Lord Jesus has been very precious to me of late. My soul has felt a sweet glow while speaking *of him*, or giving out some of our sweet *hymns*. I melted into tears this morning



good time this morning, in preaching on the establishment of the covenant, and the confirmation of the Lord's name, or covenant title. Blessed be God for a covenant ordered in all things and sure, which contains all my salvation and all my desire. I am hoping for a good time to-night, in preaching to the young. O that the Lord would specially put forth his power among us, and win many souls for himself! I shall have about 900 tracts and hand-bills distributed also to-day, from which I may hope for some fruit. O for a great and powerful work of God amongst us!

APRIL 16. During the week I have been from home preaching, and while absent had one of the most painful asthmatic attacks I ever experienced. How painful to labour and gasp for breath, as I then did. My soul cried right heartily to the Lord, and at length he sent me relief. How different the things of time appear under such circumstances. How soon one feels willing to spread the wings and fly away. May I daily live under the impression I then felt. Jesus has been my theme through the week, and I have enjoyed proclaiming his most precious name. He is my theme to-day, and though poorly in body, I feel happy in lifting him up before his people. May I enjoy more of his precious grace, and walk more *in the light* of his countenance. I am still *crying to* the Lord for pecuniary help, as

our chapel-building calls loudly for it, but hitherto, my prayers remain unanswered. O that the Lord would hear me upon this point, and appear for us! To-morrow I leave for London, where I expect to spend about two weeks, and preach to my former flock. I trust the Lord will make me useful in the great city, and preserve me from all evil there; especially keep me from all sin.

APRIL 30. Most of the last fortnight was spent in London, preaching to my old flock, seeing old friends, and attending public meetings. During my stay in town, I suffered much from my lungs and breath. Never was I so ill. It made me cry heartily to the Lord. Right glad was I to return home again. The meetings did not appear to have much life in them, nor was there much power. I feel it very difficult to get near or keep near the Lord on these exciting occasions. In secret I enjoy more of God, or in the sober exercises of devotion in the sanctuary. Blessed be the Lord for sustaining and keeping me up while from home, and returning me once more to my family and flock in peace.

MAY 7. During the past week I have had much to mourn over, and much to be grateful for: my hope is in heaven. My heart *is* on Jesus. I cannot get near, or *come near* to Jesus as I wish. Yet I cannot be satisfied without. Jesus is precious to

me. I love to exalt his dear name. I never longed more ardently to bring sinners to him. A few come. O to see a multitude thronging to him! My breath still continues to be affected, and my cough is often troublesome. I sometimes fancy I may now make up my mind to a confirmed asthma. But be it as it may, I wish to acquiesce in the will of God. I know what he appoints is best. I wish to have my feelings regulated by this persuasion at all times. But I am naturally irritable; and I have so many things to act upon my sinful nature, that I feel hurried away from my anchor-hold, and am filled with confusion and sorrow. May the Lord use me to-night, to glorify his dear name, feed his people, and bring some sinners to his feet. I tried to exalt Jesus this morning, as, "The Mighty God," asserting and proving his divinity, endeavouring to excite confidence in his friends, and fear in his foes.

MAY 11. Nearly a week I spent in Sheffield, where I went to preach for the mission. There I had a violent attack of asthma, one night especially, the paroxysms were dreadful. Surely I shall never forget that night. I was ill the whole time I was there. Since my return home I am better, but far from well. I fear I have an asthma for life. After the public meeting at Sheffield, I felt deeply humbled in myself, under a sense of my exceeding sinfulness.

This is a memorable day to me, as on this day twenty-six years ago, I first preached in this town. What changes I have seen! what sins I have committed! what mistakes I have made! what mercies I have received! what deliverances I have experienced since then! The greatest part of my life, of my ministerial life, is spent, but is it the best part? The most useful part? The most holy part? Or will God crowd many and great events into the few remaining days of my life? I am extremely foolish, for when I was at W——, not long since, suffering from the state of my lungs, I envied a brother minister his apparent good health, and ability to work for God, and yesterday I received a note from him to say, that the physician had ordered him to be silent for at least three months, his brain being affected. The Lord restore him, and pardon me.

MAY 25. Last Lord's day was, I hope, a good day. The Lord helped me. In the morning I preached seriously, to myself profitably, and with a hearty desire to do my people good. At night the house was very crowded. I tried to exalt Jesus, and then buried six believers with him in baptism. Three more have conversed with me, and wish to come forward. God is certainly with us, but I do long to witness a great work. My soul glows this morning with a desire to be useful. O to bring immortal

souls to Jesus! Blessed be God, my health is better, though my breathing still is a great deal affected. But I want to get above these earthly and temporal things, and acquire deeper sanctification, and more extensive usefulness. My soul was bowed down within me yesterday, on account of my sinfulness, especially my proneness to talk of some persons without perfect love to them, or a desire to glorify God by what I say respecting them. O that I loved every one, especially every Christian, with a pure heart fervently.

JUNE 2. I trust the Lord is with us. I have enjoyed public work, and have felt a spirit of prayer at times powerfully working in me, especially for three things. First, deeper and more thorough consecration to God. I want to *feel* more of the power of the Spirit in my heart, and to manifest more of it in my life, labours, and conversation. Second, a great revival of religion in my church and congregation. To see hundreds bowing under the power of the word, and yielding themselves unto God. O for the power and unction of the Holy Ghost, to be felt and enjoyed under my ministry. I greatly rejoice to see the place crowded as it is, but I want to bring every soul to Jesus, and to see pastor and people made like Jesus. Thirdly, money to meet the expenses of the new building. Through the opposition we have met with, there will be at least one

thousand pounds more expended than we expected, and I have been pleading with the Lord, to send me at least five hundred. Every day, and often many times in the day I pray, for this. I feel much stirred up again these last few days, and blessed be the Lord my health is much better. I can breathe freely, and my cough is not so bad. I have just finished reading the life of Dr. Judson; it was a treat to my soul. I often sighed out, O that I was like Judson! But as often corrected myself, and exclaimed, O that I was like Jesus! I am praying and hoping for a good day next Sunday; hope lifts up my head and my heart. Last night, I enjoyed preaching from Judges viii. 4, "Faint, yet pursuing them."

JUNE 10. Last Lord's day was a good day, for though in the morning I did not feel much unction or power, in the evening the Lord was evidently present with me! At the Lord's table I enjoyed much, I was happy. Wednesday and Thursday, the annual meetings of our assocation were held at Eastcomb; the Lord favoured me ith health and ease, enabled me to preach my brethren, and to enjoy their company. good spirit appeared to reign among us, t the state of the churches appear to be y thing but encouraging. Many of the urches have decreased in number, others ain stationary, only eight had really progress. A day for special prayer

is fixed for Monday the twenty-sixth instant; may the Lord incline his people to come together, and wrestle with him. The Lord has helped me to-day in preparing for to-morrow, and may the power of God be mightily exerted among us. I preach to the young in the evening, and O how I long to see them subdued, brought to Jesus, and united with his church! My God, give me light, power, and love to-morrow; that many dear young people may be won for Jesus! I *watch* for souls to win them, to edify them, to fit them for usefulness and heaven, may I never watch in vain, nor forget that I must give an account?

JUNE 14. The Lord helped me on the last Lord's day, not only to go through my work, but to be faithful in it. The congregations, and the attention paid were most encouraging. But I continue to feel much giddiness, especially when in prayer in the pulpit, which agitates and depresses me. Most days bring something to try my faith, vex my mind, and test my temper. I do intensely long to acquiesce in the whole will of God. To put a blank into the Lord's hand and say, "Lord, fill it up as thou wilt, I shall be content." But my flesh is very cowardly, and my health does not appear to be so sound as it once was. I think much of eternity, of being with Jesus, of beholding his glory, and enjoying his presence for ever. Our new chapel business is very

trying. Money comes in so very slowly and in such small quantities, and is called for so fast, and in such large amounts, that I feel perplexed and troubled. What the Lord intends to do with us I cannot say. Many prayers offered on the subject remain to be answered, unless the Lord rejects them. O for submission, absolute submission! O for resignation, entire resignation to God's will! Yesterday I preached twice in a village, and tried to stir up gratitude to God in the hearts of the saints, and to attract sinners to the Lord Jesus. O that the seed may spring up, and bring forth fruit!

JUNE 22. I have spent the greater part of a week in Yorkshire, and the Lord has been very gracious to me, both journeying and in the pulpit. But I daily learn more and more what a poor thing I am. I begin often to sigh for my heavenly home. I meet with so much to agitate my mind, depress my spirits, and try my temper. It is a great mercy I can sleep pretty well. O that I could pray as well as I can sleep! But alas! in prayer I am so often dry, barren, and lifeless. I am ashamed to call it prayer. I cannot often call it communion with God. If salvation were not wholly of grace, I feel that I must be lost; I should have no hope. Yet, I enjoy preaching the word, I prize the ordinances of divine appointment, and the Saviour is truly precious to my soul. O that I was like

him, meek and lowly in heart, then I should find rest unto my soul!

JUNE 30. I am sighing and striving to acquiesce in all the will of God, to be anxious for nothing, but to cast every care on Jesus. This I find to be exceedingly difficult, for the dull and lifeless manner in which some proceed in the building of the chapel, tries me to the quick. Often I feel myself betrayed into a hasty, unlovely, complaining state of mind. This only irritates and agitates me, brings guilt on the conscience, and gives Satan an occasion against me. My soul is overflowing with a desire to see a great revival of religion, especially in my own congregation. For this I daily pray and sigh, my whole soul seems to go out in prayer, and I can pray for this, when I can feel liberty in praying for scarce any thing beside. I mourn over much dryness of soul in private prayer. Such want of energy, savour, and unction. Few Christians suffer so much from this as I do. My soul is often full of heaviness, yet the Lord is gracious. On last Lord's day I tried to stir up the people to pray for a large out-pouring of the Holy Spirit; and on Monday night a goodly number gathered together for this purpose. O that the Lord would hear us, and grant us the request of our lips.

JULY 7. Faithful is he that called me, *who has hitherto* equipped me, stood by me,

and used me for his glory. Tried I have been, and am, but has the Lord any servant who is not? I know of none, though many of them do not appear to be tried so much as me. However, I have nothing to do with the allotments of my fellow-servants, except I can help them, but my business is to improve myself, and glorify God by attending to my own. No doubt all *is* right, and I shall *see* all to be right in the end. The cross is on the right shoulder, and it is the right cross too. Last Lord's day was a good day for many in King Street, and it was not a bad one to me. The Lord helped me, and I enjoyed his word and ordinances. My soul is still crying out for great usefulness, and for a great revival of religion. O to see sinners flocking to the Saviour in crowds, and as doves to their windows! O to see the Lord's people thoroughly alive and happy in the Lord's work! The slow progress of the new chapel, and the want of funds, tries my spirit very much. I daily, yea almost hourly, cry to God for them, but his hand is fast closed. Surely he will arise and have mercy upon us. His word is true. His promises are faithful. His ear is not heavy, neither is his arm shortened.

JULY 15. Another week of trial and exercise is nearly gone for ever. I sigh for quiet, but am daily disturbed. My spirit and temper are tried as well as my faith.

Prayers remain unanswered, and from almost every quarter something springs up to trouble me. A little agitates, perplexes, and excites me now. O earth, I find little repose in thy bosom, perhaps I shall soon find more in thy bowels! I begin to weary of earth much, and were it not that I believe I am of some use, I think I should do so much more. Last Lord's day morning was very wet, and my congregation but thin; at night we were crowded, and I preached to the young with a good deal of freedom and power. To-morrow I have three sermons; may the Lord afford me special help, put power into the word, and grant a large blessing. The weather just now is very trying; we want fine warm weather, but we have a good deal of rain. May the Lord, as the God of providence, favour us with a good and plentiful harvest. How will it be with me in the last great harvest? What sheaves shall I have to bring with me? How much fruit shall I bring forth to perfection? O that I could live for God, for the Lord Jesus, doing whatever I do religiously, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, having reference to the divine approbation alone! Once more, my Saviour, I give myself away to thee, to think for thee, to act for thee, to glorify thee in all I do, say, or suffer.

July 24. I have had a quiet week; very *little to disturb* my mind; and yesterday

was a very good day. In the morning I preached on "Holiness to the Lord," with life and savour. There was a good degree of doctrine, experience, and practice in the discourse; may the Lord greatly bless it. In the evening I baptized four, who call themselves my spiritual children: the house was crowded. I felt great love to souls, and spake to all classes with simplicity, affection, and a deep concern to do them good. O how intensely my soul longs for a revival of religion, to realize the mighty power of the Holy Ghost exerted in our hearts, and in our midst.

AUGUST 6th. On Tuesday evening I was called to see a young person in the agonies of death; suffering also from a state of uncertainty of mind. She died about two hours after I left her. How solemn to see a person thus lingering on the borders of eternity, and to have to speak to such a one on the concerns of the never-dying soul! May I be found quite ready, willing, and waiting, whenever it shall please God to call for me. Something or other is always occurring to exercise my mind, trouble my spirit, and cause me grief; may all be sanctified to my soul's good, and to the benefit of my peple.

AUGUST 13. The heat of the weather has *made* me languid, so that I have not done *much* with my pen. Our prayer meetings *have* been full of calm, quiet life, and

power; producing great love, and exciting the hope that God is about to do some great work among us. O that he would convert hundreds of souls to himself! I think I do travail in birth for souls, and feel dissatisfied with myself when I let opportunities slip, which might have been improved for this purpose. I would pray day and night for souls to be brought to Jesus. I believe my honest desire to see the new chapel finished, (and O how I long for it!) is that more souls may be brought together to hear of him, and so be converted to him. That building lies with a great weight on my mind, and daily drives me again and again to the throne of grace, to seek for means; yet the Lord does not send them. I cannot but believe that he will. I do find prayer a great mercy, and yet I feel a strange backwardness to pray, and lifelessness in prayer.

AUGUST 16. I have to record the Lord's mercies, and I would do it with devout thankfulness. After my last entry I had a sweet, and I believe divine communication. I felt as if pervaded and penetrated with the divine presence. The softest, sweetest, and most loving sensations were produced in my soul. Jesus was inexpressibly precious. The very utterance of his name was sweet. I felt as I have done in the earlier stages of my experience. I seemed to return to the days of my youth. O for many

such cordials! they so refresh the spirit, revive one's graces, and brighten one's evidences. I felt so sweetly soothed, solaced, and delighted, that I could have fancied some loving angel was fanning me with his wings. Surely it was a taste of the fruits of the celestial paradise, a prelibation of everlasting glory, a foretaste of the joys that are at God's right hand. In the evening of last Lord's day I had a crowded house, and felt much power and pleasure in preaching to the young people. Nor has the Lord forgotten my temporal wants, for a dear christian friend, whom I have never seen, but who has assisted me before, sent me ten pounds from Reading, very unexpectedly, to assist me at this expensive time. Last night six more were proposed to the church, and we enjoyed a most delightful season of prayer and praise. God is with us. He does work among us. I trust he is about greatly to bless us. O that he would answer prayer by sending money for the new chapel! I feel as if I must believe, that in his own time he will. No doubt his time is best, but it tries me to see the brethren burdened, and a stimulus to push forward in the work wanted.

AUG. 21. I have nothing but mercy to record; for though I have fits of depression, *yet the* Lord's mercy has surmounted and *over-topped* them all. I think Thursday *evening* was a profitable time; on Friday

evening the prayer-meeting was crowded: many were out yesterday morning to the early prayer-meeting. At eleven o'clock I had a full house and a good time, but at night the place was crammed; my subject was very solemn, my spirit tender, and I trust that good was done.

AUG. 29. Thirty years ago this day I was married. What scenes I have passed through since that day! Through what floods I have waded! Over what flowery plains I have passed! Hitherto the Lord hath helped me. His power has kept me, or what should I have done? His providence has led and supplied me, or where should I have been? All that has been good has been from God, all that has been bad has been from the devil, or man, or myself. God has been righteous; I have been unrighteous. God has been true; I have been false and fickle. God has been good; but I have been evil. Here I once more set up my Ebenezer, and start afresh for glory and for God. I have had good times in preaching the word, and at the prayer meetings; the congregations have been large, and the attention great, but I want to witness more of the power and presence of the Spirit of God.

SEPT. 4. Much painful exercise was my lot the latter end of last week. On Saturday night my soul was fired with a desire to be useful to souls, and I did plead with

God on the subject. Can I plead in vain? I believe I shall not. But Satan hates me with a deadly hatred, he watches me narrowly, he appears to dog my path, and is intent upon doing me some mischief. We had a large prayer-meeting yesterday morning, and both the other services were well attended. But I want to see more life, more decision, and more activity for God, among my people. In the afternoon a young man called, to tell me the Lord had met with him at King Street during the year, and brought him to Jesus. Blessed be the Lord for this! On Tuesday last, the Sunday school teachers invited me to tea with them in the chapel; after tea one of the superintendents informed me that he was called under my ministry in Bethel, and his brother, now an active local preacher in Worcester, was called under my ministry in Salem: of these instances of conversion, I had never heard of before. Bless the Lord, O my soul! After this the other superintendent presented me with a purse containing five sovereigns as a token of love and esteem, assuring me it would have been much more, but that the teachers who were nearly all poor, had confined the subscriptions to themselves, as they wished it to be an expression of *their* love. Thus I have many mercies and encouragements, (though I have enough of the *reverse*) to keep my little shattered bark from foundering.

SEP. 13. Last Lord's day I was preaching at Bradford, Wilts, and enjoyed a good degree of assistance. Upon the whole I was comfortable while absent, but I always find it difficult to keep up communion with God, while from home. Tuesday evening, we had a very pleasant church-meeting, six persons spoke of the Lord's dealings with them; two dated their first impressions to to my preaching, and two to Sunday school teachers; all professed to be greatly benefitted at King Street. No money comes in for the new chapel, though it is badly wanted. This is a great trial of faith. I trust the Lord will appear for us, and that soon. The cholera rages dreadfully in London, but we are mercifully preserved here; may the Lord make us truly grateful, and preserve us still.

SEPT. 22. Bless the Lord for every mercy! If I did I should be always blessing him. But alas! though not always unthankful, I am far from being as grateful as I ought to be. Last Lord's day I was divinely assisted; a crowded place, and liberty in preaching. Monday I preached to a crowded congregation at Forest Green, and on Tuesday addressed a large meeting at Stroud. Last night, two young men came to tell me that the Lord had led them to Jesus among us, and had given them *peace. This* has stirred me up afresh to *sigh and cry* for the conversion of souls.

O that God would give us a great and glorious revival. He is working, and I bless his dear, dear name. I hear, I see that God is working, and I will praise him for it, and plead for more power yet. Near a hundred could not get into the chapel last Lord's day evening. O that our new place was but ready to receive them.

SEPT. 29. The Lord be praised for his mercies, and may I ever trust in him for his promised supplies. I have had help and enjoyment in the pulpit, and I have had trials and sorrows out of it. My spirits have been depressed by the slow progress of the new chapel, and I have been severely tried from another source. Why am I thus tried? O why? There must be some wise end to answer by it, but I see not that end. I feel at times like a lion in a net, I could roar for the disquietude of my soul, but I cannot extricate myself; I sigh, groan, cry, and look up to the Lord: will he not appear for me; will he not bring me through the fire and through the water, out into a wealthy place? Surely he will turn and have mercy upon me, for the time to favour me must soon come. What shall I do in the end thereof? Will my latter days be bright or dreary? Will my last end be marked with peace, confidence and joy? All my *hope* is stayed on Jesus. To him alone I *look* for help. From his free mercy I look *for support*, relief, and deliverance. He

knoweth my foolishness and my secret sufferings; groans, and cries are not hid from him; on him alone I rely, and he is precious to my soul. I do of late secretly enjoy the love of Jesus, and feel more inward assurance of interest in his glorious person, and magnificent work. O that I always felt myself in his presence, encircled by his arms, and near to his loving heart!

Oct. 7. Last Lord's day I was favoured with divine assistance, and a full house. On Monday I travelled to North Bradley, Wilts, and preached in the evening, with life and energy. On Tuesday afternoon, I preached again, and was greatly assisted; in the evening we had a public meeting, and *such* a meeting, so solemn, so impressive, so calculated to do good. God was felt to be particularly present, by many, if not most who were there. An aged minister told me afterwards that he never attended such a meeting before. On Wednesday I went to Westbury, and I preached to a crowded congregation there. I never had a journey in which I enjoyed more assistance, or was more serious, spiritual, and happy. On Thursday I returned home with safety; in the evening I preached to my own flock with comfort, and have since been confined with a bad cold. My soul was overflowing with love to souls, and has *been burning* with zeal for their conversion. *I have been* looking forward to a good day *to-morrow.*

Oct. 16. My two last Lord's days h
been serious, solemn, and impressive.
that they may prove to be successful.
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I lose sight of this in my public exercis
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ed their conversion to my instrumenta
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baptized, be a glorious day. I have m
and some of them very heavy trials, but
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health is generally good, my congrega
keeps up, the church is in peace, souls
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Oct. 23. Monday last three spake
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very propitious, so that the morning
gregation was not quite so large as it so
times is. I enjoyed preaching on the
of our espousals. In the afternoon one
my young members came to take leav
me for London; and I heard that an

had gone very much into the world of late; these things affected me. In the evening the place was crammed, and I was enabled to preach with much clearness and power from Eccles. v. 4., on keeping one's vows to God. Deep seriousness appeared to sit on every countenance, and I hope good was done. The ordinance of baptism was administered with decency and order, and was much enjoyed by the candidates and others. I do feel grateful for my mercies, and my thoughts have been much in heaven; may I be used to establish a good, spiritual, active, and useful church, and then depart in peace.

Oct. 31. Another month has rolled into eternity, with all its cares, crosses, and comforts; gone, never to return! Could I wish it to return? It would be the greatest folly to do so. I ought to record, that last Lord's day was a good day; and I hope some lasting good was done. I did aim at the sinner's salvation, and strive to honour God. May the Holy Spirit apply the word with invincible power. The work at the new chapel creeps on, but very slowly. There is much to try me there. But I endeavour to bear it as patiently as I can. Lord, teach me to look more at my mercies than my miseries, at my ultimate prospects than my present trials; at what I am in *Christ, than* at what I am in myself; at *what I shall* be when Jesus receives me to

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had gone very much into the world of late; these things affected me. In the evening the place was crammed, and I was enabled to preach with much clearness and power from Eccles. v. 4., on keeping one's vows to God. Deep seriousness appeared to sit on every countenance, and I hope good was done. The ordinance of baptism was administered with decency and order, and was much enjoyed by the candidates and others. I do feel grateful for my mercies, and my thoughts have been much in heaven; may I be used to establish a good, spiritual, active, and useful church, and then depart in peace.

OCT. 31. Another month has rolled into eternity, with all its cares, crosses, and comforts; gone, never to return! Could I wish it to return? It would be the greatest folly to do so. I ought to record, that last Lord's day was a good day; and I hope some lasting good was done. I did aim at the

himself, and how it is probable present things will look then. O for more grace to bear my trials with more fortitude and patience!

Nov. 6. The past was a peaceful week, and yesterday a good Lord's day. On Saturday I did not feel much of the spirit of prayer in my devotions, still there was a strong desire in my heart for the Lord's presence, and to be used in the Lord's work. In the evening I had some solemn thoughts on eternity, death, and dying; and some very pleasant ones on the Lord Jesus.

Nov. 13. Another peaceful week. The Lord be praised. I have had a severe cold, which confined me to the house several days, but I did a little with the pen when I could not with the tongue. O that I did more for Jesus, who did so much for me! Yesterday was rather a dry day. I did not feel nearness to God in public prayer, nor that softness and sweetness in preaching which I sometimes do. To me there was a want of unction. A letter and some papers from my old pastor, last week, led me back, and I spent some time on the past. O that past! Reading the memoirs of my old friend, James Castleden, brought back my early days vividly before my mind. Some of his letters give the most prudent advice, which I wish I had always acted upon. I wish I may do so in future, but I fear; my *natural* disposition is so strong in me. O *to change* it for the disposition of Jesus!

Last Friday, I had, for the first time in my life, to appear before the magistrates, against two lads, for stealing from my own and many other gates, the brass knobs, to sell, to purchase fireworks. O the guilt and depravity of the human heart! O the folly of sin! I had some solemn and spiritual thoughts while I sat in the office. There is something very affecting in seeing a fellow creature appear as a criminal, before the administration of human law; what will it be to see a world stand before the Judge of all? Especially to stand there as a criminal, to be judged for the sins of a whole life-time, and to receive a sentence which it will require eternity to execute. May I find the Judge my friend, and receive a public acquittal, and an everlasting reward on the ground of what my Saviour has done and suffered. O to be found in Christ, washed in his most precious blood, and clothed in his glorious righteousness.

Nov. 20. Yesterday was my birth-day, and a merciful day it was. The early prayer-meeting was well attended, and the Lord was there. At eleven, I preached from Esther ix. 28. These days should be remembered in reference to the event. In the evening I had a sweet, calm, soul-softening time in speaking of the leadings of the Holy Spirit, from Rom. viii. 14. Fifty-two *years of my* life are now past, and my sun *begins to* go down. How long I may be

spared I know not, nor would I anxiously enquire. I do most solemnly, heartily, and in the presence of a heart-searching God, renew my dedication to the Lord and to his service.

Nov. 30. During the last ten days I have been variously exercised, my temper has been tried and gave way. I have had one or two dry times in the pulpit. I have laid in bed too late in the morning. I have felt cold, dry, heavy and lifeless in prayer in private. Yet I have enjoyed the prayer-meetings very much, and have found much liberty in praying there. I find I must be renewed day by day, or I shall make but little progress. My pen has been rather busy, but with what effect remains to be seen. I feel that I loathe myself, and yet there is not that indignation against my present unlovely state, which I think there ought to be. I have been discouraged and disheartened by the slow progress of the new chapel, and by other circumstances; and I feel tempted to give way to discouragements. May the Lord graciously revive me. November is a gloomy trying month, but it leaves us to-day. May December prove more fruitful. The year will soon wear out now, O that the next may prove the best I have ever spent! I mean the most useful—*the year* in which I shall make more progress in grace, and spirituality, than any of my previous ones. I feel exceedingly dis-

satisfied with myself, and not much better satisfied with many that are around me: the thought that tries me is, does this dissatisfaction spring from nature or grace? Is it from corruption, or from the working of a new, a divine nature? O Jesus, Saviour, do thou be pleased to quicken and revive me; fill me with thine own sweet love, and produce in me thine own lovely disposition.

DEC. 8. Still toiling, tugging, and striving, I have of late felt much dullness in my own soul, and have enjoyed little beside the prayer-meetings. The dull mornings prevent my rising early, and private prayer has consequently been too much abridged and neglected. Nor have I seemed to have time to read much of God's word, for my own edification. The soul misses its food as well as the body. Things in the congregation have seemed rather dull also. May I have a glorious revival next Lord's day, when I preach to the young. My health has been very good, notwithstanding I have much to irritate and try me. My pen has been very busy, I have recently written four tracts; nearly finished a volume for sabbath reading, besides writing for Magazines. A new volume, called, "Precious things from the everlasting hills," has also been recently published. O that God would put power into what I write, print and preach, that his great name may be glorified thereby.

I feel it to a certain extent.
realize it in its true character
to God, and injurious to my o
ought. How deeply I need
May the Lord give me grace
all sin, to exercise steady faith
heart melting love to all my b
thing I see, the imperfections
thren, bring out my own mor
powerfully. What a mercy to
viour, one who saves, fully, fre
nally! What should I do wit
Nothing can justify me but h
ness. No one can conquer
heart, but his Spirit. Howeve
with others, I need the whole
one but Jesus could meet my
this, I daily seem to feel it mo
I therefore preach Jesus in ev
and write of Jesus from day to
written more lately; more t

bring hosts of sinners to his feet, not only while I live, but when the hand that writes, shall be mingling with its fellow clay; I shall have comparatively little more time; may I improve it and turn it to the best account. My God, accept and use me more and more for thy glory.

DEC. 22. A monument of mercy still. A proof that God is ing: the God of patience; slo id of great kindness. How v he patience, forbearance, and God. Blessed be the Lord, t borne with me. I have felt much s of soul, but I now feel as if a reacti bout to take place. O to be full of f..., burning with zeal for God, and the good of souls. I have received copies of three new tracts of mine from the Stirling press. I have just finished another volume for the printer, and this morning I received a work from Philadelphia, into which one of mine had been copied. Thus the Lord continues to allow me to speak with the pen as well as with the tongue, and in other lands as well as in my own. Fifteen thousand copies of one of my tracts will issue from the press this month; may my good, gracious, and condescending Lord accompany them with his own power, and make them real blessings to multitudes of immortal souls. O to be extensively useful.

DEC. 30. This will be my last entry this

ear, as it ends to-morrow. I have nothi
very satisfactory to record, as I feel d
and lifeless in my soul. Very lit
power, unction, or fellowship with G
have I enjoyed of late. My friends gen
ally have been very kind; I have been
sisted in preaching the word, and have be
surrounded with temporal mercies; b
I want meekness to God, zeal for God, and
feel all alive in the ways of God. I a
for the power of the Spirit in my heart.
long for conformity to Jesus. But, al
such thoughts arise, such corruptions wo
and such evil tempers are felt, that I c
scarcely believe, sometimes, that I am
Christian at all. Yet, I know I am
what I was, and I am sure I am not w
I would be. O for a stayed, settled stat
mind! O for a heart fixed, trusting in
Lord! I have been mercifully brou
through another year, and shall soon e
upon a new one; what will the new
introduce me to? what will it bring
it? Where will it leave me? what w
witness? May it witness in me more
tedness to God, more activity for Go
more usefulness in the work of God.

JAN. 5, 1855. Last Lord's day I w
mercifully assisted, and felt, while
ing the word, liberty and power. I
was the power of the Holy Ghost.
troduced the new year with praye
150 assembled from six until ei

morning. In the evening I preached with liberty and comfort from my new year's text and motto, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Hitherto I have found this true in my experience, and I believe I shall continue to do so even to the end. On Wednesday I was at Gloster, at a trial; I thought of a greater tribunal, and a more august Judge. May I feel bold and confident when I appear before Him. O to be guiltless then! On Thursday night the Lord favoured me again while preaching. I have written constantly for the press this week, and feel my heart considerably drawn out to do so. May the Lord continue to bless what I write and print to the good of souls.

JAN. 13. This week I have had a severe cold, and for the first time in my life, have I lost my voice, so that I could not be heard. It is better to-day, but far from well. I trust the Lord will strengthen it for to-morrow, as I want to improve the death of a young man, whom the Lord has called under my ministry, and now taken to himself. I buried him to-day; he was a fine instance of the converting, sustaining, and sanctifying grace of God. When I went to see his corpse, I felt a wish that it had been me, or that I had died with him. I have suffered much agitation and exercise of spirit lately, and it does not appear to have been allayed, as I am in a very dull, inactive and unsatisfactory state of mind. I know

not when I have realized Newton's words, as I have lately:

"Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove;
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love!"

My feelings toward men, have not been kind, forbearing, and forgiving, and my feelings toward God have not been warm, confiding, and grateful.

JAN. 22. The last week was very trying; it is also a time of general sickness; great numbers are ill. My own health is now as good as usual. But my soul is not in a satisfactory state. I have not been quite left to myself; there has been some very softening operations, some reviving rays. Still I feel very little drawing to a throne of grace, though I have felt more freedom while there. But I want more sensible communion with God. To have my heart drawn out to God, and filled with love to God, and zeal for God. At times I long for home. I feel hurried in spirit, as if I could not remain where I am. Satan also has harassed me a good deal, tempting me to believe I did wrong in returning to this town. Certainly, few chapels will have more trouble and difficulty connected with the building of them than ours has had. O *that* I had more patience, that I could wait *with* a calm and quiet mind to see the end! *At present* I do but little, for my heart does

not seem in tune, and the coldness of the weather tries the body. O that the Lord would grant us a revival, and begin it in my own soul, filling me with light, life, power, zeal, and determination, and then using me to do good to thousands of souls!

JAN. 30. Much exercised last week, on account of a strange prayerless frame. Not only did I feel little inclination to pray, but at times a positive reluctance, if not dislike. Still in public I felt freedom, and one of my members told me, that my prayer last Thursday evening, was made a great blessing to her. I trust the Lord was with me in the pulpit on Lord's day too. Last night at the prayer-meeting, I felt much power in pleading with God, and I have felt more prayerful since, especially this morning, though I do not enjoy that measure of the spirit of prayer which I long for. Yesterday a young friend called to inform me that a young man who had recently died at Trowbridge, ascribed his conversion to a sermon that I delivered at North Bradley, during one of my visits there. The Lord be praised for this. O for hundreds, for thousands more! The conduct of one who professed great friendship, harasses me a good deal. Lord, help me to act the Christian, and the Christian minister in reference to him.

FEB. 5. I trust the Lord assisted me *yesterday* in his work, but my soul is no

as I would wish it to be. There is not that love to saints, ardent for sinners, and zeal for the cause there ought to be. Truth does not penetrate my soul and influence my entire conduct as I wish it. I want to be a clear, intelligible, well written epistle of Christ. Such an epistle, as that no one can doubt who is its author, or mistake its contents. O for the power of the Holy Spirit to be put forth within me! O that the love of God may be shed abroad in my heart, as I have never enjoyed it yet! I sigh for freedom from sin, and perfection of holiness. I feel grateful for all my temporal mercies, and spiritual privileges; but I want more of the power of religion within me, and to be wholly, entirely, and always influenced by it. O my God, sanctify to me all my trials, vexations, and disappointments! Still use me, and use me more than ever in thy work! O to shew forth thy praise! O to live so as to be able to say "Christ liveth in me; and the life that I live in the flesh, is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me!"

FEB. 12. Another trying week is passed. I have, notwithstanding vexations and trials, felt much of the power and life of religion in my own soul, and have experienced some drawings to a throne of grace. Last *Lord's* day was our anniversary day, to commemorate my return to C——, and to make a *public* collection for me, which was much

larger than I could have expected. The congregations were good, and I felt life, power, and much assistance in preaching. Five hundred of my tracts, entitled, "A Voice from Hell," were distributed at the chapel door at the close of the sermon. This method of doing good we frequently adopt; may the Lord succeed it with his blessing. I deeply feel that all depends on this. I think I have not felt more love to Jesus for years, than I do now; yet for want of more sensible, heart-affecting fellowship with God on my knees in private, I feel very dissatisfied.

FEB. 23. Last Lord's day was a good day. I felt liberty and power in preaching the word. I believe the Lord was with me. The frost is very severe. I fear many are suffering from its effects. Most graciously has the Lord supplied all my wants: to the honour of his ever-blessed name I record it. Not one thing has failed of all that he has promised; all has come to pass. He has often crossed my will, to fulfil his own word. I have been suffering again from influenza, which affects my breathing, and confines me at home. May it be sanctified to my soul, and be the means of bringing me near to Jesus. O what a mercy is that which brings my soul and my God sensibly together! I do not yet feel that spirit of *prayer which* I wish, and for which I sigh. *Yesterday I* heard from S———; the old

cause there seems to be got into a bad state; and I fear many churches are not much better. O what a dearth prevails! we want rain from heaven, a glorious shower. O that God would rend the heavens and come down, that all obstacles may be moved out of the way, and a glorious work be wrought! I long to see a great revival of religion, especially among my people.

MARCH 3. My cough and breathing have been very bad, but a very merciful change in the weather, has had a good effect upon me. I now feel considerably better, though not well. I had much assistance in preaching last Lord's day, and on the whole had a comfortable week. Every day I find something to try my faith, and exercise my patience. Many things conspire to drive me to the mercy-seat, and yet I am not there so often, nor so long as I ought to be. If I was more with God, I should be less influenced by men, or affected by circumstances. I should rise superior to many things that trouble and try me now. However, amidst all that I see around me, or feel within, Jesus is very precious. I do love him, enjoy his word, and rejoice in the sound of his name. I only want to honour him more, to exalt and set him on high. He is my precious Saviour, my daily bread, my constant theme, and my all in all. I *love to* think of him, to speak of him, and *to sing* his praises.

MARCH 12. Yesterday week I had a good time at the prayer-meeting, having a sweet savour resting upon my spirit from the preceding day, but owing to a circumstance which upset my mind, I did not have much enjoyment during the rest of the day. Having written to a minister to preach at the opening of our new chapel, and waiting day after day for an answer, I feel my patience tried, my spirit irritated, and my arrangements deferred. No answer has come yet. What an honour to a man is promptness and punctuality. I have seldom kept brethren waiting, as I can so badly bear uncertainty myself. On Lord's day evening I preached my last sermon to the young in our present chapel, and earnestly did I pray that it might be crowned with an especial blessing. O to reap the fruits of that sermon in days and years to come! One more Lord's day is all that I have to spend in the old place; may I have grace to turn the removal to some practical and profitable account.

MARCH 17. This week has been marked with anxiety, hope, and disappointment. Being anxious to obtain the assistance of many ministerial brethren, to preach for us at the opening of our new chapel, I have been trying hard to obtain them, but have failed in every instance. As we have two or three Lord's days after leaving King *Street, before* entering upon our new place

I have been trying to get the use of old Highbury Chapel, and I felt sure we should have it, but to-day I got a note to say we cannot. These things try my spirit, and cause great searchings of heart. I am ready to ask, why such a series of disappointments? Why such a long succession of trying events? Satan, my bitter foe, I believe, has much to do with it; and God, for wise and holy purposes, permits it. This has been a very stormy day, but just now, as the sun was sinking in the west, it threw such a flood of scarlet splendour over the house opposite my study window, that I was struck and delighted with it. Every pane of glass reflected the beautiful image of the retiring monarch of the day. I could not but think that the day was very much like my life, and desire that what I saw may be a fair representation of its closing scene. May Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness break out and shine upon my dying bed, and may every power I possess, reflect his glory and his praise.

APRIL 6. Since my last entry I have visited London, and preached there. The Lord took me out and brought me home without accident, danger, disease, or open sin; blessed be his holy name. My friends were all kind, and many of them showed much love. Since my return we have occupied the Town Hall, and I have preached to with great freedom and pleasure. My

congregations have been large, and I trust the Lord has been present to bless. Our new chapel is nearly completed, and will be opened on Tuesday next, by Dr. A. Fletcher and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. I am pleading with God for a fine day, a good collection, and much power. O that souls may be comforted, and others converted on that day. My God, make it a memorable day, by filling us with the spirit, bringing sinners to thy feet, and deciding others to unite with us. Amidst much excitement, many disappointments and various changes, my soul has been kept in a good degree of peace. Outward things have often seemed to go against us. On the day when our bazaar was opened, it snowed the whole day, yet the sale was good. Several friends of other denominations have sent us donations, and through many difficulties the Lord has enabled us to struggle on. O that now a good, a great, a glorious work may commence, and that thousands of souls may be brought to God! May I now worship and participate in that revival of religion, I have so long sighed and prayed for. I trust the Lord will yet do great things for us, and fill us with gladness. Hitherto, trials and blessings have gone hand in hand, we have passed through fire and through water, may the Lord bring us forth into a wealthy *place. O for* reason to set up a special *Ebenezer, on* the day of our opening; and

for grace to enable us to do so in the most appropriate manner!

APRIL 17. I can now write emphatically "Ebenezer," yes, the Lord has helped us. On Monday morning last we took possession of our new school-room, and had a large and blessed prayer-meeting, and another at six o'clock on Tuesday, the long looked-for day when the chapel was opened. The weather was favourable, many friends came together, the sermons were impressive, and the collections, with those of last Lord's day, amounted to £201 12s. far beyond my expectations. Large congregations last Lord's day, and great attention; O that lasting good may be the result. Great kindness was shown, and I hope special grace was given. I hope we shall now go on peaceably and prosperously. Our debt will be heavy, but He who has carried us through so much, will, I trust, carry us safely and honourably through the rest. I heard of but *one* repulse being given to our friends. The new ship is now fairly launched, may Jesus be our pilot, the word of God our chart, the Holy Spirit our prospering gale, and loaded with spiritual passengers, may she land us safely in the port of everlasting peace. O my God, receive me as I now present myself to thee, and consecrate me more than ever to thy *service*, praise, and glory. O to win souls, *thousands* of souls, for Jesus!

APRIL 25. Through mercy I have en-

joyed a good degree of peace of late. The inward burning to be useful to souls is felt again, and a greater spirit of prayer is enjoyed. I had a good Lord's day in the new chapel, a full place at night, and sermons full of Christ both times. I do love to preach Christ. If I could, I would have every sermon full of Christ, but we must reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine. O that my God would now use me to do a great and glorious work! Some are jealous of me. Some seem suspicious. Some dislike me. Some stand aloof from me. Some get in the way, and hinder me. But, if I can only spread the fame of Jesus, bring sinners to the cross, feed and stimulate the Lord's people to work, so that a good, lively, spiritual cause may be established, I would patiently bear it all. Our prayer-meetings have been large and lively, and *I do* enjoy them. To read a verse of a hymn that exalts Jesus, or sets forth the greatness of God's condescension, sometimes thrills my soul, affects my voice, and brings the tear into the eye. It is of no use talking, let Satan say what he will, let my heart misgive ever so much, I do love Jesus, and this must be because he first loved me.

MAY 3. Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth me with benefits, and let the God *of my salvation* be exalted. His mercy has *been great* toward me, and I have had much

peace and comfort of late. I have felt a sweet softening of spirit, and a sensible enjoyment of God's truth, especially in my study. Scriptures are opened up, and a sweet spirit of prayer enjoyed. O how blessed it is, to realize that God is present with me, that he is pacified, yea, pleased with me! I think I never felt Jesus more precious, nor delighted more to exalt his most blessed name. O that I could honour him with every breath, by every word I speak! He is most glorious. O that God would give me ability to exalt him!

MAY 11. I feel overwhelmed with a sense of the importance of the salvation of souls. I pray incessantly almost, that God would come and perform a great work. I try by all means to stir up the people to seek great things. I find we have an enormous debt, enough to try the faith and hope of any one. It makes me pray right heartily. At times I feel distressed and discouraged, but then I reflect upon how the Lord has helped us hitherto, and I take encouragement. I think I have been looking too much for great sums, startling appearances of providence, and the Lord has seen fit to send [illegible]n gradually and successively, just as it has [illegible]n needed. I feel that I ought not to [illegible]pond, or give way to fear. My congre[illegible]ions have been good, better than could [illegible]e been expected, and I have felt powe[illegible] preaching. O for a glorious work! Nets

Lord's day evening I address the young, and I want a special time. O for special grace, that we may offer special prayer, and receive a special blessing! There have been a few waves without, but I have felt much power within. Nothing interests me like revivals of religion. But I want God's own revival, not man's. My soul is in peace, my congregations increase, and I believe good is doing; I thank my God unfeignedly for this, and pray right heartily for much more. Now for a little space, grace has been showed me from the Lord: O God of all grace, show more grace still!

MAY 20. I have enjoyed a good degree of peace of mind. My soul is burning with a desire to bring souls to Christ, and I have been encouraged by the numbers that attend, the attention that is paid, and the enjoyment I have in preaching the word. The Lord is with us, and will, I trust, work mightily amongst us. O that the Holy Spirit may come down upon us in copious showers! I thirst for the down-coming of the Spirit of God. I want to see a great and glorious work wrought. The prayer-meetings are delightful, so many come out, and the Lord's presence is so sweetly enjoyed. I feel more pleasure and power in prayer myself, than I sometimes do, both for temporal and spiritual blessings. I am *quite satisfied* with a small portion of the *former for* myself, if I may but have much

of the latter. To-night, I baptise five believers: the first time the ordinance is administered in the new chapel. I expect a full house, and I hope we shall have the Lord's blessing. The sermon to the young last Lord's day evening was solemn, the attention was great, and I hope that good and lasting impressions were made.

MAY 27. This has been a good week. I had good meetings at Hook Norton, and good times at home. I have felt the power of the word, and realised the sacredness of my work. My faith in God's providence has been strengthened, and I have felt a spirit of prayer at God's throne. Last Lord's day evening the house was crowded in every part, and the season was solemn and impressive. I have heard of several young people about to decide and give themselves to the Lord and his people; O for faith to shout:—"A troop cometh!" My anxiety to save souls is intense. I travail in birth. I want to feel as if I could not live without conversions to God. Most of this week I shall be from home, preaching and attending the meetings of our association. May the Lord keep me from sin and dangers; and open doors of usefulness for me. I want to spend my few remaining days to some purpose. May I be a sweet savour *unto* God in multitudes who are saved *through* my instrumentality. Religion is to me a reality—a divine reality, and I want

to prove to all around me that I feel it to be so.

JUNE 3. Monday I went to Ryford and preached in the afternoon with savour and power; but in the evening, at the public meeting, my quaintness provoked a laugh; and it made me unhappy. O that I could quite conquer this, and be always serious! On Tuesday I went to Chepstow, and preached to a large congregation with great comfort, from Rom. xiv. 17. Wednesday and Thursday attended the meetings of the association, and gave an address on the state of the churches. The reports were very discouraging, only four out of twenty-five churches reported a clear increase. O how much we need the presence and power of the Holy Spirit among us! My own people come out to the prayer-meetings, and we plead for a revival, but I do not see any signs of a great movement. I have received a letter to say, that one of my little books has been made a blessing to a clergyman's daughter, recently deceased; and I have conversed with two who wish to join the church, who ascribe their conversion to my preaching. Thus I am not left without a witness that God is with me, and is working by me. Jesus is precious to me, but I want to exalt and extol him, and set him on high.

JUNE 11. On Tuesday a large company went to Compton, and I preached there in

a barn, where I hope some good was done. During the rest of the week I enjoyed peace, and walked comfortably with God,—yet sighing and praying for a great revival of religion. Yesterday our early prayer-meeting was large, and the morning congregation larger than I have seen before. In the afternoon I saw three candidates for church fellowship, two of whom ascribed their conversion to my preaching. I then addressed the Sunday-school children. In the evening the chapel was filled in every part, and I preached to the young, from Mary's choice, with freedom and pleasure. O to see the effect, and to hear of many taking Mary's place in Mary's spirit! The attendance on the means was very encouraging, but I want conversions, decided conversions to God, and a multitude of them. The debt also is a heavy burden. I daily cry unto the Lord to appear for us as a God of providence. Hitherto he has carried us forward, nor has his promise failed, but I want to see his hand opened wide, and the heavy encumbrance removed. O for grace for the pulpit, grace for the heart! And O for money to discharge the whole debt, and set the friends free!

JUNE 18. Monday last I tried to exalt Jesus, and stir up his people to make more use of him in their daily walk, and to imitate him more in all their relations. Here *it is I* fail. I do not make use of Jesus

against sin, Satan, self, and the world, as I ought; therefore I do not imitate Christ in the world, the family, and the church as I should. The one I am fully persuaded depends on the other. On Wednesday I was fetched to the death-bed of Bro. Fowles, he grasped my hand, and in reply to the question, "Do you feel at peace with God?" he said, "Yes, O yes," I said, "Have you any fear of death?" He replied, "No, I know that my Redeemer liveth." He could say no more. I stayed with him until it was time to go to preach, repeating precious promises and verses of sweet hymns; and within an hour of my leaving him, he breathed his last. Absent from the body, I doubt not he was present with the Lord. Yesterday I tried to exalt Jesus in both my sermons. They were full of Christ; the former on his one offering to put away sin, the other on his love to his people, in washing them in his blood, and making them kings and priests unto God, even his father. I think it was a good day. On the whole the last week passed away better than many, and I hope some good was done.

JUNE 18. My friend M——, from London, spent four days with me in the past week, and I very much enjoy Christian intercourse. In preaching also, I have been favoured with good congregations, and power *and pleasure* in publishing the word. A *friend from Scotland* has called upon me, to

To-morrow I go to London, to preach to my old flock, and spend a few days with old friends. May the Lord make my visit a blessing to many souls. My soul is thirsting for God, to enjoy more of his presence, power and love. I feel in my heart that I love Jesus, and his name is harmonious to me.

JULY 28. The Lord led me out and brought me home again. My visit was very comfortable; friends were very kind, the congregations were large and I believe the Lord was with me. My soul is going out to the Lord for a blessing to-morrow. I sigh and cry for the downcoming of the Spirit, to soften the heart, quicken the seed, and produce a spiritual transformation. May my wilderness become like Eden, and the desert around here blossom as the rose. The town has been visited with a flood; many have suffered much from having the water in their dwellings. Much rain also threatens the crops. The war still rages. How many things conspire to warn us to prepare for home. There is a home, a rest to the people of God. Glorious thought, it is a home with God, a home with Jesus! a home where there are no fading flowers, no corrupted fruits, no devastating floods, no cruel war.

AUG. 6. For several days I have felt *low, on account* of the great debt on our *new chapel.* The cost is just double what

we intended. How it can be met I see not, I pray for money. I know that God can send it. I tell him so. I plead with him, but very little comes. If it were not that I feel a disposition to lay low at the Lord's feet, and say, "Do with me as seemeth thee good," I should be wretched. As it is I have peace, and considerable enjoyment. Money matters make some very uneasy; may the Lord overrule all for good. Lord's days are now very pleasant, as many as 120 out to prayer-meeting before breakfast, and the large chapel filled in the evening: I cannot but hope that the Lord intends great things. Eight were received into the church last evening. May we all be kept awake, prayerful, and diligent, however trying the means used to keep us so. Deeply do I feel the need of the Spirit's power, ardently do I desire it, and earnestly do I endeavour to stir up my people to seek it. My pen has been very busy lately, and I trust that both the labours of tongue and pen will be blessed of God. I have conversed much with death lately. I seem to realise that my days are fast passing away, and that I should daily live in expectation of my end. Blessed be God, I now think of death without fear, and though I do not long for it, I feel resigned to it, whenever it shall be the Lord's will.

Aug. 17. Through mercy I have been *busy* for the Lord, preparing two small

works for the press, which I finished yesterday. May the Lord put his seal upon them, and give his sanction to them. An instance of God's converting power in the new place has appeared, for which I bless his most holy name. May it be the forerunner of thousands. I have enjoyed preaching the word of late, and the congregations have been very good. I do trust the Lord will do a great work amongst us. I use my pen and tongue daily for this purpose, with what success eternity will show. Jesus is very precious to me, and I feel it delightful to extol his dear name. If I had power equal to my will, I should do something to purpose in this way. The Lord has very mercifully appeared for us in reference to the weather, which is now beautiful. O for a grateful heart! O for a thankful spirit; I need quickening in God's way. I do not feel that burning zeal, and glowing love which I should. The debt on the chapel remains, which is a great trial to me. I daily pray for gold as well as grace, but as to the way in which the Lord will send it, that I see not. I shall hope to record before I die, that God has answered these prayers. Daily do I endeavour to surrender to God, and to live in the closest possible friendship with him.

AUG. 25. I take my pen to record a *week's mercies.* A good Lord's day. Many *out. Power* in prayer. Power in preaching.

I cannot but hope good was done. Monday, Tuesday, and part of Wednesday, I spent with a Christian family near Stroud, which I enjoyed very much. Indeed I know not when I have enjoyed a visit so much. I preached twice on the second advent of the Lord Jesus, with much life, power, and pleasure. I came home to exhort my people to aim to live a resurrection life, seeking those things that are above. Satan has thrust sore at me, insinuated many things to depress me, and tried to cast me down; but on the whole my faith has maintained its hold, and hope still lifts up its head. A conflict I must have, and tribulation is sure while here below. But to doubt, is to sin, and to give the enemy power over me. I would trust in Jesus, in Jesus for all, both temporal and spiritual. How our pecuniary difficulties are to be met I know not. They press hard now, but I know there are no difficulties with the Lord. All is easy to him. Surely he has not brought us thus far, to neglect or forsake us now. It is written, "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." I believe this, most heartily do I believe it.

SEPT. 1. Last Lord's day morning, I enjoyed both prayer-meetings, and preaching, and in the afternoon I had a sweet visit in *my* study. O it was sweet! So soothing, *softening*, and sanctifying. Jesus was so *precious*. Heaven was so near. Scarce

any thing was left to hope for, so far as self was concerned. In the evening I had a full house. On Monday evening a pleasant prayer-meeting. On Tuesday I went to Tewkesbury, the friends were celebrating the Bi-centenary of the church, and I tried to stir them up to holy zeal, which is greatly needed there. On Wednesday I had considerable power in preaching on the new-birth; Thursday an unsatisfactory evening, out in company. I seldom enjoy these visits; there is so little spirituality. Friday I enjoyed reading, and many portions of the word were opened up, and plans of sermons formed.

SEP. 8. Goodness and mercy, goodness and mercy have followed me; my mind has been kept in peace, and I have enjoyed spiritual things. All needful help has been given, and God is faithful. Last night I obtained an account of the debt on our new chapel, £3365 9s.: what a crushing burden! How it is to be met, the Lord only knows, but he does know, and I trust, he will meet it. I have faith in his providence, and daily plead at his throne. The language of the unbelieving lord is frequently thrown into my mind, "If the Lord would open the windows of heaven then might this thing be." This I look upon as a temptation to distrust, and treat it accordingly. *Without opening* the windows of heaven, *the Lord could* soon do it, and I trust he

will. There was, no doubt, much mixture of motive, and many infirmities mixed up with the undertaking, yet on the whole, I believe we aimed at God's glory, and sought the good of men. My object was, is, and shall be, to collect sinners and endeavour to lead them to Jesus. Blessed be God there are many come, and I hope a good work is going on. A letter from Holland, informs me that one of my tracts is translated into the Dutch, and my other works circulated there. A people that I have not known will I trust be led to Christ by me.

SEP. 15. Last Lord's day I preached three times at Wotten-under-Edge; the congregations were large, in the evening more than could get into the chapel. On Monday evening I gave an address in the chapel. Here I met with a young man who informed me that twelve months ago he came here to see his mother, and she brought him to hear one of my sermons to the young, which the Lord blessed to the conversion of his soul. Blessed be the Lord for this! The people were very kind to me, the word appeared to be with power, and I collected near £12 toward our heavy debt. My soul is on fire again for a revival of religion. O that God would come down among us tomorrow, and make his mighty power to be *known*! When I hear of one converted, I always long for more; and when I hear of

the Lord working by others, I want him to work by me. We have a fine field here, if the Lord would but send us a copious shower of his grace. I want the Lord's hand to be made bare both in temporals and spirituals. A glorious work appears to be going on amongst my old people in London, crowds cannot gain admittance, and many are being added to the church. O that the Lord would raise up many such preachers, fill our empty chapels, and bring thousands of careless sinners to his beloved Son!

SEP. 22. Last Lord's day was a solemn day, especially the evening, when I preached from "If I make my bed in hell." The early prayer-meeting was large, lively, and profitable; the whole day was profitably spent. The whole week has been a pleasant one, though not without its trials. I have much work for faith and prayer, and am compelled to live by the day. The future is all unknown. It is no use to pry into it. I must believe, work, pray, and expect the Lord to overrule all for my good. I have felt but little anxiety as to the future of late. I try to keep my mind stayed upon God. I have enjoyed much inward peace. The truth has been sweet, and Jesus precious to my soul. I have another volume in the press, may the Lord make it more useful than any of its predecessors? On Tuesday I attended the Sunday-school union tea-meeting at Gloucester: when I was leav-

ing a young man was waiting to speak to me, who informed me that my ministry was made a blessing to him, while I was in London. Blessed be God for such encouragements! I trust there are many more about the country to whom my ministry has been made a blessing, and whom I shall meet in my Father's kingdom.

SEP. 29. This week I have been into Berkshire, preaching the word, and felt it good to be employed in the Lord's work. I feel the pressure of the chapel debt, and some other things try my temper, still I have realized inward peace. My soul is a good deal engaged with the Lord, yet not so much as I wish. I want to see God in every thing, to hear the voice of God in every event, to go to God with every thing whether painful or pleasant and to aim at the glory of God in every thing I do. O to be freed from all selfishness, passion, and pride; and to find and feel the inner man, in all things, conformed to Christ! There is much to be done in me, before I shall be *fit* to join the saints in light. Still, I never loved Christ more, though the feeling of love may have been more tumultuous. Jesus was never more precious to me than now, nor was I ever more desirous to honour exalt, and glorify him. I could sit and read *about* him, think of him, and feel my heart ascend to him for hours.

OCT. 7. The beginning of last week I

spent in Wiltshire, we had some glorious meetings at North Bradley, and the pastor informed me that three persons were converted through my labours there last year. Blessed be the name of the Lord for this. I have not had a barren time lately, but I want more power and more unction. My heart longs for a revival of religion. O to see thousands crowding to the cross! My soul rests on Jesus, and the presence of Jesus is in a measure enjoyed. But I want great, glorious things. I want to be holy as Jesus is holy; and to be employing all my powers in God's service as Jesus when on earth employed his. Every moment, I would give to the Lord. I am hasting to heaven, and there all my powers, faculties, and talents will be employed for God for ever. I must be the Lord's, but I want to be privileged to bring many to Jesus, but all is so little, so very little. O to have the chapel always crowded, and the power of the Lord always present, I want to see many coming foward to join the church, and to see the hand of the Lord opened to pay off the debt, but I must have patience. Hitherto to the Lord has helped, and he will no doubt appear in his own good time.

Oct. 15. During this week, I have done a little for man's good and God's glory. O that I could do ten times more. I have *enjoyed* the presence of my Saviour, in *preaching* his most blessed word. I labour-

ed hard yesterday to make an impression on the hearts of my hearers, and to bring the young people to a decision. A great number attend, and pay great attention to the word, but none have offered themselves for membership of late. The Lord will work, I believe, but I want steadier faith, and more patience. I feel in haste: this is my natural propensity, and the Lord often seems to check it, and to say, "Be still." Surely it is my duty to wait, if God requires it. Yet I long to see a move. I want to see a cloud of blessings over us, to realize an unusual degree of the Lord's presence amongst us, and to guide a host to the cross and to the church. A desire to win souls burns within my soul, and I feel willing to make use of any means, that God would deign to bless. *I must be useful.* I want to see all my friends full of life, full of vigour, full of zeal, and full of love. All working, and working in harmony, to snatch sinners as brands from the burning.

Oct. 21. A peaceful week; and help afforded at all the services. Many solemn and spiritual thoughts have passed through my mind. This morning we had a blessed prayer-meeting. I have been preaching from, "Cease ye from man, &c.;" a text very suitable for me, for I never trust man, expect from man, or think very highly of man, *but I am* sure to get a wound from that *quarter.* This has always been my expe-

rience, and is to this day. May I never trust any man, but the man Christ Jesus: or expect from any quarter but the Lord alone. Another church-meeting has passed, and I had no candidates to propose; thus the Lord tries my faith and patience. I feel exceedingly anxious to bring souls to Jesus, yet I am not so discouraged at none coming forward as I might have been. I wish to work right heartily for God, and to leave the result to God. Still I hope to witness a revival soon. May the Lord make bare his arm. May he come down among us in an unusual manner. Nothing but the presence, power, and work of the Holy Spirit, will make us what we ought to be, or produce the change we wish to see. O for the power of God to be felt in us, and the effects of that power to be seen all around us!

Oct. 29. Another week has run into eternity, and here I am, left on the sands of time, with opportunities to do good, and get good for my own soul. Last week I preached twice in Oxfordshire, and hope some good was done; the evening service was very impressive. O to hear that the Holy Spirit wrought by the words! What shall I say of yesterday? I had health of body, good attendance on the means, and help in preaching the word; but there was little power or unction in my own soul. I *soon feel discou*raged when this is the case. *I want to be* full of life, zeal, and energy,

and feel sad when I am not. Yet I know the Lord often works most powerfully when his ministers feel most depressed. I try to bow my neck to the yoke, to submit to the Lord's will, and acquiesce in the Lord's arrangements. I would live for the Lord, and for the promotion of his cause alone. I want to be employed to revive the Lord's drooping churches, and to stir up and stimulate the Lord's servants.

Nov. 5. During the past week I have been preaching at E——. It rained nearly the whole time. So that my congregations were but thin, nevertheless I preached with freedom and pleasure. But the town appears to be in a very sad state in a spiritual point of view. At one chapel a poor, powerless minister, whose character has suffered; the other destitute, and in a low state, in consequence of the last minister being sceptical, and having generated the same spirit among the people. On my return I attended the annual tea-meeting of the Sunday-school-Union. On Thursday, I was shown a letter from a minister in Devonshire, in which he related an account of the remarkable conversion of a depraved and wicked man, through reading one of my works, who has since died triumphant. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel for this instance of conversion, this display of his grace. Yesterday was a good day, the early prayer-meeting was most refreshing.

Nov. 14. Last week I was at L——, trying to stir up the Lord's people there: things are very low and dull in the church of God there. How general is this dull and lifeless state of the Lord's people. O that the Lord would revive us! My soul groans within me for a revival of religion. On Wednesday I had a very sweet time in preaching on acceptance in the Beloved. On Lord's day morning we had a good prayer-meeting at seven o'clock, and I enjoyed preaching at eleven; in the afternoon I addressed the school, and in the evening preached a sermon to young men. I was rejoiced to see so many young men present. O that the Lord would bless the word to their souls' salvation. Yesterday, in visiting a sick person, a godly woman told me that she had a brother, a scripture reader at Kingswood, who was called under my ministry, nearly twenty years ago, and that he knew several other cases, of which I had never heard. The Lord be praised for this. I trust he is working by me now, though the work does not appear. It is sowing time, I trust reaping time will come soon.

Nov. 19. My birth-day: this day I am fifty-three years of age. I have often expected to be in the grave before this, but God has preserved my life. For what purpose? I once more ask. I trust it is to *glorify his* name, bless his cause, and bring *many souls* to Jesus. Soon as I awoke this

morning, I endeavoured to put myself afresh into the hands of God, and to commit my all to him. I have felt much of the power and reality of religion in my own soul lately, and have been sighing, crying, and hoping for a revival of religion in my congregation. Sometimes, I fully expect it, and rejoice in anticipation; at other times I doubt and fear, and then I feel discouraged and sad. I am fully persuaded in my own mind, that the best state I can be in, is to acquiesce in the will of God, let things be as they may; to lose myself in God, and to seek only, and alone, his honour and glory: but I cannot attain to this. O my good and gracious God, I do this day, once more ratify and confirm the covenant I made with thee, Nov. 23, 1833, which I have often ratified and confirmed since! and now, once more, I do solemnly, and deliberately, and with my whole heart, give up myself to thee, body, soul, and spirit. Amen.

Nov. 27. I have been exercised and somewhat depressed about the cause. The last two Lord's days the congregations have not been quite so good, and there is not that life and love among the people I desire to see. I daily plead with God. I look out to see the Lord's arm made bare, but I look *in vain*. Something is wrong somewhere, *may the* Lord discover it to us, humble us *for it*, pardon it, and remove it clean out of

the way. Yesterday the wife of a clergyman whom I called to see, informed me that she had received a note from Exeter, informing her of four cases in which my "Messenger of Mercy," had been made a blessing on the death-bed. This cheers me. Very graciously does the Lord comfort me in one way, if he withholds from me my desire in another. But my heart is set upon raising this cause, and I hope the Lord will give me the desire of my heart. The Lord knows I feel willing to do any thing or be any thing, if thereby the congregation may be converted, the church increased, and the debt on the place paid. These are my three objects, or these three things constitute my one object.

DEC. 5. I am still the subject of considerable depression respecting the cause. Many seem in an unhealthy state, experimental religion appears to be at a low ebb. On Lord's day, I endeavoured to lead the Lord's people to the communion of saints, and show what ought to be the subject of Christian conversation. In the evening I endeavoured to lead them to self-examination, in order to produce repentance, and lead to reformation, by enforcing the solemn question, "Is the Lord among us or not?" I have written for four magazines, and obtained about 6000 tracts for distribution, so that I *have not* been quite idle. Two little pro*ductions* of my pen have just issued from

the press, the one entitled, "Welcome to Jesus," the other "The Better Land, a book for the Aged." A small piece entitled, "Can I be saved?" has been printed in the "British Messenger," 60,000 copies; and 10,000 as a foreign tract. O that the Lord would bless that little effort to spread the knowledge of Jesus, to make believers happy, and bring sinners to repentance! I am willing, heartily willing, to do any thing I can to promote the cause of Jesus. I use the tongue, the pen, and the post for this purpose. But I feel that all will be in vain without a special blessing from God.

Dec. 11. How fast time flies! How short the days: they are like a shadow when it declineth. Eternity, with all its solemnities, approaches! My soul, art thou ready? Art thou willing to launch away? Lord, I turn to thee, do thou prepare me, and make me willing! My judgment tells me it is better to have no choice, but simply to live by the day, taking no thought for the morrow. May I have grace simply to acquiesce in the will of God. My mind has been peaceful on the whole, though I have had no great enjoyment. On Lord's day I was assisted and was very earnest; but was very dissatisfied with myself in the evening for want of tenderness; while condemning sin, I did not feel enough for the sinner. *There* was a severity of manner and language which was not lovely. I feared it,

and determined to strive against it, but in my excitment I was carried away, and forgot it. My soul was set upon doing good. My bowels yearned over the young. I heartily desired the blessing of God, and the power of the Holy Ghost to descend upon us. O to realize this blessing. To-night is our church-meeting, and I have not any to propose for membership; that is discouraging. I fear the Lord has a controversy with us. We have but little dew, and no rain.

DEC. 18. My mind is much exercised and at times depressed by the coldness and deadness of some, and their carelessness concerning the means of grace. Such conduct exercises a bad influence, and hinders the good work from going on. On Lord's day the congregations were good, and I was happy in my work, but the results that I want, I cannot see. Amidst all that is occurring around, and within me, I trust I feel the power of the Spirit in my own heart. I was speaking of that blessed agent and his gracious work on Lord's day, and said, what I trust is the truth, that I had never felt more of the power of the Spirit in my own heart, than during the last six months. Yesterday I was very much affected by reading an account of the persecution of the Lord's people in Sweden, and I read *the account* last night to my people, to stir *them up to* gratitude for their liberty and to

draw out their souls in sympathy; that they may pray for the poor sufferers, that God would work on their behalf.

Dec. 25. How near the end of another year! Once more Christians commemorate that greatest of all events, the incarnation of the Son of God. What a wondrous subject! the Son of God becomes a servant; a servant, that he may be a substitute; a substitute, that he may be a sacrifice; a sacrifice, that he may be a Saviour; a Saviour, that he may become a Bridegroom, and bring his beloved people into the closest, most profitable, and most pleasant union with himself. My soul, apply all this to thyself. The infinite and eternal God becomes a man for thee. Thy maker was made lower than the angels, and became a servant for thee. Emanuel as a servant, perfectly obeyed his Father's law for thee, and his obedience is thy righteousness. God's glorious Christ became thy sacrifice; he turned the globe into an altar, and upon an altar of earth he died, to expiate thy sins. Having obeyed the law for thee, or in thy stead, and having offered himself without spot to God, as thy sacrifice, he is now thy glorious Saviour. As thy Saviour he has not only delivered thee from guilt, curse, condemnation, and hell: but he has taken *thee* into union with himself. O my soul, *thou* art one with Christ: a member of his *body*, of his flesh, and of his bones. Jesus

loveth thee as the Father hath loved him. O how vast, durable, and glorious, the love of Jesus to thee! I must grasp infinity and calculate eternity before I can know it. The love of Jesus passeth knowledge.

DEC. 31. The last day of the year 1855, a year characterised by many severe trials, sore temptations, and innumerable mercies. In some things it closes differently to what I expected, but how differently it might have closed! I might have been in hell. O terrible thought! I might have been on a sick bed, tormented with excruciating pain, or reduced to a state of infantile weakness. I might have been in great and sore troubles, tossed with tempests, and not comforted. I might have been without a charge and without a pulpit, or I might have lost my character, and been a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth. Blessed, for ever blessed be the Lord, that such is not my case! My health is good, my hope in Christ is steady, my congregation good, and I trust the Lord will yet work a great work by me. I did hope that temporal supplies would have been sent on a larger scale, and that our debt would have been decreased. But we have been enabled to go on, and I trust no one has materially suffered from our want of funds. There is the more work for faith, patience, and prayer; and like the prophet's servant on the top of Carmel, I must look toward the sea, and if I can see nothing, I

must *go again seven times*. And now, Lord, I desire to confess before thee the sins of this year. I have sinned with my tongue, and with my temper. I have sinned in my heart, and in my life. I have omitted duties. I have committed sins. My motives have often been impure. My aims have not been sufficiently high and holy. I have been impatient, fretful, irritable, rash, jealous, envious, discontented, and ungrateful. O may the blood of Jesus wash out every stain!

JAN. 1, 1856. A new-year's morning prayer-meeting at six o'clock; a crowded school-room, the spirit of prayer appeared to be enjoyed; I believe the Lord was present. Many found it good to be there. Earnest prayers ascended for the gift of the Holy Ghost. O may that all important blessing be granted! Never was the power of the Spirit needed more. Shall we have much of the power of the Spirit this year? Lord, thou knowest! O that it may be so! My motto for this year will be, "*As thy days, so shall thy strength be.*" Deut. xxxiii. 25. Precious promise! It has been made good in my experience, through many a long, and many a trying year! Will it not be confirmed to me afresh this year? I believe it will. I shall begin to-day to read my Bible through this year. Lord, give *me* grace to persevere; not only so, but may *my* understanding be opened while I read *it*, and may I not only see its meaning, but

feel its power. Lord, make thy word more precious than ever to my soul! I did feel the preciousness of several portions, as I read them at the prayer-meeting this morning. My ruling desire, this new-year's morning, is to acquiesce in the will of God. May I encourage this, and cultivate a spirit of resignation from this day forward. I know in my judgment there is no way of being happy but this. Nor do I believe there can be any depth of holiness without this. I want to be happy through being holy, and if I read my heart aright, I would not wish to be made happy in any other way. O that the Holy Spirit would breathe upon my soul this day, and every day, that my graces may flourish, that my soul may be consecrated, and my whole life in future be devoted to the Lord's praise. I want my spirit softened, made meek and lowly, that I may be more gentle, more affectionate, and more acceptable to my brethren.

JAN. 9. Hitherto the Lord has favoured me this year. In the pulpit, I have enjoyed life and power; and the prayer-meetings have been most refreshing. We have had a tea-meeting of the Sunday-school teachers: very pleasant and profitable in my own soul; I have enjoyed peace. A poor backslider called upon me on Monday, to tell me the Lord had made me the means of *reclaiming* her, and bringing her back to *his ways*. Last night a poor penitent, who

had been a degraded infidel, came to inform me he had been rescued from self-destruction, and raised to hope, by a little piece of mine, entitled "Can I be saved?" He is now happy, and enjoying peace with God. These instances of usefulness encourage me at the beginning of the year. May I have hundreds before its close.

JAN. 16. I believe the Lord has been with me, and has graciously assisted me. The Lord's day was, I trust, a profitable day. My Bro. C—, late of W—, has been spending three days with me this week. The Lord has taken him from regular work by disease, and now he labours from place to place. His mind appears to be in a healthy state, stayed upon his God. I am suffering from a bad cough and cold; may the Lord make it a great blessing to my soul. I am resting in God, looking, longing, hoping, and waiting for him to bless my labours.

JAN. 24. A bad cold, and violent cough have been my portion ever since I last wrote. It has tried, but not much depressed me. I try to look at God's hand in every event, and pray that all may be sanctified to my soul's good. I was speaking last night from the words of Jesus to Martha, "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God." O for faith that will enlist God's power, and so produce wonders!

JAN. 30. My cough and cold have nearly

left me, but the frost and cold have set in, which affect my breath. But let outward things be as they may, I hope my soul will be kept near to the Lord, and that I shall be used to glorify him. I had a good day on Lord's day, congregations good, and liberty and power in preaching. We had also a good collection, for which I bless the Lord, as money is very much needed, and but little comes in. I feel as if I must believe that the Lord will appear for us in this respect, though at present I see not how.

FEB. 16. Since I last made an entry, I have been busy writing for the press. I have written for five magazines, and also a small work to comfort the tried of the Lord's family. A letter from a clergyman's widow, informs me of an instance of usefulness, by my "Messenger of Mercy" nine years ago, at Bury St. Edmunds, the effects of which remain till this day. Bless the Lord for this!

FEB. 23. Last Lord's day, I enjoyed power and liberty in preaching, and we had the presence of the Lord at the prayer-meeting. On Monday I went to Pershore to preach. On Monday night I felt very ill, and was a good deal alarmed, as I was from home: but I felt better the next day. On Wednesday I preached with comfort at home, and Thursday at Gloster. We had a pleasant prayer-meeting last night. I hope *the Lord* will use me on the coming Sabbath to do a little good.

MARCH 1. On the last Sabbath, I was much assisted at Gloster: had a crowded congregation, and I hope good was done. On Monday, I addressed a large company at a tea-meeting. I spoke of my own experience and history, as it was about 37 years since I was called by grace. The thought of this striking me, I was much affected by it. The week has passed by without any thing remarkable occurring. I have commenced a new work for the press, and sketched out the plan of two other small things. At Gloster, I was informed of a young farmer who was converted by means of one of my works, and died of a decline; before he departed he got his father to promise to purchase a number, for presents to relations and friends. The Lord be praised for another instance of good, through my feeble instrumentality. We have set apart the next week for special prayer to God, to entreat him to pour out his holy and most blessed Spirit upon us.

MARCH 10. We have held a series of special services, for prayer and addresses, as we much need more power and the reviving influences of the Holy Spirit. Monday was devoted to the church, when I spoke of her proper position and employment, from the words, "The Bride said *come*." Tuesday was for the school, and *the address* from, "To make ready a peo*ple prepared* for the Lord." Wednesday a

mon from "O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do thou it for thine n sake, for our backslidings are many, have sinned against thee." On Thurs- y we confined our attention to enquirers, d addressed them from, "What must I to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus rist and thou shalt be saved." Friday s for the unconverted, to whom I spake m, "Ye will not come unto me that ye ght have life." Yesterday we had good ngregations, and I preached in the morn- g from, "The wages of sin is death, but e gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus rist our Lord." In the evening from, But they made light of it, and went their y." May the Lord very graciously fol- v these services with his blessing. I have w a few persons recently converted, who e very zealous in the distribution of tracts, d trying to do good; I trust the Lord will e them for the glorifying of his great me, in the conversion of many sinners to nself. O how I long for the conversion sinners! Never more so, I believe.

MARCH. 17. Monday evening I attended nissionary meeting at Salem. A good ling was manifested, and a pleasant even- g was spent. What will be the result? esday evening, at our church-meeting, ir persons spoke of the Lord's dealings h them satisfactorily, and two more e proposed. Wednesday, I preached on

the changeless friendship of Jesus. Thursday was taken up with attending meetings. Friday, I finished another work for the press: so that I have now three in the printer's hands. Yesterday, was a comfortable day, but I want fruit. I cannot get that nearness to God, that sense of the Lord's presence, that abiding realization of the Lord's love that I wish. I want always to be impressed with a sense of the value, importance, and excellency of divine truth, and to live more in the atmosphere of the Divine presence.

MARCH 25. Monday evening last, a glorious testimony was borne at the meeting of the church, to the power and sovereignty of Divine grace. Many were in tears, for our hearts were melted with a sense of God's free and all-conquering love. Tuesday evening the ministers met the Sunday-school teachers of the town to tea, in Salem chapel, and a pleasant and I hope, a profitable evening was spent. On Wednesday, I preached on confidence in prayer, with some comfort. Thursday was spent in fasting. Friday, being Good Friday, we had a large and very profitable prayer-meeting in the morning at seven o'clock: and in the evening I preached to a large congregation from Rev. v. 9, 10. Lord's day was a glorious day. A very large company to the early prayer-meeting, and to the morning service. When I had preach-

ing on the necessity there was for the sufferings and resurrection of Christ. In the evening the place was crowded, and I was enabled to preach with much power, from Mark xv. 15, 16, after which I baptized eight believers. O for many such seasons!

APRIL 1. I have been actively engaged for the Lord all this week; have enjoyed visiting my people, preached with considerable power, and had some happy seasons at the prayer-meetings, which are very encouraging. Our new members are very affectionate and energetic, and I hope this spirit will soon pervade the whole church. A good number are becoming decided: some who have been loitering about the fold for years, and others more recently called. We are now preparing for our anniversary, one chief object of which is to raise money. I daily cry for grace and gold, and hope the Lord will open his liberal hand, and send us both. We are endeavouring to commence an afternoon service, to be conducted by the ministers in rotation, which I hope will succeed; for many servants can only get out in the afternoon, and I hope many of the working-classes will be induced to attend.

APRIL 8. A good week, with a few trials. Bro. H., who has been laid by from preaching for some time, came to see me. What a *mercy* that I have not been laid by. To *God's holy* name be praise. Lord's day

morning, there appeared to be much of the Lord's presence at the early prayer-meeting. It was a blessed time. I enjoyed preaching on the love of Jesus, in the morning, and on the all-subduing power of Jesus, at night. A wet evening somewhat thinned the congregation, yet it was a good time. I received ten members into the church. An excellent prayer-meeting last night. Many are now induced to join the church. Six or seven cases of conversion have just turned up. I hope to propose a good number to the church to-night. Blessed be the Lord, that he hath not taken away his spirit, or his mercy from me. Twelve months to-day, our new chapel was opened, and it has been the birth-place of souls; I hope of many. May it be of thousands more. O for more love and co-operation among the Lord's people!

APRIL 15. My mind was a good deal taken up, last week, with the subject of the infinite greatness, and condescension of God. What a subject for meditation! May my mind be more frequently occupied with it. Friday night, I was seized with a violent bilious attack. While suffering I felt unusually softened and subdued. Generally I am very gloomy and irritable under such attacks, but I bless the Lord, this time it was not so. Lord's day, was the anniversary of the opening of the chapel. The early prayer-meeting was very large. I preach-

ed three times, and in the evening with great power. I trust good was done. The collection was very liberal. At no time since my return, have we had such evident tokens of the Lord's presence and power among us, and at no time has there been more cause of discouragement in some quarters. I have laid myself at the Lord's feet again and again, and have tried to roll and leave every burden there.

APRIL 22. Our tea-meeting is just over, and went off well, far beyond our expectations. It was a very pleasant evening. On Thursday, we had a very happy church-meeting, when eight believers gave an account of the Lord's work in their heart; four of them ascribed their first impressions to my preaching, and all of them their decision. Lord's day morning, we had the largest prayer-meeting we have ever had, and at night the place was crammed, when ten were baptized. It was a very solemn time. I aimed principally at the conversion of souls, speaking from, "*Died without mercy.*" Heb. x. 28; words which struck my mind very forcibly in the week, as I stood by the bed of a dying sinner. What an awful thing it must be to "*die without mercy.*" Yesterday and to-day my mind has been very much distressed by a severe family trial. How many trials a family brings! *What* numerous trials a Christian, and *especially a* Christian minister has to wade

[illegible] Will the good hand will be reach-
[illegible] The last trouble must come.
[illegible] and my expectation
[illegible] My hope is in God,
[illegible] thought in heart.

[illegible] This day was another month.
[illegible] much sunshine, and some heavy
[illegible] that the Lord overrule all for
[illegible] Wednesday. I had a good time
[illegible] The Lord loveth the
[illegible] and also in Lord's day. I be-
[illegible] Lord is attending the word with
[illegible] and renewing souls to himself. Four
[illegible] of the Lord's mercy,
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[illegible] cases of bereavement, and
[illegible] by professors
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[illegible] of the human
[illegible] exclaim,
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[illegible] spirits.

[illegible] many things that are
[illegible] very much to be

thankful for, and praise becomes me. I bless God I do feel grateful, and find my soul flowing forth in praises to his most glorious name. O that my every breath were praise and prayer. Last Lord's day evening, I received twelve members into the church; ten more are proposed, and I believe a good number more are on the point of offering themselves. God has been working, while I have been fearing and at times cast down, thinking that little or nothing was doing. We had a most solemn and powerful time on Sunday evening, when I was speaking on Esther viii. 6. I hope it will stir us all up to more activity and zeal in endeavouring to save souls from death. Blessed be God, I enjoy holy peace within, and have a spirit of prayer resting upon me, especially for the conversion of souls.

MAY 16. I had on the whole a good day on Sunday, and hope the word will be blessed, especially to the young, to whom the evening sermon was addressed. The prayer-meeting was really a good time. Monday night was also a pleasant season. Tuesday the meetings of the Association commenced here. A pouring wet day. On Wednesday morning we had about 250 out to prayer-meeting at six-o'clock. The sermons and addresses were excellent, the letters from the churches called for great *humiliation*, although the clear increase *was double* that of last year. Last evening

we had a very pleasant, and I hope, profitable church-meeting, when eight friends gave an account of the work of God on their souls: six out of the eight are the fruits of my ministry. This calls for heartfelt gratitude to God. Four more are proposed to the church, and a number of others are desirous of coming in. I am now praying for a glorious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, on Lord's day evening next, when nine believers will profess Christ in baptism.

MAY 22. A glorious prayer-meeting on Lord's day morning, and a very crowded house in the evening, the ordinance of baptism was administered, and I hope good was done. In the morning, I preached on "the love of the Spirit," and in the evening on "The constraining love of Christ." O, that some may be brought to fall in love with Jesus! On Monday, we had a church tea-meeting; four brethren spoke of what the Lord was doing in the villages, and four prayed. It was a pleasant, and I hope, profitable time. On Tuesday, I preached at Hatherby, on the attractive power of the cross; and on Wednesday at our own place, after which two young persons came to tell me they were led to Jesus through my instrumentality. Bless the Lord, O my *soul*! These manifestations of the Lord's *presence* and power, greatly cheer and *com*fort me. I have sown in tears, but

now I am reaping in joy. God is with us, of a truth, we cannot, we dare not doubt *that* now.

MAY 28. Last Lord's day was pleasant and profitable, a large early prayer-meeting, after which two young men spoke with me, under concern of soul. I preached in the morning from John vi. 37. In the afternoon, for the Wesleyan Reformers, from Acts iv. 42, in the evening we had a full house, and a most solemn and impressive time. I preached from Isaiah xxxiii. 14, warning to flee from the wrath to come. At the prayer-meeting on Monday night, a very solemn influence was felt, and some could not refrain from tears. God is surely with us, evidently working among us. Blessed for ever be his holy name!

JUNE 4. Good services both on Lord's day and at the prayer-meeting, on Monday evening. Tuesday evening, seven persons spoke of the Lord's dealings with them, before the church, satisfactorily, and I proposed four more, one of them my youngest daughter. The Lord continues to carry on his work among us, for which I bless and praise his great and holy name. Still my spirit cries, "Greater things O Lord! Greater things than these!" In temporals, we are about as we were; we can keep on, but the Lord does not appear for the removal of our debt. There are some tradesmen I long to see paid, but, except the Lord

open his hand, I see not how they can be. My times are in God's hands, and I wish to leave them there.

JUNE 27. Since I last wrote, I have been very unwell, having had one of the most severe attacks I have had for years. Yet I have been enabled to go on with my work, though in much pain. I have also been to Bradford, Yorkshire, preaching the word. When I started I thought I could not possibly bear the journey and the work, but as my day my strength has been. In bodily affliction, I have not felt that life and vigour of soul I could wish. My feeling was to be still, and acquiesce in the will of God. Though much better, I am not well, but I feel my soul very much quickened, and I want a visit from my God, to be able to do something extra for Him. The Lord be praised, I have not laboured in vain, fresh enquirers are coming forward, proving that God is still working among us.

JULY 7. I am still a sufferer, but a sufferer supported and sustained by omnipotent grace; yesterday, the Lord carried me through beyond my expectations. We had a very large prayer-meeting at seven o'clock; at eleven, I preached on the glorious subject of Redemption; at three, I preached again, and baptized seven persons, one of whom was my daughter Susan; at half-past six, I preached again, and then ad-

ministered the Lord's supper; I was tired *in* the work, but by no means tired *of it*. O that I could do more for him, who has done so much for me! There are still many more hovering around the fold: may the Lord decide them, and bring them in. Thirteen were added to the church yesterday, and one was prevented by sickness.

JULY 17. I begin to feel now pretty well restored to health, and my soul is longing to witness a glorious work for God. I want the Holy Ghost to come down with power. I long for the conversion of more souls to God. I have not felt all that life, power, and nearness to God, I desire; yet my soul has been at peace. A new volume called "Good seed for the Lord's field," has just come from the press. May the Lord accompany it with his blessing, that it may be more useful than any that have gone before it; I have enjoyed preaching the word, both at home and abroad. May the Lord water it, so that it may spring up, and grow. I want to see fruit, fruit that will remain. Fruit that will abound, to my account. O to be the father of hundreds of thousands of immortal souls! Nothing is too hard for the Lord. Nothing shall be impossible. These portions are at once, a stimulus, a stay, and a comfort to me.

AUG. 15. I have been from home very *much lately*, scattering the good seed; may

the Lord make it spring up and grow. I find I am not serious enough from home, and I fear my spirituality declines. I have had one day's experience of collecting toward the debt on the chapel. I am persuaded no minister of Jesus Christ should give his time and talents to that work. It would soon ruin me. May I ever consecrate my time and talents to the spiritual part of the Lord's work. I am at home at that, but at no other work. I want more energy, and more perseverance, in prosecuting that. May my motto ever be "*One thing I do.*" May my one thing be to exalt Jesus, to feed his people, and bring poor sinners as suppliants to his feet. He is my all, my Alpha and Omega.

Aug. 25. Blessed be God, my soul is revived and quickened. I feel Jesus to be precious, most precious. He has endeared himself to me afresh; yesterday was a good time, especially in the evening, when I baptized five believers. Two were quite young, the others more advanced in life. One was an Indian from Madras. I bless God for five, but my longing soul cries out for five hundred. I feel all on fire for the conversion of souls. I am sure that God is with us, but, O for more of his power and converting grace! Many were in tears last evening, may they prove to be tears of godly sorrow, of repentance unto life! A solemn event has just taken place,

one of my young hearers was seized with brain fever, lay a few days insensible, and yesterday morning died. May this make me more faithful, more importunate, and more affectionate in my dealings with the young. Miss Clift, one of my most consistent members, died happy in the Lord, at Bristol, yesterday week. Her sister writing of her death says, "If ever any one had a foretaste of heaven, my sister had." Blessed be the Lord for her consistent life, and happy death.

SEPT. 9. Blessed be the Lord, he is still with us, and blessing us; we have just held our anniversary services, and have enjoyed power and pleasure in them, have removed part of the debt by them, and hope for much good from them. We have received an impulse which I believe will be of use to us. I must dwell more on grace, and preach more of Jesus. I do love to hear Jesus exalted, it always cheers and animates my soul. Blessed be his holy name, he is with us, and he is blessing us. He smooths my rough path very considerably of late, and I trust having tried me, he intends to do great things by me.

SEPT. 22. I have visited Weston-Super-Mare, preached the gospel there, and derived physical benefit from the change. The Lord led me out, and brought me home in safety. O that I had been more spiritually-*minded* while there, and had conversed

more of Jesus. I have now many calls from a distance, and I hope the Lord will make me a blessing, wherever I go. May I never preach in vain. I have had some dry times of late, in the pulpit, but I have also had some very pleasant ones. But I want always to feel full of life and fire in the Lord's work. I cannot like dullness in the Lord's service. May I ever throw my whole heart into my employment, and so preach, that I may leave the impression on every one that hears me, that right or wrong, I am in earnest, and believe all I say. O how I long to exalt Jesus! He was my subject, both parts of yesterday; may he ever be so.

Oct. 4. I have much cause to lie low before the Lord, to-night, for since my health has been better my animal-spirits have carried me away, and I am not so serious as I ought to be. Yet, blessed be the Lord, unworthy as I am, I find he still uses me, and makes me a blessing to immortal souls. Last week, four of those proposed to the church, dated their conversion to my ministry. Last Lord's day morning, a man who had been a great sinner, and some time ago, would not allow his wife to come to chapel, came into the vestry, and, weeping like a child, said, "O sir, I have given my *heart* to Jesus. I wish to own him." I said, "When was that?" He replied, "This morning, at the early prayer-meeting, under

your prayer." He has long been labouring under conviction, now I trust, he is a brand plucked out of the fire. Another remarkable instance of conversion in the Crimea, from reading "The Early and Latter Rain," came under my notice, at North Bradley: the subject of it being on a visit to his friends there, he came to hear me preach, and informed me of the circumstance. Blessed be the Lord, for these instances of his goodness, these proofs that I do not labour in vain. O my soul, praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works, unto the children of men!

OCT. 20. Truly the Lord is good to me. My health and spirits have been good. I have been enabled to preach the word, both at home, and many miles away, without any accident or interruption. New instances of conversion turn up, which encourage me to go on, and my congregation increases. I have felt much power in preaching. Last night I baptized seven believers, and the house was crowded. All appeared very solemn, and the service was very impressive. Thanks be unto God for all his mercies, I do feel grateful. O that I felt a hundred times more so! My tongue and my pen work, and I find, wherever I go my writings are appreciated. When my brethren pray for me, they pray for me not *only as a* preacher, but also as a writer.

Nov. 6. A week's special services have

been held, and went off well; I believe the Lord was with us. On the Tuesday following, I invited enquirers to meet me in the vestry, for prayer, and an address, near one hundred attended. This cheered me, though I could not hope that all were in real earnest about their souls. The congregation continues large, and the attention as close as it well can be. I travail in birth for souls, and select subjects likely to bring sinners to Jesus. Last Lord's day, I received nine into the church, and on Tuesday, proposed eleven more; a considerable number are still waiting. Seldom does a night pass without my having some religious service. I trust the Lord will work by all the means we employ; my own soul is in peace, I enjoy power in private prayer, and my study is truly a happy place. My health is good, with just enough of pain and infirmities, to remind me that I am growing old.

Nov. 19. My birthday. A day of mercies. A day preceded by a whole train of mercies. A day in which I am surrounded by mercies. Last evening, eleven told us of the Lord's dealings with them, at the church-meeting, several of them referred to my ministry as the means of their conversion, and all as being greatly benefitted *ther*eby: six more were proposed for fellowship, and many more are on the road. Blessed be God for such mercies; I esteem

them more than thousands of gold and silver. I have also begun two more small works for the press. In this I am encouraged, by the reports of the Lord's blessing resting upon those already published. In the decline of life, after hearing the gospel preached in vain, for many years, one has been converted through reading the "Messenger of Peace." My family are all now in good health; my church and congregation are united. Peace is "within our walls, and prosperity within our palaces." O what cause have I for gratitude! Truly, the Lord hath dealt well with his servant, according to his word.

DEC. 6. Since last writing, I have been suffering from a bilious attack, from which I have not yet quite recovered. I have enjoyed some sweet thoughts of Jesus, and a good measure of the spirit of prayer. The Lord's work goes on; I have heard of several fresh cases of conversion, and hope soon to hear of more; I have been busy also with my pen writing for four periodicals. The Lord has appeared also, to adjust some difficulties arising out of our chapel debt, and the cause has never looked so well on the whole as now. My soul is alive, desire burns like fire for the conversion of souls; and all is in peace. The ministers of the town are united and cooperate together in the Lord's work. A letter from Ireland, tells me my books are use

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[illegible] and in various other parts the Lord [illegible] by them: I hope to close this [illegible] mercy, enjoying the sunshine of [illegible] viour's love, and success in the Lord's [illegible]. At our last baptism, the place was [illegible] nmed, and many could not get in. The service was very solemn, and I hope that good was done.

DEC. 19. I have been affected with bilious [illegible] less since I last wrote [illegible] en in peace, and, in some [illegible] been enabled to exercise [illegible] arterly tea-meeting pass[illegible] and we realized £50 toward the debt on the chapel. Twelve persons are now waiting for baptism, and a number more desire to come forward. Glory be to God's most holy name. I have finished and sent to the press, another small work, to be entitled "CHRIST ALONE." A feeble attempt to honour my dear Lord and Master. O that I could honour him more!

JANY. 2, 1857. The last year was closed with mercy. I baptized twelve believers on the 21st instant, and had a solemn and impressive season. We had a glorious thanksgiving-meeting on the 31st, and a prayer-meeting, at six o'clock, on the morning of New-Year's day: a very large company present. My new-year's text and motto is *Matthew* xxviii. 20, "Lo, I am with you *always*." What a blessed promise. Jesus

must be Divine, or he could not be with us all, and always: his heart must be full of love and sympathy, or he would not thus pledge himself to be with us. In all times past he has been with me, and now I have his promise, he will be with me always, even to the end. Sweet thought, "his mercy endureth for ever." The Lord has done great things by me, as a minister, and great things for us, as a people, during the past year. Our debt has been reduced about £500, and between eighty and ninety members have been added to the church. New cases of conversion continually present themselves; and I trust, the work still goes on. To God be all the praise and glory. Never was my heart more set upon bringing souls to Jesus than now; this is of the Lord: and I know not that ever the Lord brought more sinners to himself by me than now.

JANY. 20. Since I last wrote, I have received thirteen into the church, and have baptized eleven more. Many of them are called through my feeble instrumentality. Cases of conversion continually turn up; I have felt much power and liberty, in preaching the word for some time, and the ruling desire of my soul is, to bring sinners unto God. Thank God, I do not desire, pray, or labour in vain. The Holy and ever blessed Spirit does set his seal upon my *poor feeble* efforts. For some time, I have

suffered much in body from bile, giddiness in the head, and this week from cold, and hoarseness; but blessed be the Lord, I have not been laid aside from my work. I have not written anything for the press this month; I seem altogether out of tune for it, but I am about to prepare two more volumes for the printer. May the Lord give me grace to write, if he intends to bless, not otherwise.

JANY. 31. The Lord be praised, who has brought me safely and honourably through another month. I have done comparatively little, not being well in body. I have felt a great aversion to writing, so that for the first time for a long period, there has been nothing from my pen in any of the Magazines. I find my temper exceedingly irritable, and I cannot realize the value, importance, and power of prayer, as I wish. The Lord goes on working by me, and I have been encouraged this week, by three interesting lads coming to me, requesting baptism, and admission to the church; one of them, little more than fourteen years of age. In *every* sermon now, I endeavour to aim directly at the conversion of the soul. So that, while I feed the flock already gathered, I call after the poor sheep who are wandering from the fold. O to bring *hun*dreds more! Last night, I preached at *the* Union-house, to the paupers. I very *much* enjoyed this service. It reminded

me of our Lord, who said, "Go and tell John, that the poor have the gospel preached to them." I hope the Lord will give me some souls, even in the Union-house. Bringing souls to Jesus, is more to me than meat or drink. It is now five years since I returned to this place, and in looking back, I am led to exclaim, "*What hath God wrought?*" He has done more for me and by me than I could have expected. However, much remains to be done.

FEB. 11. Thanks be to the Lord, the good work still goes on; several fresh instances of conversion have come to light, and I cannot but be encouraged. I have been very unwell, the weather is very changeable, many have been ill, and dying around us. May I be ready for life or death. I want to feel more power in prayer, and live wholly to the Lord.

FEB. 22. I have seen more of the importance of prayer again lately, and my faith in prayer has received a stimulus. The promises on the subject have been especially useful to me, on this point. May they be deeply engraven on my heart. May my faith firmly grasp them. O, Spirit of God! help me to realize the power of prayer, and give me grace to plead with God more frequently, and more fervently. To-night, I have to improve the death of two of my members. Both of them enjoyed much peace and comfort on the bed of

death. Many are gone to glory before me, and many more are on the road. O that the Lord would bless me to thousands more! Last Lord's day, I baptized nine believers, it was a very solemn and impressive time. I trust the Lord is now working in many hearts.

MARCH 10. The Lord has blessed me with large and attentive congregations, and on both the last Lord's days, I have preached with considerable power, though I have suffered for it in my head, on the following days. But what is a little suffering, if one gets it in preaching Christ to hundreds of poor sinners. I still travail in birth for souls, and our prayer-meetings are crowded, this looks well, and I am full of hope. Blessed be God, I am enabled to go on in my work, preaching the word, and writing for the press. O that I had more unction from the Holy One! O that God would give me a tongue of fire, and clothe me with power! The great want of the day is power. O for power from God. This is my daily cry.

MARCH 31. I have suffered much from giddiness in the head, since I last wrote, but I have been enabled to go on with my work. The Lord's name be praised! The most unpleasant part of the business is, *that* I feel it most, when I close my eyes *for* public prayer. This confuses my mind *and* prevents my praying with that comfort

and earnestness that I otherwise should. However, I prayed very earnestly against it last week, and I was not troubled with it on Sunday. My youngest son has decided for God, and sent me a satisfactory account of his conversion. My soul has enjoyed peace with God, and some nearness to God. Thirty-seven years ago to-day, I was baptized, on a profession of my faith in Christ. How often have I dishonoured that profession! How little glory have I brought to the Saviour, whom I then professed!

APRIL 19. Since my last entry I have been very unwell, and was prevented preaching on one Lord's day. But, blessed be the Lord, but *one*. I am now better. The doctor tells me, I must walk more in the air, and I have since enjoyed some sweet, lovely walks, pouring out my heart before the Lord. We have also held our anniversary services, and realized £116 towards the debt. The Lord's name be praised. I have to-day been preaching on the intercession of Jesus. Sweet subject! Our great High Priest appears in the presence of God, for us. He pleads our cause, and will carry it against all our foes. He sends the Comforter, to teach, sanctify, and console us. He employs providence to guide, guard, and provide for us.

APRIL 24. I still continue far from well in *body*, and have been very much tried *and perplexed* in mind. How difficult it

is, to know what to do at times, and under some circumstances. My whole soul goes out to God, that he would enable me to acquiesce in his will. I feel as if I did not wish to have mine own way, but for the Lord's will to be done in me and mine. Yet there are strugglings in my breast. The flesh will work. I am very much influenced by my carnal nature still. My will is not wholly swallowed up in the will of God, as I wish it to be. Trials wean me from earth, and lead me to seek my happiness in God, rather than in the creature, and will, I doubt not, render the rest of the promised land doubly sweet. Then I shall see the reason of all. A letter from Dundee, tells me, that one of my books has been made a blessing to a young man there. I trust the Lord is working by them secretly, in many places; I may never hear of it, but if Jesus, that precious Saviour, who purchased me with his blood, is honoured, it is enough.

MAY 11. Blessed be God, I have experienced a little revival. My bodily health is but poorly, but my soul burns with love to souls, and with a desire for their salvation. God is working among us, but I want to see great things, great things. O for a glorious work! O to see hundreds brought to God, in Cambray. I find Satan is very busy, trying to do mischief in the church and congregation, but I hope, by watchfulness and prayer, we shall overcome him.

Thank God, I have been enabled to be much in prayer lately. O that every breath was spent in prayer, or praise, or speaking for God! My soul longs to be thoroughly sanctified, to enjoy a deep baptism of the Holy Spirit. I want to be full of God. For the Christian to rule the man, for grace entirely to control nature. Yesterday, many met for prayer, and a very large number to hear the word. I felt great power in my own soul, and some effect was produced on the people. O that hundreds were brought to Christ. My soul burns with a desire to save souls.

MAY 31. I have been out of health, and therefore have been much from home lately, hoping to recover it. Blessed be the Lord, I have not been laid aside from my beloved work, but have been enabled to preach Christ, wherever I have gone, and hope to preach him more and more. Nor has the Lord's work stood still, souls are still saved, and I baptized five last Lord's day evening. My own soul has been in peace. I have enjoyed reading the word, and prayer alone, but I want more power, more of the unction of the Holy Spirit. O to be wholly, and altogether the Lord's! I pant for more grace, and for more likeness to the Lord Jesus.

JUNE 29. Through this month, I have been much employed in preaching the word, and endeavouring to spread the fame of

Jesus. O to exalt his dear name more and more. My health has been considerably better, though I have been much tried by the instability of some from whom I expected better things. One thing is certain, the Lord will overrule all for his own glory, and the good of his cause. O to look away from the creature to the Lord Jesus Christ alone. May I seek all my happiness in Christ, all my supplies from Christ. May I look to him, lean on him, and walk with him all through the journey of life. Then, when my journey ends, may I pass the Jordan, under a sense of his love, and enter into the promised land. Thanks be to God, that I do not live in vain. I have frequent proofs that God is with me, and is graciously working by me.

JULY 30. Another month has been spent in my Master's service, and well do I love his work, and rejoice in lifting up the Lord Jesus. Much have I enjoyed preaching the word, this month, both at home and abroad. The heat of the weather, much preaching, and occasional indisposition, have kept my pen still, but I must begin to write again. Several cases of conversion have appeared this month, and I have baptized six believers. A letter from a clergyman, labouring in Nova Scotia, informs me that my "Messenger of Mercy," in French, was made a *blessing* to him. Wherever I go, I hear of *my poor* writing being made a blessing.

Truly I have not laboured in vain, nor spent my strength for nought. I have been a pen in God's hand, with which he has written letters of love, to many of his dear people.

AUG. 28. Blessed be God, that though I still suffer in my body, I can go on with my work; and not only so, but enjoy much power and pleasure in it. The work of God still goes on, but still I hear the cry, "Greater things, Lord, greater things." My soul also has been praying for deeper sanctification, for more entire acquiescence in the will of God, sympathy with the heart of God, conformity to the image of God, and consecration to the work of God. O for less of man and more of God! I do weary of the creature and long to be taken up with the Creator!

SEP. 24. Goodness and mercy follows me. I have had a large number of very painful boils, and have been bilious, so that the body has had a considerable amount of suffering; but I have not been laid by, nor have I been idle. Two new books have issued from the press lately, and others are in progress. The Lord blesses, and therefore I must write. My soul has, I think on the whole, been healthy; I have enjoyed divine things, have felt considerable nearness to God, and have been helped much, in preaching the word. I have preached a good deal from home, and have

engagements for this, and the two following weeks, and then I must get into winter quarters, if the Lord spares me. The cause goes on at Cambray, souls are still converted, and we have additions to the church. I baptized seven, last Lord's-day, and expect to add nine to the church, while others are on the way. A few walk disorderly, upon whom we must exercise discipline, but I see great mercy, in the constancy of the mass.

Oct. 12. Yesterday, the Lord favoured me with peculiar liberty, in preaching the word. In the morning, one of my members came to me weeping, and informed me the sermon was specially for her, and proved a great blessing to her soul. At night, the house was crowded, and at the close of the sermon, three came to tell me what the Lord has done for them. I have lately been preaching every day, and have been greatly assisted, but have also had some very heavy trials. They must be needful, but I cannot see it: They shake my confidence in God, and generate doubts in my mind of my acceptance with God.

Nov. 19. Another birth-day. I am now entering on my fifty-fifth year, and it may be the last allotted to me. I would therefore enter upon it with seriousness, prayer, and praise. I would anew dedicate myself to the Lord's service and glory, "forasmuch as the Lord hath blessed me hitherto." I

have reviewed the past, I would bear testimony for my God at present, and live wholly for him in future. He has dealt well with me. My health has been more feeble than it was, and there have been some indications of its failing, yet I have been enabled to work for God, with tongue and pen, in the pulpit and out of it. Never did I love working for God more than I do at present. Never was I more desirous of winning souls for Jesus, and, blessed be God, I do not labour in vain; I have comforts and crosses, clouds and sunshine, joys and sorrows. I have been much from home, preaching the word in a number of places, but I must stay at home more now. I must use the tongue less, but I hope to use the pen more. O to be found at work, when the Master calls for me! I want to work with more effect, to witness greater results; I do not affect to be great, but I do most ardently long to be useful. I want to be holy. O Spirit of God, let me beseech thee to fill my heart with thy presence, consecrate all my powers to the honour of Jesus, and for the good of my fellow-men! Heavenly Father, my father in Jesus, grant me a birth-day blessing, which shall influence me all through the year, all through my life!

Nov. 26. Poor Job said, "Changes and war are against me." I fancied I had experienced nearly every kind of trial, but a

new one has now befallen me, while I was preaching at Gloster, last Lord's day, and my family were at chapel, thieves broke into my house, and stole property to the value of nearly £30; a silver teapot, presented to me by a few friends, when I left Old Salem, formed part of it. But I must sing of mercy, and judgment, for though there was a considerable sum of money in the house, they were not permitted to take that. When the news was brought to me at Gloster, I could not but exclaim, "Blessed be God that there is so much left." My mind was preserved very calm, for it was not my god, my heart was not set upon it. I could give it up without much pain. I have to thank my God for five new cases of conversion that have just turned up, and I believe more will soon appear. O what a privilege to win souls for God, to be employed in snatching souls as brands from the burning! My God does use me, both in the pulpit, and out of it, both with the voice, and the press. Several letters lately received, testify to the latter.

Dec. 24. The Lord be praised that he is still using me, in his work, several cases of conversion have come to my knowledge, during the last few days, thus the Lord is giving me the desire of my heart. Last evening, my youngest son came home on a visit, and to be baptized, with seven others

to-morrow night. The Lord be praised, only one remains without Christ now, and I am constantly praying for her. I cannot think God will refuse to answer the many thousands of prayers offered for her conversion. I find I still need much grace, for Satan tries every means in his power, to entice me into sin. He knows my weak part, and he has powerful instruments at his command, so that I sometimes fear, that after all, I shall be overcome. O Jesus, thou mighty One, do thou ever stand by me, and in thy infinite mercy, preserve me!

JAN. 1, 1858. Blessed be the Lord, for the light of another New Year's day. A crowded prayer-meeting introduced the year, and a spirit of prayer prevailed; my New Year's text and motto, is Gen. xii. 2, "I will bless thee." It came with considerable power to my mind, and has refreshed me, every time I have thought of it since. Yes, I believe God will bless me, my faith in this is at present, strong and steady. I shall have blessings in my family, blessings in my soul, and blessings in my church; my person, my children, my writings, and my ministry, will be blessed. God loves to bless, He has made provision to bless. He has promised to bless.

JAN. 30. Another month almost gone. How regular and rapidly time flies. Weeks are short, and days fly past me like the wind. Blessed be God, I do not live quite

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people, this month, and expect a good many more shortly. Another volume has just issued from the press, besides which several of a smaller size, and some hand-bills have been published. I have been very busy with my pen of late, writing more than usual, which I hope, the Lord will very graciously bless; I have been very much tried in body, and had some sharp exercises of mind, but gracious is the Lord, and righteous, yea, our God is merciful. Spring is now coming in, with its balmy breath, and varied beauties; and calls for service, from other churches, now begin to pour in. May the Lord direct me what to accept, and what to refuse.

APRIL 30. Much of this month has been spent in writing what I hope will be useful, when I sleep with my fathers. We have held the anniversary of our chapel, the services and collections were very encouraging. The debt is being gradually reduced, but best of all, many souls are being converted to God. I have spent most of one week in London, seeing old friends and attending the annual meetings. Every where the great awakening in America, is talked of, but I want a great awakening nearer home. I still travail in birth for souls, and have had much comfort in preaching the word, and also at the prayer-meetings. My soul has enjoyed peace, and *realized fellowship* with God. I have baptis-

zed seven this month, and many more are under impressions. Seldom a week passes, but I hear of one or more brought to Jesus, through my feeble instrumentality.

MAY. 31. During this month I have been enabled to preach the word more than usual, and I believe, not without effect. I visited Cardiff, to preach at the opening of a chapel; while walking out in a grove, in the early morning, I had a most blessed season of fellowship with God. It was like being baptized in light, and irradiated with glory. I felt religion to be a divine reality, and had in myself, not only the evidence of its truth, but of my own personal interest in it. The Lord has greatly assisted me in preaching his word, both at home and abroad. I have baptized seven more believers, this month, and have a number more waiting. The good work goes on, to God be all the glory.

JULY 6. The last has been a month of severe suffering. Such pain I think I never endured before. A very large carbuncle formed on the back of my neck, and was attended with much danger. From several reasons I concluded my work was done. Never did eternity appear so near, nor more solemn. I reviewed the past, endeavoured impartially to examine into my present state, and look forward into the vast future. *I had no* excitement, no joys, but I had no *doubts or* fears. I could live passive in the

hands of God. I could give up everything. I trusted in Christ alone. I rested on the promises. I had a good degree of confidence in God. My anchor was on the rock. My hope was built on Christ alone. There I lay, at God's feet, looking for his mercy, because his beloved Son had died, to put away our sin, by the sacrifice of himself. The Lord had been pleased, in a good measure to restore me, and after three week's silence, I was enabled, last Lord's day, to preach once, baptize seven young persons, administer the Lord's supper, and receive nine persons into the church. Many Christian friends showed me much kindness.

AUG. 10. My health has been returning since my last entry. But I was obliged to withdraw from some preaching engagements, being unable to fulfil them. I have been from home, and derived benefit from the change, and my soul has enjoyed peace. I must therefore again acknowledge that the Lord is good, and I am vile. O how vile! Viler than the earth. The depravity of my heart is wonderful, but the grace of God that subdues and conquers it, is more wonderful. If grace was not omnipotent, it would fail in my case. If God was not unchangeable, after all, I should be undone. O what precious words are they, "Every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, *with* whom is no variableness, neither sha-

dow of turning." My God is invariably the same. He is in one mind, and nothing can change him.

SEPT. 9. During the last month, I have written much for the press, and found pleasure in doing it, may the Lord make it useful. My poor productions find more favour with the Lord's people than ever, and I am often refreshed by hearing of their being made useful to poor sinners. Though I do not get much in a pecuniary point of view, yet while God works by my pen, I feel that I must use it. May I never write a word that will dishonour God, misrepresent my Saviour, or mislead a soul; I would have every piece point to Jesus, and breathe with sympathy and love toward my fellow-sinners. My soul has enjoyed much peace. Reading the word and prayer, during my early morning walks, have been very pleasant, and I hope profitable to me. The pulpit also has been a pleasant place, where I have enjoyed liberty and considerable power.

OCT. 19. I have been out preaching the word, almost incessantly lately, but have now finished my autumnal campaign. Now I get into winter quarters, and cannot use my tongue so much, I must use the pen more. I am encouraged to do this by intelligence from Africa, as well as other parts of the world, that the Lord is blessing my *little* productions. While God blesses it

must write, that is, if he furnishes me with abilities and matter. I thank God that I ever put pen to paper, or used the press. On the whole, my soul has been in a good state. Jesus has been precious. I have often enjoyed preaching the word. My soul has had fellowship with God, through the truth, and my hope rests on the Rock of Ages. I have not heard of so much doing in my congregation of late, and so many of my young members have been removed from the town, that I have been tempted at times, to feel a little anxious. But I desire to avoid this, and to cast every anxiety on Jesus, and only let it stir me up to more prayer, and to use more efforts to win souls. O that I could stir up my people, to act individually to bring souls to Jesus! I am still greedy for souls. Never enough, is the feeling of my soul. I have certainly much to encourage me, but I am so foolish that I let one discouraging circumstance have more influence over me, than ten encouraging ones.

Nov. 19. My fifty-sixth birth-day, What a monument of mercy I am! How graciously God has dealt with me! Under what weighty obligations he has laid me! Here, Lord, on this day, I do afresh consecrate myself to thee. Once more I give up myself entirely to thee. O make me all that thou wouldst have me to be! I wish *to be thine*, wholly thine. I wish to be for

thee, only for thee. For thee I would live, for thee I would preach, write, think, and act. Blessed God, I have nothing better to give thee, therefore accept me, as a poor acknowledgment of thy right in me, and thy kindness to me. I have been crowned with loving-kindness and tender mercies, I start anew, with fresh vigour, and hope to press on, till I sit down with my God.

DEC. 31. The last day of another year, and I am spared. My health is tolerably good, my usefulness continues, and I cannot doubt, but God is with me. Notwithstanding my many temptations, various vexations, and painful experiences, I think I must set this down as one of the best years of my life. I never suffered more in body, and I do not remember that I ever enjoyed more in soul. I have preached more, but I never wrote so much for the press. The productions of my pen, spread nearly all over the world. There are few places where the English language is spoken, where they are not. For this, I bless and praise the Lord. Nor has my ministry been without a blessing, souls, have been converted, and the Lord's people blessed. Never do I remember, so many of my members being removed from the town, in so short a time, as there has been this year, and yet our congregations are good. The Lord has supplied us with means to on his cause, and considerably lessened

the debt. O how much I have to praise God for, and how little is there to complain of! O for a grateful heart, a thankful tongue!

JANY. 17, 1859. The new year opened auspiciously, we had a good prayer-meeting on the first morning, and a proposal I made for a New Year's offering towards the debt on the chapel, was well responded to, and has proved a considerable help. My new year's text and motto for the year, is Deut. xxxiii. 25, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." This I believe, and therefore let my days be of what character they may I shall expect strength accordingly. Yes, if my dying day should be this year, I shall expect strength to meet it, and to help me through it. Last week we had a series of special services, at the different chapels, which went off well. I trust some good impressions were made. O how I long to witness a great awakening, to experience a mighty revival of religion. I feel at times that it must come, though I am often tempted to doubt. The Lord still blesses my ministry, several cases of conversion have come before me, of late.

FEB. 10. More than seven years have rolled away since my return to this town, and surely I have seen enough to exclaim, "*What hath God wrought?*" And on the other hand, "*Lord, what is man!*" I have witnessed many changes, braved much op-

position, seen many conversions, admitted nearly five hundred into the church, and attended some to the banks of the Jordan, who have passed it without fear or dread. I believe I am where I ought to be, that God brought me here, and now I hope he will allow me to end my days here. I preach on all I can, and I write on all I can. May the Holy Spirit, attend all my feeble efforts, with his almighty power, that they may be useful indeed. Never did I love to honour Jesus more. Never was I more desirous to win souls. Surely the Lord will work for me, and by me more than he ever has done.

MARCH 4. Since I last wrote, I have held the anniversary of my return to C., and made the annual collection, which was larger than it had ever been before. Thus it has increased every year. To the Lord's name be the praise. It was just forty years last Lord's day, since the Lord called me by his grace, in the little chapel in Old Brentford. What wonders I have seen, and what mercies I have experienced, since then! I endeavoured to improve the event, in the evening, to a crowded house, and tried to speak well of my dear and ever-blessed Lord and Saviour. Truly I can say, "The Lord hath dealt well with his servant, according to his word." I am much favoured now, having good health, ability to preach and write for God and the good of souls,

as much as ever. Sinners are still converted, believers are fed and comforted, the congregation is large, the church is in peace, and all the ministers are friendly. My soul is in a peaceful state, and my prospects for eternity are pleasing.

APRIL 15. The anniversary of our chapel is just over, and has passed off well. I desire to record the goodness of God, as displayed in the sympathy of friends, and the help offered at the various services. The debt is considerably reduced, far more than could reasonably have been expected. The congregation is good, and the church in peace. I have suffered considerably during the past month, but have not been quite laid aside. I have been enabled to preach and write, which, I believe, I do more simply for God's glory, and the good of souls, than ever. Another volume has just issued from the press, and another is printing. I still hear of the Lord blessing my works, and they circulate more than ever. Blessed be God, that I ever put pen to paper to write for Jesus. In how many ways have I received my reward; and now I shall leave a testimony for Christ behind me, whenever I am called away, which will stand, I trust, till he comes again, and books are needed no more.

MAY 15. How quickly a month passes *now*, especially when things go pretty well. *In the* church and in the soul, all has been

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day. I have had some very severe trials, and powerful temptations. I often wonder where the scene will end. O Lord, my heavenly Father, thou knowest my heart, and art acquainted with all the desires of my soul, wilt thou not sanctify all my troubles and trials to my soul?

AUG. 27. I have been very much tried with an eruption on the skin, which has disturbed my rest, and made me very uncomfortable. I have been from home a good deal, preaching the word. I have also visited London, to be present at the laying of the foundation-stone of Mr. Spurgeon's New Tabernacle, when I saw many old faces, and old friends. I also visited Brentford, my birth-place, and took, as I fancied, a last look at many old familiar scenes. The place of my birth, and the scenes of my childhood, I shall probably see no more. But there is a better country, even a heavenly one, and I hope I shall safely arrive there.

SEP. 29. Through mercy I have passed another month, and a trying month too. I have suffered much both in body and in mind, but I have had considerable enjoyment as well. The grace of Jesus is sufficient. I have been enabled to fulfil all my engagements from home, as well as my duties at home, and am now got into *winter quarters*. Blessed be God, for such quarters *to get into*. I write for the press more than

ever, and am still encouraged by accounts of the Lord's blessing attending what I write. There is a very remarkable revival of religion in Ireland, and I have received letters to inform me, that my works have been useful among the converts there. We have had special prayer-meetings for three weeks, to seek a revival of religion here. The spirit of prayer was evidently with us, and I hope to hear of great success. Several cases of conversion have cheered me lately, and I believe there are a considerable number under concern about their souls now.

Oct. 31. October is just gone, and gone for ever. Blessed be God, that no day has been entirely wasted, but each day, I have tried to do something for God and souls. Most days my pen has been at work, and my tongue too. But though I seem to do a good deal, I fear I do little to purpose. Yet a few souls are still called, under my ministry, my books circulate more widely than ever; and I frequently hear that the Lord is blessing them. We have had extra collections for the debt on the chapel, Mr. Spurgeon assisted us again, by preaching on the Monday, we collected more than £70, reducing the debt to £2000. How wonderfully the Lord appeared for us, in this particular. The Lord is gathering some of our *best*, and most useful ministers. My turn *will* come soon; may I be found quite ready, and heartily willing to go.

Nov. 19. Hallelujah! Another birthday, and here I am, a monument of mercy. Surrounded with mercy, though at times exercised with sharp trials. My motto this morning is, "God hath dealt graciously with me." Yes, very graciously hath he dealt with me. Still many love me, and are kind to me. Best of all, I believe God loves me, and he is kind, O how kind, to me! I cannot expect to see many more birthdays on earth, may each one find me nearer to heaven, and fitter for heaven. I have to day solemnly dedicated myself to the Lord, have read over my covenant before God, and signed it afresh. "*I am the Lord's*," wholly the Lord's. For ever the Lord's. For the Lord, I wish to live, and for the Lord, if he wishes it, I desire to die. Yes, I belong to God, who is my Father; to Jesus, who is my Saviour; to the Holy Ghost, who is my Comforter.

Dec. 31. Ebenezer, "hitherto hath the Lord helped me." To-night I bid farewell to the year 1859. A momentous year it has been, what mercies I have received! what privileges I have enjoyed! what sins I have committed! what changes I have seen! But God has been faithful, and whosoever may have changed, I have found him the same. He has not left me, nor forsaken me. He has not failed me, or really given me any reason to complain. I have often *dishonoured* him, but he is the same. O for

grace to be humble in the dust before him, and filled with gratitude to praise and bless his adorable name! "Thou hast dealt well with thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word."

JAN. 25, 1839. The year opened auspiciously. The prayer-meetings were good, and largely attended. I have been much helped in preaching, and baptized eight last Lord's day. My congregation is good, the church in peace, but the much longed-for revival has not yet come. Daily I cry for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, and hope the Lord will, in his own time and way, grant us the blessing. I still continue to hear that the Lord blesses my labours, I am daily employed in writing for the press. The Lord Jesus is precious to my soul. I love his dear name, and rejoice to publish his fame.

FEB. 29. I have been a good deal tried, and have suffered much pain from boils, since I last wrote, and I find that my asthma grows upon me. I have a number of infirmities, and am obliged to pay considerable attention to the body now. This, in addition to other trials, makes me need much grace, to honour the Lord, and adorn the gospel, as I ought. I find much *help* in preaching the word, and writing for *the* press, so that tongue and pen are seldom idle.

MARCH 24. Last week, I was invited to

take tea with a clergyman, whose wife was anxious to see me, to tell me my "Messenger of Mercy" had been made a great blessing to her, during a long and painful affliction, also to a clergyman, to whom she had sent it, and who was brought as a poor sinner to Christ, through it, also to a lady of her acquaintance, who was unconverted until she read it, and also that it was the companion of her brother, during his last illness and dying hours. Four cases of usefulness, two of them of conversion through one book. Bless the Lord, O my soul! How wonderful are the ways of God.

MAY 31. I have finished another work for the press, and commenced a fresh one. The publisher urges me forward, and God blesses, so that I feel I dare not lay down my pen. I have had intimations that old age is creeping on. I may be much nearer home, than some think. Two brethren in the ministry are gone home this month: Hammond, and Burton, are in heaven. Shall I be there soon? Sometimes I ardently wish to be, and sometimes I think, if I can be of use on earth, I would like to stay a little longer. I think my nerves are in some degree affected, and I suffer from deafness, and noise in the head. I often think I have done all the Lord wants me to do, on earth.

JUNE 30. The last day of a month of *trial, temptation,* and trouble. Deeply ex-

crvised in mind, weak in body, the season unusually wet and dreary, things within and without are not as I could wish. O that I bore my trials with more patience, fortitude, and love! But I find it much easier to talk and write of these things, than it is to practice them. A new book has just issued from the press, and I have undertaken, if the Lord spares me, to write several others. I have just heard of the conversion of a poor man, through reading one of my four page tracts, for which I bless the Lord. Several more of them, are in the press, may the Lord bless them more and more.

JULY 31. This month is fled, and fled for ever. It has been a month of considerable labour, in which I have preached many times, and have written a considerable quantity for the press. The Lord still uses my pen, and blesses what I write. He opens new doors for me, and enables me to seek opportunities of speaking and printing for Jesus. Blessed be God, his name is still precious to my soul, and wherever I go, I endeavour to spread the savour of it. My health is better than it was. I have spent a week in North Wales, preaching every evening, and found kind friends, who loved me for the testimony I have borne for my Master, with my pen. My congregation keeps up, and we have a few conversions, but I sigh and cry for a great awakening.

AUG. 31. Another month of time closes

to-day, and I ought to set up an Ebenezer, for "hitherto hath the Lord helped me." The first week passed by comfortably, and I was enabled to preach, at home and abroad, with confidence and courage. The second week I had health, and laboured in the pulpit, and with my pen. The third week, I went into Shropshire, to see my son, and to preach round the neighbourhood. But there I caught cold, which brought on the severest attack of asthma I have yet had. Night after night I laboured for breath, unable to lie down in bed, and the sense of suffocation was dreadful. I could scarcely walk any distance, yet I preached every evening, but being fairly beaten out, I returned home some days before I intended: after my return, I began to get better, though it was still very bad for some days.

SEPT. 17. We have had trouble with a few in the church; those who caused it have been excluded. This has been a sore trial to me, and at times, my faith has been ready to fail. But prayer has strengthened patience, and brought support. I find writing a relief now, and if I could but be allowed to spend my time in writing, and preaching the word, I should be content, I am going from home, for my bodily infirmities increase upon me. I am content to be out of sight, if I may but work for God, and *enjoy* the presence of the Saviour.

OCTOBER. 9. A busy month, I have been

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JAN. 26.—1861. The new year was opened in mercy, my text and motto is, "*He is faithful who hath promised,*" Heb. x. 23. To this I can bear witness. In my experience, not one thing hath failed, and when I think of the unchangeableness of his nature, and his conduct, in all the past, I have the strongest ground of confidence, for the future. We have had special and united services, and we hope for results.

FEB. Another month has flown, since I made an entry, in this journal. What mercies I have received! What sins I have committed! What mental conflicts I have endured! O my soul, lay low before the Lord, and adore his sovereignty, admire his providence, and bless him for his grace. The Lord hath dealt well with me. The Lord encourages me. I have baptized six young persons this month, and a number more are desirious of coming forward. I do believe a good work is going on, on rather an extensive scale, and I pray, hope, and believe for a revival of religion.

MARCH 27. How much have I to be thankful for, and yet much to try me. Hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and the grace of Jesus has been sufficient for me. With the exception of my breathing, my health has been tolerably good, though a strain of the right arm has caused me considerable pain. I have visited Wales, and *preached* there, and have attended a meet

ing at Gloster, with what effect God knoweth. I have baptized eleven believers, most of them young, and believe there are more on the road. Thus God is gracious to me.

APRIL. This month I have visited London, and have taken part in two services, in connection with the opening of "The Metropolitan Tabernacle," where I was cheered by the presence and kindness of my old friends. Since then, we have held the anniversary of our chapel, and have reduced the debt to £1520. The services all passed off well. I have had one dry, and to me, barren Sabbath; with this exception, I have enjoyed preaching the word, nor is it without a blessing. A good work is going on, especially amongst the young, and many appear to be seeking the Lord. My health on the whole, has been good, though my breathing, at times, very short. My mind has enjoyed peace, and my confidence in God has not been shaken.

MAY. 3. This month has been spent in preaching the word, at home and abroad, in visiting friends, especially the sick, and writing for the press. I bless the Lord, and record it to the praise of his glorious grace, that I think I never enjoyed religion more, than I have for some time past. A calm and quiet confidence in God. A simple and peaceful resting upon Christ. A committing of all my affairs into the

hands of Jesus, and in a good measure leaving them there.

JUNE. A month of much mercy. I have not been laid aside one day, but have been employed in writing, preaching, and visiting every day. The presence of the Lord in the pulpit, has made preaching pleasant. My congregations have been unusually good, for the season of the year, and the word preached, is working in sinners and saints.

JULY. 2. I have been from home a good deal, preaching the word. In Wales, I have preached four sermons to that very excitable people, who were to me very kind. I have assisted at the laying of the foundation stone of a new chapel, at Ryeford. But preaching in a tent, and then riding to a distance to sleep, brought on a very bad attack of asthma, from which I have suffered ever since. I found that the eldest daughter of the farmer, at whose house I slept, had been converted under a sermon I preached, in that neighbourhood, two or three years ago. I have yet many children about, whom I am unacquainted with.

AUG. A considerable deal of preaching and journeying has fallen to my lot, this month. in which the Lord has been with me, and blessed me. At Wotton-under-Edge, a proof of the sovereignty of God, was placed before me. A young woman came to me, to remind me of a circumstance

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A few weeks after the last entry
made in the diary from which this
has been compiled, and when dear
nine years had passed th

He had spent a great part of the day with a family connected with his congregation, had conducted the usual weekly service at the chapel, had returned home, and retired to his room, without any perceptible change in his health; was in the act of stepping into bed, when he fell prostrate before that disease, which has laid many a strong man low. All that medical skill and the kindness of sympathizing friends could do, was done, to bring about restoration. Many thousands of prayers, public and private, from members of all sections of the Christian church, in churches, and chapels, were offered up. For some time all seemed to be in vain, and but few dared indulge even a hope, that life would be spared.

But in answer to prayer, a partial restoration was granted, but not to the extent which would permit a return to the duties of author or preacher. Twice he was taken in a chair to the weekly prayer-meeting, and gave a short address, but it was discernable to all that his work was done. The following letter to the Rev. Jno. Cox, of Ipswich, which he indited when unable to use the pen, will enable the reader to judge of the state of his mind at the time, and which, with slight variations, was his constant frame, during his long and trying affliction: "Here I lie, still unable to read *or write*, walk, or work; indeed I have come *to the* conclusion that my work is done *and* I have only to lie at the Master's fe

till he calls me home. And now I want to ask a favour of you. As you are my oldest and best beloved ministerial friend, I want you to engage to preach my funeral sermon when I am called home. I have selected as a text, Philippians i. 20. 'The Lord deals well with me, and I find his grace to be sufficient, and his strength equal to my day.' My appetite is good, and I have no violent pain, so that it is possible I may linger on some years yet, though it is not probable I shall be able to work again. I have generally perfect peace, and often sweet joy, so that I often long to be called home. And now, dear brother, I must bid you farewell, after a loving friendship of between thirty and forty years. I remain, with much Christian affection, your brother in Christ, J. S——."

On November 19th, he attained his 60th year, and spent a very happy day. Proofs of kindness from attached friends, on the return of what to him was always an interesting and solemn day, seemed to afford him more than ordinary pleasure, and those who were with him were delighted in beholding his joy.

But their pleasure was of short continuance; the following day symptoms of a *painful* and distressing nature appeared, *and it* was evident to all the end was near. *It was* a truly distressing sight, to behold *one*, whom the Lord had honoured so much

in life, suffering so acutely, as the closing scene drew near; but whilst the body was racked with pain, the soul was calm; to use his own language, "he had no ecstacies, but a calm settled peace, trusting in the Lord." As disease did its work upon the body, the mind sympathized to a great extent with it, so that but little notice could have been taken of language used in his dying hours; he said but little: a desire to depart and be with Christ, was the ruling passion of his soul, so long, and so far, as the mental powers were exerted. The struggle with the last enemy was protracted and painful, so much so, that those who loved him most, and were most anxious previously for his life, longed and prayed for his decease. On Monday, the 15th of December, 1862, at about one o'clock in the morning, the victory was won, the emancipated spirit entered into the joy of its Lord, and received that welcome to which in life, and health, he had often alluded with ecstatic joy.

The mortal remains were interred in a vault in the burial ground connected with Cheltenham chapel, now better known as the Presbyterian church, the various dissenting ministers of the town took part in the service, and Dr. Brown delivered an affectionate and powerful address.

On the following Sabbath his friend, Mr. Cox, of Ipswich, complied with his last request, by preaching a funeral sermon in

JOSEPH SMITH.

[redacted]

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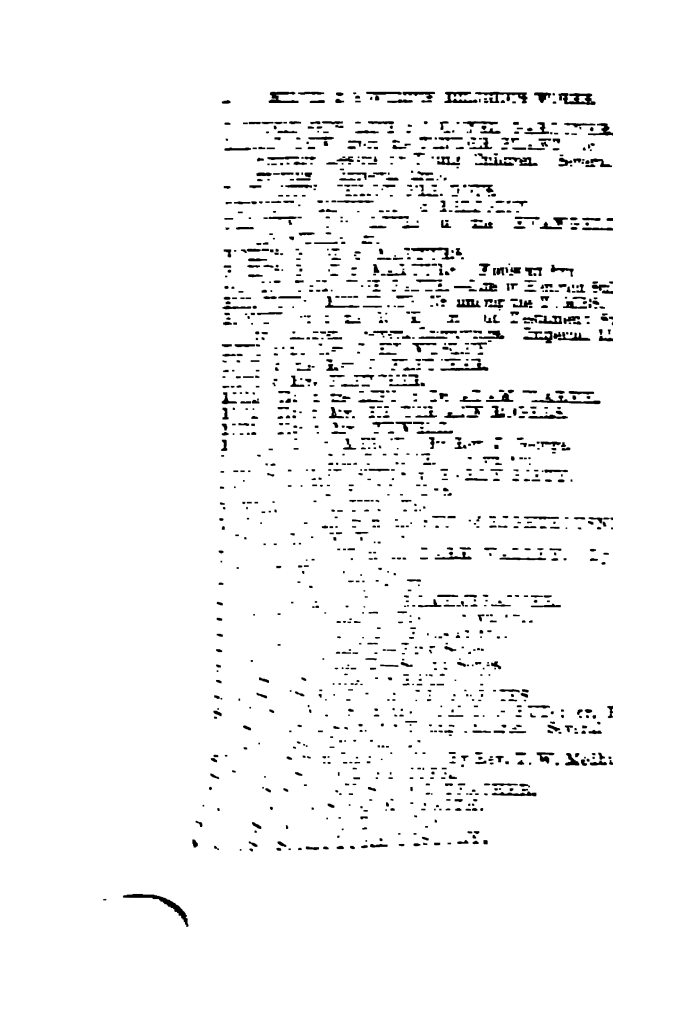

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